OP

LIVES OF THE BRETHREN OF THE ORDER OF PREACHERS, 1206–59

John Placid Conway

UNIVERSITY MICROFILMS
A Xerox Company
Ann Arbor, Michigan, U.S.A.

LIVES *of the* BRETHREN

of the

ORDER OF PREACHERS

1206–1259

In the translation

of

FR. PLACID CONWAY, O.P.

Edited

with Notes and Introduction

by

FR. BEDE JARRETT, O.P.

LIBRARY OF
UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
271.2
D67L 72,965

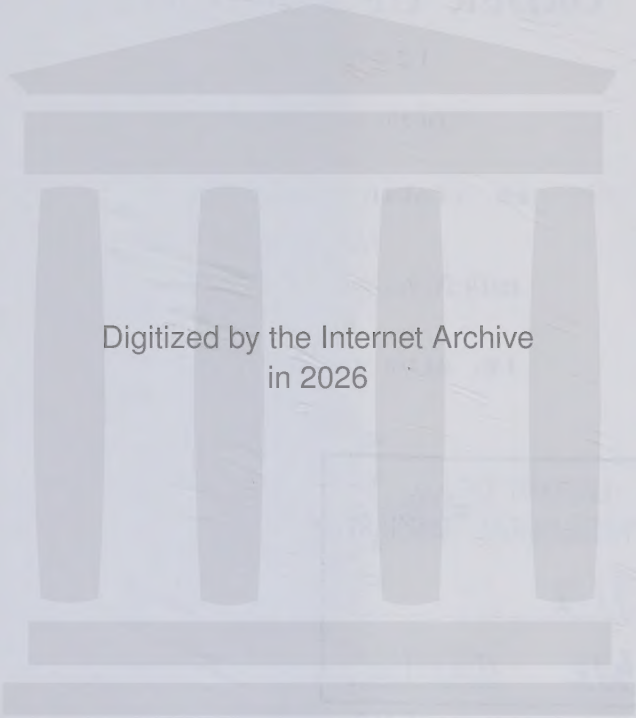
LONDON

Burns Oates and Washbourne Ltd.

Publishers to the Holy See

1924

17146
206970



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/livesofbrethreno0000frbe

AUG 12 1968
UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

NIHIL OBSTAT:

J. H. JOYCE, S.J.,
Censor deputatus.

IMPRIMATUR:

EDM. CAN. SURMONT,
Vicarius generalis.

WESTMONASTERII,
die 20ª *Martii*, 1924.

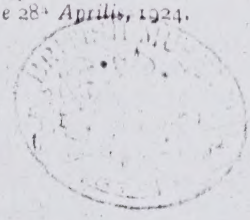
NIHIL OBSTAT:

FR. GABRIEL HORN, O.P., S.T.M.
FR. LUDOVICUS NOLAN, O.P., S.T.M.

IMPRIMI POTEST:

FR. LUDOVICUS THEISSLING, O.P., S.T.P.,
Magister generalis.

ROMAE,
die 28ª *Aprilis*, 1924.



Made and Printed in Great Britain

INTRODUCTION

THE origin of this book is given by Humbert de Romans (d. 1277) in his preface to it. This collection of legends, he says, was the result of an ordination of the General Chapter of the Friars Preachers held in Paris in 1256; it will be best to give this actual decree: "Let every Prior who has heard or known of any miracle or edifying occurrence happening in the Order, or concerning it, write diligently to the Master so that the memory of it may be preserved."* In consequence a large number of stories were sent in, and these were by direction of the Master General, Humbert de Romans, handed over to Gerard de Frachet to be edited by him. The stories must have come in almost at once, at least the bulk of them, for within four years the work had been completed, the details verified and corrected, and the volume was ready for publication. Again, another decree of a following General Chapter—that of Strasbourg in 1260—tells us of the official approval given to the book by the Order of Friars Preachers.†

Repeatedly the book was corrected and re-edited, details being subsequently added to bring the book up to date. Thus Fulk, Bishop of Puy, who figures in a legend on p. 46 of this version, appears in the manuscript of 1260 merely as Bishop of Puy, but for each step in his promotion we have a separate redaction made by Gerard himself: in 1259 when he was promoted to the Archbishopric of Narbonne, in 1261 when

* *Acta Gen. Cap. Ord. Praed.*, i, p. 83, Rome, 1898.
† Quetif., *Scriptores Ord. Praed.*, i, p. 260.

he was created Cardinal of St Sabina, in 1265 when he was elected Pope under the title of Clement IV, and after 1268 when he died. It seems that the book was completed in 1260, but that from 1265 to 1271 Gerard continued to work on the volume. Of Gerard himself we know that he was born in Chalons (Haute Vienne) in Aquitaine, that he joined the Order in Paris in 1225, receiving the habit of the Friars Preachers from Matthew, the first prior of the Paris foundation and one of the earliest of the companions of St Dominic. St Dominic had then been dead four years. The other dates shall be set down chronologically:

1225. November 11, the feast of St Martin, receives the Dominican habit.

1226. March 25, professed by Blessed Jordan of Saxony, successor of St Dominic as Master General.

1233. Elected to be prior (the second) of the convent of Limoges; at this date he is described as a preacher "facundus et foecundus."

1241. Built the second priory of Lisbon, and completed it so that the brethren moved into it this year.

1251. Elected from being prior of Marseilles into prior provincial (the eighth) of Provence.

1254. Accompanies the Master General (Humbert de Romans) to the papal court at Naples, to defend the privileges of preaching and confessing granted by the Popes to the mendicant Orders and now denounced as mischievous by certain bishops.

1259. Absolved from his Provincialate by the General Chapter of Valenciennes; elected prior of Montpellier.

1264. Elected at the Provincial Chapter of Toulouse to go to the General Chapter as an elector of the Master General.

endless reminder of God's mercy and man's gratitude.

At least the historian will justify it. Perhaps even a soul here and there will be stirred by it. Certainly the faithful hands that wrote it will endear it to the children of the blessed father whose name it treats with so much tenderness, and the story of whose successor, Jordan of Saxony, is its chiefest charm.

It is a document of contemporary value. It will never grow too old. In an austere way it is a classic. Alas, that it should also lack romance!

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FIRST PART

STORY OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE ORDER

	PAGE
1. How the Blessed Virgin obtained this Order from her Son	3
2. How it was foreseen and foretold by many	8
3. Visions preceding some first foundations	10
4. Providential care of the brethren	15
5. Special love shown to the Order by the Blessed Virgin	27
6. Origin of the *Salve Regina*, sung after Compline	44

SECOND PART

LEGEND OF ST DOMINIC

1. The holiness of his family	53
2. Conversion of a heretic by his joyful patience	53
3. He raises the drowned to life	54
4. His books are found uninjured in the water	55
5. Miraculous increase of wine	56
6. Ruin foretold and obtained	56
7. He foretells the death of a brawler	57
8. He obtains bread from heaven	58
9. His tunic wards off fire	59
10. His gift of tongues	60
11. He compels a runaway to return	61
12. He raises the dead and heals the sick	62
13. He passes through closed doors	62
14. The devil hurls a great stone at him	63

15. The devil tries to make him break silence 63
16. He meets Satan prowling through the convent 64
17. He snatches a paper from him . . . 65
18. His manner and fervour in prayer . 65
19. His power in word and work . . . 66
20. He multiplies bread 66
21. He beholds angels guarding the brethren 67
22. He delivers a glutton possessed by a devil 68
23. His compassion for sinners . . . 68
24. His spirit of detachment . . . 69
25. His studies in the book of charity . 69
26. Lust quelled by the perfume of his hand 69
27. He foretells his death 70
28. He summons his companion after death 70
29. He is seen in glory 71
30. The possessed are delivered at his tomb 71
31. The sick healed by invoking him . . 72
32. The letters of his canonisation saved miraculously 73
33. He helps the tempest-tost 73
34. He heals a nun 74
35. He heals the dropsical 78
36. Wine increased by invoking him . . 79
37. He cures a boy of the king's evil . . 80
38. People cured by the touch of his relics . 81
39. Quartan ague relieved by invoking him 82

THIRD PART

LEGEND OF BLESSED JORDAN OF SAXONY

1. His pity for the poor 87
2. He bestows his girdle in alms, and finds it on the crucifix 87
3. He enters the order of Preachers . . 88
4. His love of the poor and of his brethren 89
5. He delivers the tempted 92

PAGE

6. His manner of prayer and meditation . 92
7. He multiplies bread for the poor . 93
8. Issue of blood stopped by his prayer . 94
9. He heals the fever-stricken . . 95
10. His gift of supernatural eloquence . 95
11. Vast numbers he drew to the Order . 96
12. He obtains confluency for a penitent . 98
13. A wild animal becomes tame at his bidding 98
14. Conversion of a noble who sought to kill him 99
15. He comforts the distressed . . 100
16. His humility and patience . . 101
17. He loses one of his eyes . . 102
18. His spirit of retirement . . 102
19. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin . 103
20. Appearances of the Blessed Virgin . 104
21. Envy and assaults of Satan . . 107
22. His joyful poverty . . . 111
23. Wine improved by his merits . . 111
24. He rescues a woman from sin and death 112
25. Visions and miracles at his death . 113
26. He appears and comforts a nun . 115
27. He confirms a Carmelite in his Order . 116
28. A prioress healed by invoking him . 116
29. He raises the dead . . . 118
30. He heals a friar punished for murmuring 119
31. His prudent and pleasant replies . 120

FOURTH PART

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER

1. Fervour of the first brethren . . 133
2. Their rigorous discipline . . 137
3. Of their Humility . . . 138
4. Of their Chastity . . . 142
5. Their fervent prayer . . . 144
6. Their practice of Confession . . 149

PAGE

7. Causes which led many to embrace the holy Rule, such as:
(I). The consideration of the hollowness of human pleasures . 152
8. (II). The piety of the brethren . 152
9. (III). The word of God . . 153
10. (IV). The thought of death . . 159
11. (V). The thought of present and future pains . . . 161
12. (VI). Special revelations . . 163
13. (VII). Devotion to the Mother of God 170
14. How they were harassed by the devil . 174
15. Chastisements inflicted by devils . 178
16. Novices' temptations . . . 179
17. Various kinds of temptations, such as:
(I). Gluttony . . . 185
18. (II). Cupidity . . . 186
19. (III). Self-will . . . 187
20. (IV). Philosophical curiosity . . 188
21. (V). Ambition . . . 189
22. (VI). Impatience and phantasms . 190
23. Revelations and comforts . . 193
24. Miracles wrought by the brethren . 202

FIFTH PART

DEPARTURE OF THE BRETHREN FROM THIS WORLD

1. Of such as suffered death for the faith . 213
2. Happy deaths of the brethren . . 229
3. Visions at the hour of death . . 240
4. Revelations of their departure . . 253
5. Punishment for undue affections . 260
6. Deceits practised by the devil . . 269
7. Suffrages for the dead . . . 272
8. Miracles wrought after death . . 276

INDEX TO NAMES OF PLACES 285

INDEX TO NAMES OF PERSONS 289

PROLOGUE

To all the Friars Preachers, beloved in the beloved Son of God, Jesus Christ, Brother Humbert, their unprofitable servant, wisheth salvation hereafter in their home and here in their wayfaring the fulness of the works of salvation.

Surely it is the Saviour of the world, under whose charge lies the care of all ages, who, by the incoming of the Holy Spirit to their hearts, has inspired the writers of these legends to record such words and sayings of certain of his servants as are noteworthy of help, in order that the more wonderfully the memory of those blessed fathers is perpetuated in writing, the more may future generations be led thereby to salvation. Thus Eusebius wrote his *Ecclesiastical History*, and the Damascene the *Book of Balaam*, and Cassian the *Collationes Patrum*, and Gregory his *Dialogue*, and Jerome, Bede, Florus, Odo, Usuardus their various martyrologies, and Gregory of Tours, Peter of Cluny, and many others their many writings of the same kind.

Rumours have reached us of the accounts of our brethren of all nations telling of many things which took place in the Order or concerning it.

Were these written down, they must assuredly be a consolation to the brethren and help them to advance in the spiritual life. For this very reason, therefore, many, devoted to God, urged us not to delay in appointing some one to compile such a work as this now offered you before forgetfulness, already destructive of much that should have remained in the hearts of the brethren, bury all in the

tomb. When this was discussed by the Priors Provincial at the General Chapter of Paris in 1256, it was determined on their advice that all the brethren should inform us of whatever events in our history they thought worthy of being remembered. Now we certainly cannot excuse very many who have neglected to obey this ordination, but we commend very heartily those who forwarded to us a great deal of material. This we gave to our most dear brother, Gerard of Limoges, then Prior Provincial of Provence, in whose industry in this sort of thing we have great faith, asking and ordering him that he should on examination select the best of them and edit them. The pages that follow prove what he has done. These we have shown to many discreet brethren; and since they have approved of them, we have authorised their publication.

It is not our wish, however, that this should be shown outside the Order without our special leave.

Do you, therefore, most beloved, read herein and see how carefully Providence has befriended our Order, and remembering this, grow always in greater love of it. Let those who have been negligent in sending matter to us for this book diligently correct their negligence. Let those to whom have happened such occurrences as are contained in these pages send an account of them to us or to whoever then be Master, that they may be added to this volume or duly inserted in it.

PART FIRST

THE FOUNDATION OF THE ORDER OF PREACHERS

CHAPTER I

THE ORDER WAS THE FRUIT OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S PRAYERS

IT is clear from a careful study of holy Scripture, that the blessed Virgin is a compassionate advocate and powerful helper of mankind. By her prayers the fire of God's wrath kindled against sinners is tempered lest they perish, and countless blessings are showered down upon the world. Rightly therefore is she compared to a cloud between the consuming fire of God's justice and guilty man, softening by her tender influence the heat of his wrath. She is a vessel of loving kindness; and God allows his ire against sinners to be appeased through her and pours forth by her the waters of his compassion in blessings. One of the examples of this is the fact, revealed to many of God's servants, that this great Order was raised up by Almighty God's mercy for the salvation of souls, through her all-prevailing intercession.

Before the Order had as yet sprung up, a certain monk, a man of upright and holy life according to the rule of his Order, during three whole days and nights was rapt in ecstasy, scarcely giving token of feeling or life. While his brethren and bystanders were considering what should be done, he regained consciousness as if waking from a deep sleep. When all asked in wonder what had been amiss, and whether he had seen any marvel, he gave no reply but this: "I was a little while in ecstasy," whereas he had been so during three days and nights, nor would he for a long while mention what had been

shown him. Some years later, when our Order had obtained a sure footing, and our brethren were scattered abroad on their ministry, two of them chanced to come into the neighbourhood to preach. On beholding them this monk began to make diligent enquiries as to their Order, name, and manner of life, since their habit was new to him. Their preaching being over, he drew them aside, and summoning other wise and sober persons, spoke thus to them: "I feel, brethren, that the hour is come for me to reveal the secrets which the Lord was pleased in his goodness to unfold to me and about which I have hitherto been silent, for I now see that they have come to pass. During the time that I was caught up in rapture I saw our Lady, Mary the Mother of God, during those three days and nights, upon bended knees and with clasped hands, pleading with her Son on behalf of mankind, and beseeching him to forbear yet a while that the world might repent. But although during all that time he spoke never a word, at length upon the third day he yielded and made answer: 'My own Mother, what can I, or what ought I to do further for the race of men? I sent them patriarchs for their salvation, and for a brief space of time they gave ear unto them; I sent them prophets, and for a while they did penance. After that I myself went unto them, and I gave them apostles, but me they crucified and them they killed. I have since sent them martyrs, confessors, and doctors, and many more, yet despite their toil the world has not amended; nevertheless, at thy prayer—for it is not beseeming that I deny thee aught—I will send unto them preachers and men of truth, through whom the world shall be enlightened and reclaimed. If it so prove, it is well; but if not, there remains no further remedy, but I will myself come in judgement and be avenged upon them.'"

Another like vision confirms the foregoing. It was told by an aged and holy Cistercian monk of the

Abbey of Bonnevaux, in the diocese of Vienne, to Brother Humbert, who was afterwards Master of the Order.* It ran thus:

Pope Innocent III having sent twelve Cistercian abbots against the Albigenses [1207], one of them chanced to pass, with his companion, close by a great crowd of men and women gathered round a man who had just come back to life after being dead three days. Out of respect for his own sacred character and that of his Order, he felt loath to give way to his curiosity and draw nigh, but on second thoughts he sent his companion to sift the matter, and to ask the man thus restored to life whether he had witnessed anything deserving of being recorded. When, in obedience to these behests, the monk enquired of the man what he had seen, he made answer that he had beheld our glorious Lady, the Virgin Mother of God, during three whole days and nights, upon bended knees and with clasped hands, tearfully beseeching her Son to have pity upon her in such terms as these: "My Son, I thank thee for having deigned to choose me for thy mother and queen of heaven, yet I grieve exceedingly that countless souls should be lost, for whom thou hast undergone so many sufferings of poverty, hardship, and contempt. Therefore I beseech thy clemency, let not the great price which has been paid for them be lost, nor thy precious blood be shed in vain, but devise yet further means for their salvation." Upon this the Son answered his blessed Mother: "Holy Mother, what can I do, or ought I to do, further for the human race? Have I not sent them patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors, and doctors of the Church for their salvation? Have I not delivered myself up to death for their sakes? Ought I then to save the sinner equally with the just, the guilty with the innocent? This is neither

* Humbert de Romans tells the story himself (Berthier, *Opera*, ii, p. 135).

in keeping with my justice, nor does it beseem my majesty, for although merciful to the contrite, yet am I just towards the hardened. But tell me, sweet Mother, how ought I to bring this about? What wouldst thou have of me? Ask, and thy request shall be granted." At this the Mother continued: "Mine it is not to teach thee, my Son, who knowest all things, being the sovereign wisdom of the Father, yet am I sure that if thou willest thou canst find some remedy for this perishing people." Such prayers as these did the Mother of mercy pour forth for sinners, kneeling at the feet of her Son. At length, on the third day, raising her up with great tenderness, the Son replied: "I know, sweet Mother, that sinners are being lost for want of preachers, having none to break to them the bread of the holy Scriptures, or teach the truth, or open the books now sealed to them. Wherefore, yielding to thy entreaties, I will send them new messengers, an Order of Preachers, who shall call the people and lead them to everlasting joys; only then shall we bar the gate to all slothful, accursed, and empty-handed souls." After this he saw appearing brethren clothed in the habit which we now wear, and the Son and the Mother sent them forth with their blessing, giving them power to preach the Kingdom of God. It is told that this same monk said afterwards in his monastery: "If after my death—for I shall not live to see these messengers of the Mother of God—this Order does not arise, strike my name from out your obit list, and never pray for me."

From such revelations it may be clearly gathered that one and the same vision granted to both was a sign that the word of the Lord should come to pass and be speedily fulfilled.

A friar-minor, who had long been the companion of St Francis, told some of our brethren*—one of

* Dated 1215 in *Chronicle* of Henry of Hervord (p. 180), ed. Potthast, and *Legendae Aureae* (Graesse Leipzig, 1850, p. 470).

whom in turn related it to Brother Jordan, then Master of the Order—that when St Dominic our Father was in Rome, during the sitting of the Lateran Council, pressing his suit before God and the Pope for the confirmation of his Order, as he was praying one night—according to his custom—in the church, he beheld our Lord Jesus Christ standing by his throne in mid-air, and holding three lances which he was about to hurl against the earth. At the same moment the Virgin Mother, falling on her knees, besought him to have mercy on those whom he had redeemed, and to temper his justice with mercy. "Seest thou not what countless wrongs they continue to heap upon me?" said he. "Right willingly would I have mercy, but my justice will not allow evil to go unpunished." Thereupon the Queen Mother again addressed him: "My Son, I know, as dost thou, who knowest all things, how thou canst restore mankind to thy favour. I have by me one trusty liegeman whom thou shalt send into the world to make known thy word, and thenceforth it will forsake and bewail its evil ways, and follow thee, its Saviour. To him as fellow labourer shall I give another of my servants to toil in even way." Upon this her Son answered: "Behold, now I am appeased and I accept thy plan; yet show me the men thou hast chosen." Then the glorious Virgin, taking St Dominic by the hand, led him to our Lord Jesus Christ, who, with an approving smile, replied: "Right well and manfully shall he carry out what thou hast said." She then brought forward St Francis, whom our Lord praised evenly. The blessed Dominic earnestly scanned the features of his companion while the vision lasted; on the morrow recognising him in the blessed Francis, although hitherto a stranger to him, he ran up and tenderly embraced him with a kiss, saying: "You are my comrade, let us stand together, and no foe shall prevail against us." After this he told his vision,

and from that hour they became but one heart and one soul in God, and enjoined their sons to foster this brotherly spirit to the end of time.

CHAPTER II

HOW THE ORDER WAS FORESEEN AND FORETOLD BY MANY

PRIOR STEPHEN, of the Carthusian Monastery of Partes, in the diocese of Lyons, a man so highly reputed for holiness that he was deservedly called a saint, had a revelation from God, and foretold to his brethren the rise of an Order of Preachers. Having gained their credence in this matter, he requested, nay, enjoined upon them, to hold this Order ever in the highest reverence and esteem. This they did most devoutly afterwards, and continue doing to this day, welcoming our brethren as angels sent from God.

A Cistercian bishop* of the diocese of Orange, in the Province of Arles, by reason of his exceeding great piety and deeds of mercy, and still more on account of the charm and fervour of his preaching, in which he shone beyond belief, was universally deemed to be a saint of God. Often while preaching he used, in the spirit of prophecy, to foretell the speedy rise of the Order. "I foretell to you," he would say, "that there will soon come men who will preach in very different fashion, and who will bear the name as well as the office of Preachers." There are still some surviving who heard him say so.

The blessed Mary D'Oignies, of the diocese of Liège, used also frequently to allude to the coming foundation of the Order. She was a woman of the rarest innocence and perfection, whose wonderful

* William Helia, Bishop of Orange, died 1221 (*Gams*, i, p. 592).

life has been set forth in the lengthy and trustworthy narrative of James of Vitry, the Cardinal Bishop of Tusculum.*

Fulk, bishop of Toulouse, a prelate of great gifts and gentle blood, tells us in the life which he wrote of this same Mary D'Oignies, how, when rapt in ecstasy ten years before the establishment of the Order, she foresaw that the Holy Ghost would shortly visit the Church of God, and enlighten it by means of his preachers. This she dictated at length on her deathbed to some who put it in writing, herself rejoicing at what she had seen.

In Pisa, of Tuscany, there dwelt an aged and holy woman of whom many wonders and miracles are duly attested, and who had furthermore been espoused to Christ in mind and body with a ring still very reverently kept in a monastery beyond the city. The table, also, whereat Christ supped with her, hangs in the sacristy of another monastery which she reformed. Seven times she went in pilgrimage to the shrine of St James, at Compostella, going and returning in company with our Lord and the apostles, as they who learnt the secrets of her holy life attest. Her name was treasured throughout the dioceses of Pisa and Lucca, but still more in the two monasteries mentioned, and in another near Lucca, of great piety, all of which to this day call her their mother; the people style her Sancta Bona,† or the good woman. Now amongst many other events foretold by her in the spirit of prophecy was this—that an Order of Preachers would shortly be given to the world. We have ourselves met many who both saw her and heard it from her lips.

Lastly, Abbot Joachim, the founder of a monastery in Florence, left many prophecies about the Order among his writings, and often used to bid his brethren be sure to welcome it devoutly and heartily when it

* *Acta SS.* Boll., xxv, p. 547.

† *Acta SS.* Boll., vii, p. 144. She died in Pisa May 29, 1207.

should appear after his death.* This they afterwards did, receiving our brethren processionally when they first visited them.†

CHAPTER III

VISIONS PRECEDING SOME FIRST FOUNDATIONS

At the time when the Friars Preachers received the church of St Nicholas,‡ at Bologna, a cleric, learned but given over to worldliness, was changed in heart by this vision. It seemed to him that as he went out into the country a thunderstorm was about to break upon him, and that as he fled before it he came to a cottage which he found shut; wishing to take shelter he knocked and begged shelter, but the good-wife of the house cried out from within: "I am Justice, and this is my abode; but since thou be not just thou canst not enter here." Turning sorrowfully away he made for another dwelling, and knocked. Then the good-wife from within cried: "I am Truth, nor will I admit you, for Truth cannot harbour him who does not value her." Espying yet a third house, he craved entrance, but he heard: "It is I, Peace, here; Peace is not for the evil, but for men of good-will. But since mine are thoughts of peace and not of pain, this advice I give you. Beyond me lives our sister who always helps the needy; go to her, and follow her counsels." He did so, and Mercy, for so she was styled, running up to him, exclaimed: "If you wish to be delivered from this storm which is now brewing, haste to

* Died 1202 (Denifle, *Archiv für Lit. und Kirch.*, 1885, pp. 48-142).

† Here in the Latin follows chap. iii (the titles of subsequent chapters in this English version do not therefore coincide), devoted to Scripture quotations which seem to the mind of de Frachet to prefigure an Order of Preachers.

‡ From the rector, Ralph de Faventia, by the favour of Cardinal Hugh of Ostia, who was a witness of the miracle of the boy Napoleon restored to life at the prayers of St Dominic.

St Nicholas church where the Friars Preachers dwell; there you will find the stable of doctrine, and within, the manger of the Scriptures, the ass of simplicity with the ox of discretion, Mary enlightening and the Christ Child saving thee." Coming to himself and turning over what he had heard, he did as advised. This fact was publicly told in the schools by Master Alexander, an upright and religious man, who furthermore set it down in his paraphrase of that verse of the psalm, "*Mercy and Truth have met*." He was for many years a professor of theology at Bologna, and afterwards became a bishop in England, his native country.

The next event we give on the authority of Brother Ralph, a trusty and pious man, who was formerly rector of St Nicholas church at Bologna, which charge he gave up through love of the Order, becoming himself a Friar Preacher.*

Before our brethren came to Bologna, a devout woman of the city, of mean repute among men, but beloved of God, used often to pray on bended knees, close by a vineyard near the spot where our brethren now are. When the townsfolk laughed at her, as though she were beside herself for so doing, she would turn to them and say: "O hapless and little-witted people, if you but knew what kind of men and things will one day here be found, you would not talk in this fashion, for the whole world will be enlightened by those who shall dwell in this place." From this we may gather that through the light of the Holy Ghost the after benefits of the Order were foreseen by this good woman.

Brother John† of Bologna declares that before the brethren came thither, the keepers of this same vineyard used often to see great lights and halos upon the spot where now they dwell.

* He entered the Order 1219, at Bologna, under Blessed Reginald, and was in Viterbo 1235 (Quetif., i, p. 125b).

† Died 1235.

Brother Claro* of Bologna tells how, when a mere child, as he was one day passing with his father by the spot where the convent now stands, his father said to him: "My son, in this place angels' songs are often heard, which seems to forbode great things for it." But when he, as a boy, suggested that perchance they were the voices of minstrels, or of the monks of St Proclus hard by, the father replied, "Child, anyone can tell the difference between the voices of men and angels;" which words never left his memory.

The removal of the convent of Strasbourg† from its former most unsuitable site in a marsh outside the city walls, to where it now stands, seemed, at the time, to be a hopeless undertaking, from the many and weighty difficulties in the way. God was pleased, however, to show what his far-reaching hand could do for the comfort of the lowly, by sending forewarnings to several devout souls. To one devout matron it seemed as if the spot which the friars now occupy, but which then looked beyond all securing, was thronged with strangers.

To another it appeared as if the whole spot was covered with lilies freshly sprung up, which forthwith were turned into Friars Preachers, who, lifting up their eyes to heaven, sang their Maker's praises with ravishing voices.

A third witness, a woman of uncommon piety and trustworthiness, called Verudadas, the widow of a judge in the city, when on the point of expiring, foretold three things which would shortly happen, one of which was that the Friars Preachers would get possession of the highest spot in the city, which afterwards came to pass.

A wealthy and influential widow, but a heretic,

* Received under Blessed Reginald, 1219; first to teach Theology to the brethren.

† *Mon. Germ. Hist.*, xvii, pp. 101, 102. The removal took place in 1252.

who dwelt some way out of the city of Cuma, in Lombardy, saw countless stars fall from heaven upon the church of St John the Baptist, which stood upon a hill commanding the city. So overcome was she at the sight that when her maids wanted her to retire she could not be withdrawn from the terrace. One of her servants happening to come from the city next morning, she questioned him as to whether there were no strange tidings abroad: "I know of none," said he, "except that the church of St John the Baptist, which stands on the brow of yonder hill, has just been handed over to the Friars Preachers." Filled with wonder, she was led to conclude that this must have been the meaning of the shower of lights shown her, and she became in consequence converted to the Faith. Her confessor vouches for the fact.

So, too, another lady, also a heretic, had this vision. It seemed to her as if two huge jars were standing on the place where the brethren now have their cloister, one of which was filled with honey and the other with wine. Presently she beheld some new-comers, who began to mix the honey with the wine, and pour wine upon the honey, and gave it to the people to drink; whereupon all who partook of it began to run to and fro as if beside themselves with its sweetness. This marvel brought about her conversion to the Catholic faith, for she believed the friars to be in this case the dispensers of the wine and honey, since they blend in their preaching the sweetness of divine things with the pleasantness of human learning, drawing the same from the two great jars of the Old and New Testaments, by reason whereof men run to do penance and hasten their steps towards God.

Another devout woman beheld, in sleep, a great fountain of limpid water gush forth on the spot where the friars' cloister now stands in this same city of Cuma, and thence flowing out until it

refreshed the whole place, so that thousands ran to drink from it. Our brethren came to live on this very spot some time after, and thither now crowds of men and women throng with great fervour, the latter coming barefoot to mass and sermon even in winter.

A native of Montpellier, but who dwelt in Burgos, when in his agony, beheld a white-robed procession of such bewitching beauty pass through his garden, which lay at some distance from the town, that he called aloud to the friends around him: "See how my garden is thronged with holy men; never send them away, for they are not come for our harm, but or our help." Those who heard him say the words, told them, after his death, to our brethren when they came to reside in that very spot.

Before the convent was begun in Lisbon,* our brethren were in the habit of preaching on the site it now occupies. Shortly before its foundation some devout women dwelling near St Mary's church, which stands close by, saw a wondrous sight. As they were knitting side by side, by moonlight, as is the custom in these parts in the summer time, suddenly they noticed the heavens open, and a most beautiful ladder of gold and silver let down in the direction of a fig-tree (beneath which I myself† have often preached before we had a convent there), one end of the ladder touching the sky while the other rested by the fig-tree. After that they saw three men come down clad in splendid raiment, the first of whom seemed to be a subdeacon carrying in his hands a handsome cross; the next, evidently a deacon, bearing a thurible; while the third was robed in priestly vestments. Alighting upon the ground they walked round the enclosure of our present convent, incensing it as they passed along; this done, they went back to the ladder, and going up once

* It was begun in 1241 (*Analecta*, i, p. 123).
† Gerard de Frachet.

more entered heaven, drawing it up after them. So long as they beheld this strange sight the women never ceased adoring God on their bended knees. Our brethren saw these same women, but I, for my part, was loath to believe their story, until they brought before me a widow of uncommonly holy life, who was present when it took place, and who faithfully detailed the whole affair. Soon after this, while holding the office of prior, I built a monastery on the same spot, with the consent both of the General and Provincial Chapters, and there our brethren continue to serve God day and night.

A citizen of Limoges* assured me that twice in sleep he had seen an imposing white-robed procession upon the place where our brethren afterwards fixed their cloister in that town, and that was some time before their arrival. He furthermore divulged this secret to a bosom friend of his who was afterwards a priest in the Order, and who, in turn, assured me of his having often heard him tell it to others.

CHAPTER IV

PROVIDENTIAL CARE OF THE BRETHREN

THE Brother Ralph already mentioned relates that during the time that the Order of Preachers was but a little flock, "or a young plantation," there came over the brethren such a spirit of dejection that many of them began to take counsel together as to which Order they should join, under the conviction that their own, which was of such weak and tender growth, would not survive long. The cause of the disquiet was that two of the most influential brethren, Theobald of Siena, and Nicholas of Campano, had sought and obtained permission from Hugh, bishop of Ostia (then legate of the Apostolic See, and afterwards Pope Gregory IX) to pass to some

* Founded in 1219 (*Analecta*, i, p. 268).

monastery of the Cistercian Order. On their letters of dispensation being shown him, Brother Reginald called the chapter together and laid the whole affair before them with much grief; at this the brethren also began to weep, and grief beyond power of words to describe filled their hearts. Brother Reginald,* with eyes uplifted to heaven, prayed awhile in silence to God, in whom he put all his trust; while Brother Claro, a devout and learned man—who in the world had shone in all the liberal arts, and was well versed in civil and canon law, who was afterwards Provincial of the Roman province and papal penitentiary—arose to address and comfort the brethren. He had scarcely left off speaking when Master Roland† of Cremona entered; this was a ripe scholar in the physical sciences, a noted doctor of philosophy in Bologna, and the first of our brethren who afterwards taught theology at Paris. He came alone, intoxicated with the spirit of God, and without more ado sought to be admitted into the Order. The wonder ran that one who before would pay no heed to the idea when broached by others should now, of his own bent and by inspiration, seek for admittance. Without waiting until a habit could be fetched, Brother Reginald took off his own scapular and clothed him on the spot. Brother Guala,‡ the sacristan, rang the bell, which weighed but twenty imperial pounds, while the brethren joined in the *Veni Creator*. As they sang, with voices half choked with sobbings of joy, the people flocked in, and a crowd of men, women, and children filled the church. The whole town was thrown into an uproar at the

* Received to Order in 1217 by St Dominic after vision of our Lady, remained in Bologna 1219, died in Paris February 12, 1220 (Quetif., i, p. 89).

† Quetif., i, p. 125b, and Denifle, *Archiv*, ii, p. 204. He was first in Order to have chair in Paris in theology (*cf. Cartularium*, i, p. 94 n.).

‡ Received by St Dominic 1219 (*cf.* Theiner, *Annales Eccl.*, t. xx, p. 533).

news, and devotion to the friars began afresh. There was an end to all difficulties. The two who were bent on quitting the Order threw themselves on their knees before them all, made known their fault with many tears, and refusing the papal indult, plighted their troth that they would be faithful unto death.

During the next night our Lord consoled Brother Ralph by a vision, for he had been deeply depressed through that disturbance among the brethren. He seemed to see Christ the Lord standing before him, having by his side the blessed Virgin and St Nicholas. The saint seeing him to be faint-hearted, beckoned him to approach, and laying his hand upon his head, said: "Fear not, good brother, for all will go well with you and your Order, since God has a special care of you." Then, as he looked forth, he saw a ship sail past the convent walls, and in it were countless brethren. "Do you see these brethren?" said the saint. "They are all of your Order, and are going forth to fill and renew the world." Taking comfort from what he had witnessed touching the security of the Order, Brother Ralph told it to the brethren, and from that time all went well with them.

The same brother relates how at Bologna the cask of wine for the use of the sick having run short, the infirmarian, after searching in vain for more, went and laid the matter before the brethren, at the same time grieving sorely for his patients, since for the most part only those who were hale drank water. Now in the time of St Dominic it was the blessed father's custom, if anything were needed, to betake himself to prayer, or press the religious to pray with him, after telling them what was needed. Brother Ventura, the venerable prior, did this now, after which he said to the infirmarian: "Go now, and try once more if there be any wine." The brother went and found the cask brimful, whereat all gave

praise and glory to God, who has a continual care of his servants.*

Brother Thierry of Auxerre, of holy memory, formerly Provincial of France, declared that while he was prior of the convent at Paris, he found himself one day without any means of providing for the needs of the convent and infirmary. They were burdened, moreover, with debt, and the procurator reckoned that at least one hundred pounds must be speedily found. As he stood buried in anxious thought, a traveller came to the gate, who sent for him, and said: "A nobleman has died lately in Greece after bequeathing you one hundred pounds; take the money and pray for him." It was very joyfully accepted, and, after returning hearty thanks to God, the prior met his brethren's wants with this timely aid.

The Countess of Anguillaria, a lady of the highest credit, and very much devoted to the Order, told this incident to the prior of Viterbo. Two lay brothers—Raynald of Orvieto, and Dominic of Viterbo—having called at her residence of Crapalica, near Sutrium, in the neighbourhood of Rome, to fetch her usual dole for the brethren, she not only ordered a bushel of meal to be given them, but actually bestowed it with her own hands. Taking the meal joyfully, yet respectfully, they stowed it away in their wallets on the evening of their arrival, and hurried off home next morning to tell of their successful quest, for they were then in sore need. That very day the Countess, coming by chance to the granary, found the sack full, at which she fired up indignantly against the brothers, whom she called proud, judging rashly that they had slighted her gift, as if deeming it beneath them to be beholden for the like. Some time later, one of them happening to call again, she gave full vent to her wrath, and demanded why he had not taken away the meal. The discomfited

* This took place 1221.

brother, although grieved at hearing her use such harsh words, heard her out with unruffled patience, and then calmly stated that he had taken it home with him, as was indeed the case. "How can you have taken it with you?" she angrily rejoined; "don't you see that the sack is yet full?" and in her ignorance of the affair she rated him more soundly than before, whereat the simple brother contended as stoutly that he had carried it home. Overcome by the brother's solemn assurances, she set it down as a miracle wrought in testimony of the brethren's worth and merits. Still, for clearer evidence of the fact, she summoned all her handmaids and men-servants, and enquired whether any of them had carried in, or seen carried in, any meal on that evening or on the following morning; but they denied all knowledge of it. From which we may gather and believe that he who by the prophet Elias kept the widow's measure of meal from failing, did, without a doubt, fill the sack with fresh meal by his unseen power, for the furtherance of the lady's devotion and piety.

On another occasion, Brother John di Columna,* who was Provincial of the Roman province, and afterwards archbishop of Messina, came to stay at this very house. Full of joy at having to entertain so worthy a guest, the countess hurried to her strong box to fetch out the money requisite for providing the supper. But here the enemy of hospitality put a hindrance in her way, for after diligent search the key could nowhere be found. As a last resource, in her despair of opening it, she tried a very small key which, naturally, was out of all keeping with the lock, when, to her no small surprise, and that of her guest and household, the chest was found to be open. And this came about without the aid of any proper key, for, as has been observed, the one tried was utterly unsuited to the lock: but it was rather done by him "*who shutteth and no man openeth, openeth and*

* Quetif., i, p. 148.

no man shutteth." Furthermore, lest it might seem to have come about by means of the small key, she could never after open the chest with it.

Brother Henry* tells how, in the early days of the Order, two of our brethren were on the road together, both hungry and footsore, for they had not broken their fast although it was now past mid-day. As they plodded on, discussing where they might possibly find refreshment in so poverty-stricken a place and among strangers, a man, in pilgrim garb, suddenly joined himself to them, and spoke thus: "*O ye of little faith, why are you solicitous? Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you.* Have you so far trusted in God as to quit all things for his sake, and do you now fear that he will leave you unprovided for? Let this be a sign to you. Cross the meadow, and in the hollow beyond you will come upon a hamlet: as you enter, the priest of the place will press you to stay with him, then a soldier will come up at the moment and also invite you, and while both are contesting the honour of providing for you, the patron of the church will appear upon the scene and hospitably entertain you. Trust in God, and let this business prompt your brethren always to leave themselves entirely in his hands." With these words the man was seen no more, and everything turned out just as he foretold them. On their return to Paris they made the affair known to Brother Henry and the few poor brethren who were there then.

Our brethren of Macon† had to endure many bitter trials at the hands of William de Saint Amour,‡ a canon of the town, and this from the very beginning of their foundation. Thus were they brought to the severest straits of want and misery, while, to

* Henry of Marsberg or Henry Senior (Quetif., i, p. 148).
† Founded in 1254.
‡ *Cf.* Roger Vaughan's *Life of St Thomas of Aquin*, passim.

crown all, they were burdened with debt. Strange to tell, one of them had a dream in which he saw the King of France* and Cardinal Hugh de Saint Cher† conferring together as to how they could help this very convent. Not long after these two sent from France and Italy one hundred pounds apiece, in pure alms. The friars fully paid their debts with the money, and all going well with them, they ever after enjoyed peace.

The brethren of Auxerre had to endure similar hardships and privations from the outset, as Brother Bernard, their prior, bears testimony. Getting neither advice nor help from any quarter, they had recourse to fervent prayer, beseeching our Lord to succour and guide them. Very soon after this a man of high standing, a wealthy canon in the city, entered the Order, and as he brought most of his wealth with him they were relieved in their pressing needs.

At the same time there lived in the Cistercian abbey of St Galganus, near Siena, a monk named James, a man of great simplicity and piety, and worthy of credit, on which account he was often summoned to the court of Rome: very marvellous, too, are the accounts given of his visions and revelations while he was saying mass. Having a very special love and devotion for the Order on account of its fruitful labours, he was often heard to declare he wished all his brethren the world over were one with ours in preaching the gospel. It chanced that some of our religious, after preaching at St Galganus, with great profit of souls, besought him to offer up a special prayer for the Order. During the next night, as he was praying with more fervour than usual, entreating our Lord to reveal the most fitting prayers he could use for the Order, it was revealed that he

* Louis IX.

† Denifle, *Archiv*, ii, pp. 204, 235, 238. Created cardinal May 28, 1244

should say the following in the holy mass. They were given him by our Lord Jesus Christ in person, with these injunctions: "Brother James, take these prayers, and so continue to pray for the Order of Preachers."

Collect.—Enlighten, O Lord, the hearts of thy servants with the unction of the Holy Ghost, bestow upon them the gift of burning eloquence, and grant increase of merit to such as preach thy word, through Christ our Lord.

Secret.—Grant, we beseech thee, O Lord, the gift of winning speech to thy servants, and whilst thou sanctifiest these offerings made unto thee, visit their souls with thy saving presence, through Christ our Lord.

Postcommunion.—Keep thy servants, O Lord, who have partaken of the body and blood of thy only-begotten Son, and shed the fulness of thy saving grace upon all who preach thy word, through Christ our Lord.

These prayers were approved of by the Pope, who had them inserted in the Missal.*

Two Friars Preachers of Magdeburg,† in Germany, were sent by their prior to Coblentz. After spending the night at Langele-Ampalunsone they resumed their journey in the morning, but before long began to have doubts as to which direction their road lay. Sitting by the wayside, they were talking the matter over, when the elder of the two espying a kite hovering in mid-air, thus addressed it: "Brother kite, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ I bid you show us the way." Down to earth darted the kite, like the lark when he has finished his song, and hopping along in front, turned to the right from where they had been sitting, and sure enough there lay the road, which they had not seen from the

* They may be found in the Dominican Missal in the mass for the vigil of the Epiphany.

† Founded in 1224.

height of the hedges. "Come along, brother, for here lies our way," said the elder of the two; and it proved to be the right one. Now he did not ascribe this wonder to any merits of his own, but entirely to the power of the name of Jesus, who, in every place, has a special care of his brethren.

A brother of the convent of Naples,* who was strongly tempted to leave the Order, saw himself, in a vision, standing in the choir with his brethren, all of whom wore white stoles. Then while they sang the response, *Leave us not, holy father*,† answer was made, "No, my son, I will not leave you, but if I be dear to you, do not abandon what you have begun." Hearing this he was much comforted, and renewed his determination of persevering in the Order.

Not long after the Order had been established, Christ our Lord appeared, in sleep, to the venerable abbot Everard of the Cistercian abbey of Salemannes, and said to him: "To-morrow I am going to send my horses your way, and you must see that they are provided for in my stead." The abbot, on waking, began to think the matter over, and tried to puzzle out which could be the horses he had been bid see to; but he could find no way out of his dream. That very day there came to the abbey gate Brother John of blessed memory, who was afterwards bishop and master of the Order, and with him Henry of Cologne. After greeting them, the abbot began to make respectful enquiries as to their religious profession, and, likewise, what could be their object in going about with staves and books, for he had never seen habits like theirs before. Then Brother John enlightened him on each point, setting forth the end for which they had been founded, and their

* Founded in 1231.

† From third respons. of first nocturn of matins of Feast of St Laurence the Martyr (August 10) in Dominican Breviary.

manner of life in the Order, illustrating it by that saying of the prophet Zachary, "*The horses of God's servants are piebald and vigorous, and are ever ready to speed through the world.*" Lastly, he ended by saying that the Lord bestowed nothing upon his servants beyond the staff of his cross, which they possessed, and his Virgin Mother, in whom they trusted. On hearing this the abbot cast himself at their feet and kissed them, saying, "You are, indeed, those sturdy horses which our Lord pledged himself to send me." He next washed their feet, and bringing them in with great joy, gave order that new shoes and all other things they required should be given them, and from that hour he became a special friend and benefactor of the Order as long as he lived.

While the Prior Provincial was singing the High Mass in the church of Santa Sabina, in Rome, a devout man saw—as he afterwards solemnly bore witness—four handsome youths standing one at each corner of the altar and holding a snow-white veil over the altar and brethren until all had communicated.

A novice in the same convent who was praying at his bedside after the others had gone to sleep, heard the tread of persons walking in the dormitory. Looking up he saw three strangers wearing our habit, one of whom carried a cross, another the holy water vessel, while the third sprinkled the cells as they passed along. Thinking that it might be the prior and his ministers, he got quickly into bed and covered himself up, that he might be thought to be asleep. As the visitors passed on they sprinkled his cell like the rest, and he heard one of them say to the others: "We indeed chase them from out the dormitory, but who shall drive them from the other quarters of the house?" "There are many more besides us sent by our Lord," rejoined the next, "and these go through the rest of the house casting

them out;" with which words they departed. For many months the novice never spoke of it, believing it to have been the prior and his acolytes who acted thus, but as he never again observed the like, after many diligent enquiries he laid the whole matter before the Master of the Order, and at his request told it to many of our brethren.

Two religious, who had been sent out by their prior to preach in the diocese of Tusculum, were, on arriving at Colonna towards nightfall, conducted to an inn filled with noisy rustics. Here the younger of the two, reflecting upon the poverty, the toil, and hardships of the Order, and upon the many discomforts which attended their journeys, lost heart altogether, and threw himself in tears on his wretched pallet. He wept himself to sleep, and soon our Lord Jesus Christ stood before him and spoke to him: "Get up, brother, and hear what I have to tell you." The brother rose with feelings of awe and great fear, and saw Christ distinctly standing before him, having by his side one of our brethren with a staff in his hand, as is the custom on our journeys. Now this brother whom he saw had only entered the Order that year, and was in good health on their quitting Rome. Then Christ spoke: "I have taken this brother from your Order, and he is coming with me to heaven; you must live on and dare many undertakings for my name's sake: be of good cheer, then, and take comfort through all your toils, for I will come again and take you away likewise in my company as I have done this brother;" saying which he departed in great glory. The brother told his companion what he had witnessed, and on their return they found that the novice had ended his life devoutly on that very same day.

Two others, Siegfrid and Conrad of Wurzburg,* in Germany, came on their journeying to a river,

* Founded in 1229.

on the opposite bank of which they could see a boat securely moored while, as it was a holiday, the people on the further side were flocking to Mass. As they were anxious to get across that they might address the throng, and yet had no one to ferry them over, Brother Siegfrid called out, "Come across, little boat, come across at once." In answer to his summons the boat crossed over at once, although there was no one propelling it, and the current was very rapid. They stepped in, only to find that it contained neither sail nor oar, when lo! from a neighbouring hillock a little maiden of some eight summers came tripping along and enquired if they wanted to cross. On their answering that they were so minded, she speedily rowed them to the other side with a tiny paddle she was carrying on her shoulder, and then ran out of sight. This marvel made them wonder; so they entered the town blessing God, and preached with fruit to an attentive throng.

We have already made mention of Roland of Cremona as an eminent master of theology. Once, while he was afflicted with a painful ulcer on the knee, it seemed as if the nerves were being torn from his flesh with iron pincers, so he called out, "Lord God, what has become of that saying of thy apostle; '*God is faithful, and will not suffer you to be tried beyond your strength*,' see, I am on the verge of madness and can endure no more!" Instantly the pain ceased, as he testified to the Master of the Order.

CHAPTER V

OUR BLESSED LADY'S LOVE OF THE ORDER

ONE of the brethren grieved sorely on being told to go and convert the Cuman Tartars,* so he put his trouble before a holy hermit and besought his prayers, since he could not see how the obedience could be for his good. The devout hermit complied, and while praying for him that night beheld this spectacle. He saw a broad river spanned by a bridge upon which the members of various Orders were passing, one by one, with evident tokens of joy. Presently he beheld the Friars Preachers also crossing over, and not by the bridge like the others, but breasting the flood, each of them drawing after him a boatful of men. But when some of them seemed to be on the point of sinking from exhaustion in drawing their load, the hermit observed the glorious Virgin our Lady come nigh and help them with her own hands, and in this way all got across safely. After their happy passage over the river, he saw our brethren and those whom they had drawn over all dwelling happily together in a most lovely country. He told the vision to the timid brother, who took great comfort from it. At once he complied heartily and gladly with his obedience, understanding that our brethren undertake greater and more arduous and more fruitful labours for souls than such other religious as are content with merely saving their own souls, and that they enjoy the blessed Virgin's special protection.

One of our English brothers named John, feeling sorely tried on having an office of responsibility put upon him, and feeling it might be hurtful to his

* The friars were dispatched in 1228 to the Cuman Tartars by Gregory IX in Bull dated March 21 of that year.

soul, had recourse to our blessed Lady's help. As he was praying very fervently and earnestly, behold, the Mother of mercy appeared and addressed him in these words: "Fear not, brother, only act manfully and your heart will be comforted; bear up a while longer, and this burdensome task will be for your merit and crown."

Another, who is in every way deserving of belief, used to tell how, on his first coming to the Order, he found that everything jarred with his tastes and feelings, and how he grew thinner from hunger and distress, and could get no sleep from the hardness of the beds and other discomforts. The prior, in pity for his condition and to give him relief, sent him out one day as companion to a preacher. Owing to the fatigue of walking, a thing he had not been used to, he grew very weary in mind and body, and letting his companion go on he sat down and wept. "O most blessed Virgin," cried he, "it was to serve thee and thy Son that I entered this Order, and see me now fainting from weariness at the very outset; get me the strength needful to keep up with my companion and to stay in the Order." Presently he found himself sprinkled as with a fragrant dew; up he sprang and running overtook his companion. From that hour he continued hale and strong, so that what heretofore he could not endure became a pleasure; helped in this way by our Lady's merits, he happily endured to the end his earthly course.

A holy anchoress in Lombardy,* who was very devout to the blessed Virgin, hearing of a new Order known as the Order of Preachers, was anxious to meet our brethren from the report of their preaching and exemplary lives. Two of our brothers chanced to be passing that way on their missionary rounds, the elder of whom was Brother Paul,† a thoroughly

* Humbert de Romans tells this also as having heard it during his noviciate, 1225 (*Opera*, ii, p. 136).

† Received to habit by St Dominic 1220 (*Analecta*, i, p. 397).

religious man, graceful, an accomplished preacher, and innocent as a child in mind and body, through whom God wrought much good in those parts. On their going to visit her they discoursed upon the holy Scriptures, as is the custom among us: she then asked to what Order they belonged, so they replied that they were Friars Preachers. On hearing this, all her previous reverence for them was at an end, nay, she began to think the very contrary to what she had heard respecting the Order. Noticing how fair complexioned they were (for they were freshly shaven), and how good-looking in their comely habit, she utterly despised them at heart, saying within herself, "How can such men keep chaste going thus through the world?" Previous to the meeting she had pictured them to herself as men of austere and forbidding mien, wearing long beards as if come fresh from some desert: so she slammed the window to and shut herself up. That same night the blessed Virgin appeared before her, wearing a look of grave displeasure, and rebuked her sharply, saying, "See how grievously you offended me yesterday." Then the recluse being quite at a loss to know how she could have offended her, replied, "Lady, I know not what I can have said, or done, or even thought to displease thee, unless it were by what I could not help thinking of those friars yesterday." Then Mary spoke: "Therein indeed you offended me deeply and grievously. Cannot I watch over them as they go through the world? But that you may understand the special care I take of this Order, let me show you the brethren you saw yesterday." Then opening wide her mantle with both hands, she showed her a great throng of our brethren, and those brothers standing in their midst just as she had seen them. "See, now, what care I take of them," said Mary. Casting herself down in great fear, the woman begged and obtained forgiveness, and for the rest of her life had a very special love for the Order.

During the year in which Raymond* of Pennafort resigned the Mastership of the whole Order, Nicholas of Lausanne, the sub-prior of Paris, told this incident, in chapter, in order to stir the brethren to say our Lady's office more devoutly. A member of one of the more ancient Orders, a man of high standing, of mature age, and a devout client of the blessed Virgin, entreated her to show him how he might become yet more pleasing in her eyes, and serve her better. Day after day he renewed his suit, until, as he was praying very fervently in the oratory of his monastery, he chanced to look up towards the altar, and there he saw the blessed Virgin seated, while by her side stood a man in the attitude of confession as we practise it in the Order. Filled withjoy at the thought that now his request was about to be granted, he reverently drew near, and, kneeling at her feet, with many tears poured forth his suit.

The holy Virgin continued to gaze lovingly upon the one who was confessing, and then turning to the monk she asked: "What is your desire?" "That I may learn how better to serve thee," returned he. "And how does a man serve his beloved?" pursued the holy Virgin. "That I know not," answered the monk, "and therefore I beg thee to tell." "Know then," said Mary, "that she is loved, and praised, and honoured." "But, alas! Lady, I know not how better to love, and praise, and honour thee." To this she made no reply, so he continued with much earnestness and tears to entreat her that she would show him more fully those three things. At last the blessed Virgin gave him for answer: "Go to my seer, and they will teach thee." It occurred to him that there were many different sorts of religious brethren, so he cried again to her: "But, my Lady, there are all sorts of brethren: from Citeaux and Cluny and Grammont and Prémontré and Val des

* 1240.

Choux; there are the Minors and Preachers. To which of them dost thou send me?" "Go to the Friars Preachers," said Mary, "for they are my brethren: go to them, and they will teach thee." For this purpose he came to Paris with some of his fellow monks, and told the whole occurrence to the sub-prior and some of the brethren, but he was himself a Cistercian. When the sub-prior repeated all this in the chapter, weeping was heard on every side; one religious, in his emotion, ran to the Lady altar and cried out: "And am I, then, one of those thou dost call thy brethren?" Nor is it to be wondered at that the blessed Virgin should have sent that man to our brethren, since they cherish a very special love for her, and praise her exceedingly in their public worship, while by a happy gift and rare grace they honour her more than do others in their public sermons. Our Order, beyond any other, teaches these three things regarding Mary in every discourse or sermon, viz.: how to praise, and love, and honour her. Who can tell the number of souls the world over who from our brethren's preaching have been taught to love, and praise, and honour her! She is, then, to be ever specially loved as the sweetest of mothers, specially praised as deserving of all praise, and most specially honoured as our peerless Queen.

Brother Bene[1] of Lombardy, being much tempted to abandon the Order, began to exclaim with tears as he stood in the lay brother's choir, "O blessed Virgin, it was thy wont to help me when I was in the world, and wilt thou now forsake thy client?" As he gazed upwards he saw the blessed Virgin in the air above him, who gently comforted him.

On another occasion, within the octave of the Assumption, he dreamt he was being kidnapped by two men, so he cried out: "Lady, help me now,

[1] Founded with Fra Fiopeno the priory in Siena, 1221 (*Mam. Anal.*, pp. 586, 587).

and give me the grace of preaching thy Son's name for my own and others' saving." At once the holy Virgin answered, "Most willingly." He was an exceedingly trustworthy and devoted brother, and sent these accounts in writing to the Master of the Order.

Brother Raoul of Rome, who was a pattern of holiness and perfection in fasting, watchings, and prayer, a zealous and renowned preacher in the city, used to tell the story of this vision among ourselves, but always concealed the name of the man who was favoured with it. We have it, however, on the authority of Brother James of Beneventum, a skilled lector and preacher, who affirms, furthermore, that he learnt from Brother John of Penna, that it happened to Raoul himself. This brother used to keep prayerful watch over his brethren in their cells, and often in the early night, when the brothers had gone to sleep, he saw the blessed Virgin, accompanied by holy maidens, pass through the dormitory and bless the brethren and their cells. One night he remarked that as she passed along she not only did not bless a particular cell, but covering her face with the corner of her mantle, would not even look that way. Observing whose cell it was, he called the brother aside next day, and asked him if all were right with his conscience. After cautioning him to be on his guard against offending God or the blessed Virgin, he told him what he had seen, and found that the only blameworthy action of the novice was that owing to the very great heat he had gone to rest without being dressed as the rule prescribes, that he might enjoy a little coolness, for he was a very delicate youth; yet this slight want of propriety had offended the blessed Virgin. He forebore ever to do the like again, and the same brother saw him afterwards blessed by our Lady with the other brethren. It is commonly thought that he who told the story was the eye-witness.

It is related that another brother was comforted by a somewhat similar vision, and Gerard of Florence says it was Brother Martin of Padua, who was famed for holiness all over Lombardy. This can easily be credited of him, as he was a man of excelling merits.

During the time when some of the professors of theology in Paris were stirring up the university against the friars and our Order,* as the brethren were at a loss to know what to do in such straits, the General Chapter† held in Paris ruled that all over the Order recourse should be had to our Lord, to our advocate the blessed Virgin, and to St Dominic our protector, by saying the seven penitential psalms, the litanies and prayers appointed for times of affliction. While the prayers were being said in Santa Sabina, a devout brother fell asleep for a short while, and seemed to see a throne set over the high altar above the baldachino, on which sat our Lord Jesus Christ watching the brethren as they lay prostrate in the choir below, saying their litanies. By his side stood the blessed Virgin, having one hand resting on his arm, while with the other she pointed towards the prostrate brethren, as they prayed: then she spoke to her Son, "Hear them, my Son, hear them," and so the vision ended. The brother who saw it related the matter to the Master General,‡ who was then in Rome. Nor can it be doubted but that the blessed Virgin pleaded for the Order in those days, and our brethren obtained the victory, for shortly after this the Pope pronounced sentence in favour of the Order, and against the university, and had it been otherwise it would have gone hard with us.

A student of Flanders who was staying in Paris, in an impulse of fervour after hearing a sermon,

* This must have taken place in 1256, for on June 17 of that year Pope Alexander IV pronounced in favour of the Order (*Bull. Ord.*, i, p. 306, No. 102).

† Held in Paris on June 4, 1256.

‡ Humbert de Romans.

entered the Order. In his early novitiate days God's mercy kept him in great peace of heart and sweetness, for his heart used to grow warm in devout meditations, and he experienced much comfort. But lest the greatness of these heavenly favours might puff him up with self-conceit, our Lord let him feel the shaft of temptation. There came over him such a craving to quit the Order that, heedless of his soul's salvation, he got ready to return to the world. One evening, after Compline had been said, and having greeted the Queen of mercy with the *Salve Regina*, while the others were yet paying their visits to the altars, this truant at heart went to his cell to scheme how he should get away. Not being able to think of any other way out, he resolved on going out by the front door, determined even to knock down the porter if he tried to stop him. As he slipped quietly along to the door he had to pass by our Lady's statue in the corridor, and even now knelt before it as he had always done: the *Hail Mary* said, he tried to rise and make off, but the divine power so held him rooted to the spot that he could not stir. Again and again he essayed with all his strength, but had to bide there as if he had been tied down. This brought him to his senses: he called to mind God's mercies and Mary's, upbraided himself bitterly, and vowed to persevere. This done, he got up speedily, opened his mind in confession, and lived long and well afterwards in the Order.

A brother of gentle birth and delicate in body, a man worthy of all credit, told the Master General,* in confidence, that during his noviceship he was strongly tempted to run away. Before quitting the cloister he remembered our blessed Lady, to whom he was very devout, and said within himself, "How now, you wretch, are you going out without asking

* Two of the manuscripts add *Humbert* here as the name of the Master General.

leave from your mistress, the glorious Virgin?" Moved by the thought, he entered the church, went to her altar, and spoke thus, "O glorious Virgin, no longer can I bear the hardships of the Order, and I needs must leave it, but my good mistress, I may not go without thy leave, so I have come for it and commend myself to thy care." As he spoke a heavy fever seized hold of him; unable to stand from trembling, he fell down straight before the altar. The others, hearing his groans, lifted him up and carried him to the infirmary. He soon recovered his strength and kept true to the Order, nay, drew very many to it afterwards by his zeal and affection.

Brother Bartholomew, in the days when he was a student at Leipzig,* told Brother Albert,† the Provincial of Germany, how an importunate creditor came clamouring one day for the five silver merks he had loaned to Brother John, the prior of the brethren of that town. The prior prayed him to wait until after vespers, that he might call his council together, and consider how the debt was to be met. While he was talking the matter over with the older religious, and could see no way out of the difficulty, the porter came and said, "A stately lady, evidently of high rank, whom I have never seen before, wants you to come to her, at once, at the door." The prior went, and met there the unknown lady of gracious aspect and stately bearing, who said at once, "Accept this money," putting, at the same time, five silver merks into his hands. On his enquiring to whom he stood indebted for the gift, she made answer, "Ask not, only give thanks to God, the giver of all good gifts." The prior, rejoicing, went back to the fathers and told them how God had provided for them through a generous lady, showing them

* Leipzig priory, founded in 1220.

† Albert the Great was elected Provincial in 1254 and absolved from office in 1259.

the silver pieces. Then regretting that he had not asked her name, he sent out into the streets and squares, but neither found her nor heard of her again: but the community piously believed that she was the blessed Virgin Mary, and set it down to her.

When the friars of Limoges* proposed changing the site of their convent, which was a very inconvenient one, and had no money to pay for their new one, the prior and procurator, after spending an entire day in looking up such wealthy friends as they had, and even trying the money lenders, but all to no purpose, asked further advice from the council. Then spoke a gentle and learned brother: "Listen, father prior, can you not hear the brethren asking our Lady to show them the blessed fruit of her womb—Jesus?" for it was after Compline and they were singing the *Salve Regina*. This remark moved the prior to reply: "And I need three hundred pounds from our Lady for her dear Son's sake." Next morning, while they were singing the votive mass of the blessed Virgin, the rector of Dille came to them from a long way on horseback, having started directly after hearing of the prior's trouble. When the brothers were assembled with him in the chapter-house he addressed them after this fashion: "Dearest brothers, you have bought a new site, and can find no patron to help you with the money; now the blessed Virgin, whom you serve day and night, will be your patroness, and I will pay in her stead." After some refreshment, he rode home, and next day sent the three hundred pounds on his horse to the brethren, who blessed God and their glorious Queen.

The Cistercian monk of St Galganus already spoken of, while dining in the Friars Preachers' refectory at Pisa,† was observed by some one to eat

* Gerard de Frachet himself, the author of this book, as prior in 1219 moved the priory to the new site; the rector's name was Aymeric Palmutz (Quetif., i, p. 259b).

† Pisa founded in 1221.

very sparingly, so after dinner this brother said to him: "Brother James, why have you dined so frugally? You have hardly eaten anything, although there was no stint to-day." "Believe me," replied the monk, "I have never in all my life dined so well." This seemed strange, so the brother, not understanding how that could be, rejoined: "How is that? You hardly ate at all." Then the Cistercian, explaining himself, continued: "I have never dined so well, for I have never before had such a person to wait on me as I had to-day. What Order but yours can boast of such a server? for I most clearly saw our Lady the blessed Virgin wait upon the brethren, and set each dish before them, and so overcome was I at the sight, that I could eat little or nothing from sheer joy of spirit."

While our brethren were preaching, this same monk frequently beheld the Virgin Mother to hold an open book before them so long as they spoke, and it was noticed that very much profit came of such sermons.

A brother who had very carefully prepared his sermon, on the spur of the moment changed his subject and spoke on quite a new topic, and by our Lady's help acquitted himself better than if he had expressly prepared it. This same Cistercian was present, and told us he saw the blessed Virgin standing before the preacher and holding an open book during the whole sermon time, and the preacher seemed to the monk and to the people present to speak better and with greater profit to souls, and far more fervently than he had done for a long time back.

A religious who had been chosen prior of a priory in Tuscany, and confirmed in his office, sought by every means to escape the burden, so at last he slipped away and wandered from place to place, like another Jonas, before the face of the Lord. He chanced to come across this same Brother James, the Cistercian, who, besides, was a friend of his,

and laying open his trouble of mind, entreated him to pray to Christ and the Virgin Mother for him. As the monk was praying earnestly for this intention that same night, he beheld—as he afterwards testified—the blessed Virgin prepared to set out on a journey to the place where the brother had been chosen prior. When the monk asked whither she was going, she made this reply: "I am going to take care of those religious who are without a prior." This being told the brother, he consented to accept the priorship.

While the same monk was watching in prayer one night by the window of Cardinal Reyner's palace at Viterbo, which looked out upon the convent of the Friars Preachers, he saw a white-robed procession wending its way along from outside the town to the friars' place, and he could distinctly note the forms of those in the procession and hear their voices. There was, moreover, among them one venerable figure distinct from all the rest, to whom all paid reverence as to their mistress. When they reached the place a seat was set where now our choir is; then there came up another figure with torn garments and dishevelled hair, who threw herself at the other's feet, crying out: "Avenge me, lady, of mine enemies." Then the first rejoined: "Why dost thou ask this of me? Soon shalt thou see a rare and almost unheard-of chastisement overtake them." At this point the vision ended. Very soon after this there took place that miserable capture of bishops at Pisa, nor can there be any doubt but that it was the Church personified thus making entreaty to our blessed Lady against the injuries and enmities of many bishops and doctors directed against the Order.

A young religious of the convent of Orvieto,* a man of blameless life and beloved of his brethren, fell sick of the malady whereof he died. After

* Founded in 1233.

having had the last rites, he was lying one morning in the infirmary, under another's care, while the rest were at mass, when presently he began to gaze with fixed and distended eyes towards one spot. The brother in charge, deeming that he saw some unusual sight, as was the case, said coaxingly to him: "Brother Simon, for God's sake tell me what you are looking at, so that if it be good I may rejoice with you, but if not, that I may help you." The sick man answered never a word, but signed with his hand for him to be quiet. When the other again and again begged him to say what he saw, the sick man broke out into a wail of despair, "All that I have ever done in the Order is lost." The terrified brother tried to soothe him as best he could with words of hope, believing him possessed of a devil, telling him not to believe a word said by one who is a notorious liar, and the father of lies. With a shake of the head the sick man cried out: "All, all are in hell, Pope, Cardinals, Friars Preachers and Minors, Jeremites, and the whole body of them," for so the devil made him to believe. Then the brother, as a last resource against despair, begged him to pray to the blessed Virgin for help, almost forcing him to say the verse:

"Maria Mater gratiae,
Mater misericordiae,
Tu nos ab hoste protege
Et hora mortis suscipe."

Strange to say, hardly were the words out, before he cried joyously: "Did you not see the ever-watchful Virgin, our protectress, hurl into headlong flight the pack of devils who were here?" At the brother's request he now said the *Te Deum*, and on the return of the brethren, very humbly and sincerely confessed his despair, falling asleep in the Lord very soon after. He who faithfully wrote this account heard it from the brother in charge at the time and many more brethren throughout Tuscany knew of it.

A lay brother called Lantrin, of the same convent, whom the brethren held in high repute for holiness, and who was specially noted for never spending an idle moment, while lying awake in the infirmary during his last sickness, most clearly saw the blessed Virgin, our Lady, enter in company with some young maidens, bearing towels and basins for washing. As she drew near, he who saw the vision asked her what she would do. "I am come," said she, "to cleanse the brethren from the infamy now attaching to them in the town." There had been an apostate who, with great malice, had so slandered them by word and by nearly sixty letters scattered all over the town and diocese amongst some who were jealous of the good our brethren were doing, that they could scarcely hold their heads up for very shame and grief. This sick brother then, in a vision, saw her cleanse him and all the brethren. He who put all this down in writing testified that very shortly afterwards that great disgrace was wiped out, for the miserable apostate, being thrown into prison, owned that he had maliciously invented the whole falsehood.

In the convent of Puy,* a town in Provence, Brother Peter, being near his end, began to cry out most fervent greetings to the blessed Virgin, at the same time saluting her with inclinations of the head and clasping his hands. When those who stood by asked: "Why do you behave in this way, brother?" the sick man replied: "What! See you not our Lady, who of her bounty has come to visit me?" and so saying he departed peacefully.

A brother of the convent of Montpelier,† named Leo, being visited on his deathbed by a very dear brother of his, told this to him: "Last night I had a beauteous vision, for I saw the blessed Virgin, our glorious Mother, come to me and ask: 'Wilt thou come away with us?' 'Who art thou, Lady?' I

* Founded 1221. † Founded 1220.

said. Then she replied: 'I am the Mother of God.' 'I cannot believe thee to be the Mother of God,' was my reply, 'for I am a most vile sinner, and it is not befitting so great a lady to come and visit me.' Again she insisted: 'I am the Mother of God,' and again I made the same remark. When, at last, she said to me: 'Have no fears, my son, for I am indeed Christ's Mother,' I rejoined: 'If thou art the Mother of God, I will most willingly go with thee.'' The brother died that very day about vesper time.

That devout soul and gifted preacher, Brother Henry of Germany, recounted in a public sermon in Paris how a brother of our Order, who was a man of blameless life and very devout to Mary, being come to the hour of his death, was so exceedingly glad that his whole countenance was radiant. Brother Henry, observing his exceeding joy, made this remark: "I wonder at seeing you welcome death so joyously, since everyone meets it with a natural dread." To which he replied: "I have kept up in the Order my old college custom of making a daily memory of St Nicholas and St Catherine in matins and vespers. One night of late, St Catherine seemed to lead me to a most lovely spot, and said: 'This is my rest for ever and ever;' and while I was lost in admiration of it, St Nicholas came up and took me to a still more heavenly place, and he too said: 'This is my rest for ever and ever.' As I stood, fairly amazed at the sight, the blessed Virgin joined us and led me away to the most beautiful spot imaginable, and she also said to me: 'This is my place of rest for ever and ever.' Then said I: 'But, Lady, I have never deserved to dwell here.' 'Nay,' said she, 'for I have prepared this place on purpose for thee and thy brethren, the Friars Preachers.' 'But I am no preacher,' said I, 'although I wear the habit of one.' Then our Lady made answer: 'This is your place, since it is reserved for the brethren of your Order; come and take possession of it.' On this account,"

said the dying man, "I look forward to my death with joy, and am all eagerness to hasten away to the place prepared and shown me by the Queen of heaven." Well might that dying brother address our blessed Lady in the words of the patriarch Jacob: "Now I can die content, since I have seen thy face."

When the Roman court was removed to Naples on the death of the Emperor Frederick II and of his son Conrad, certain prelates so embittered the mind of the reigning pontiff against the mendicant friars and our Order, that in six cases brought before him, he gave judgement each time against the friars, and to the hurt of their manner of life. As his heart was not to be moved by arguments or entreaties, nor was he to be turned aside from his purpose, when the papal letters had been officially read and were on the eve of being dispatched through the world, our brethren at the court, of whom I was one, were in terrible straits and trouble. One of us, who had safely brought other difficult matters to a happy issue, was at his wits' end to know what to do. One day, while the brethren were at dinner, this man went to his usual refuge in all distress, the glorious Virgin, and on his knees before her altar and image, prayed for the Order with many tears and deep grief of soul, beseeching her to come to our aid in such dire distress. Then that special patroness of the Order made reply and said: "Within this very hour your Order shall be set free." And anon the tidings came to the convent that it was indeed saved from its grave peril.

A brother of long standing in the Order, a devout and praiseworthy man, saw one night, most distinctly, our blessed Lady come with two maidens to the dormitory door while the brethren were saying the matins of her office, and heard her greet them with this salutation: "Take courage, courage, ye brave men!" This he both saw and heard as

surely as anything can be seen or heard. He told it to the sub-prior in the prior's absence, that he might exhort the brethren to be still more devout in their homage to our Lady, especially in reciting her office fervently and reverently; and this the sub-prior did right willingly.

A novice, who was very devout to our Lady and a faithful lover of observance, while praying fervently one night after matins, fell into a light sleep at his prayers. It then seemed to him as if a lady of great beauty stood by his side and put her hands on his shoulders. Seeing that it was a woman, he called out in alarm: "My God, how can women have got in here, and at this time of night!" But she soothed him by telling him in a gentle voice who she was, and inviting him to say with her the Little Hours of the blessed Virgin's office. He agreed, and began the *Ave Maria*, while she answered throughout. She seemed to recite her part so sweetly and gently that his heart was stirred wonderfully, more especially as she repeated the versicles after each chapter. As she said the versicle for None, "*Elegit eam Deus*" ("The Lord hath chosen her"), the tones sounded with such heavenly melody in the novice's ears that his whole heart melted, and was rapt in God. She disappeared, and he woke to find himself radiant with a joy he could not control. While preparing to serve as acolyte that morning, the same joy shone so brightly on his countenance that a fellow novice rebuked him for it; and as he could not contain himself for gladness, the other served mass in his stead. As this gaiety was an unusual thing with him, his companion questioned him thereon, and after a long time drew out of him the secret of what he had seen, but under strict promise of not letting it be known: and that joy lasted for a very considerable time.

Learn now from these examples what special care the blessed Virgin takes of the brethren of our Order,

while they are preaching, on their journeys, at their work, in sickness and death, at their meals, in their griefs and trials, and at their prayers.

CHAPTER VI

ORIGIN OF THE SALVE REGINA, SUNG AFTER COMPLINE*

The Virgin Mother of all love both cherishes with a very special affection and watches over this Order which she has founded, while the devil—who is jealous of everything that is good, and who hesitated not to tempt the Lord of all—assailed our brethren in Bologna and Paris. As superiors bore witness, he threatened one with a burning furnace which seemed about to fall upon him, he would suddenly embrace another under the guise of a woman, to this one he appeared like an ass with horns, to another he offered fiery serpents, others he abused with scurrilous words, so much so that at last some of the brethren had to keep guard while the rest slept: some lost their reason, others were horribly tormented. Having recourse to their singular protectress, Mary most holy, they made it a rule to have a solemn procession, after Compline, while singing the *Salve Regina* with its proper prayer. At once the phantoms were put to flight, those who had been tormented were left in peace, two who had gone mad were restored to their wits (one of them in Paris was son to a king), and from that time all went well with them. How pleasing this procession was to God and his holy Mother was shown by the piety of the people, the way they thronged to our churches, the devotion of the clergy who came to assist at it, the tears and sighs of devotion, and the visions accorded.

Many persons testified to this fact, that when the brethren were approaching the Lady altar, they saw

* Berthier, *Opera B. Jordani*, p. 36.

her and a throng of heavenly citizens come down from on high, and as the words "*O sweet Virgin Mary*" were sung, she bowed to them in turn, and gave them her blessing: after this, as they returned to the choir, she went back to heaven.

A holy and honest woman dwelling in Marseilles * but a Lombard by race, who loved God and our Order well, one evening was caught up in ecstasy in the church during the singing of the *Salve*, and saw four things deserving of being ever remembered and prized. She observed the Queen of mercy perform four actions in keeping with the four sentiments of the antiphon. First of all, as the brethren sang the words "*Our life, our sweetness, and our hope*," she saw the blessed Virgin graciously return their salutation. As the anthem was continued, at the words "*Turn then, O gracious advocate*," she observed her fall on her knees before her Son and make intercession for them. At the phrase "*Thine eyes of mercy towards us*," she looked at them with a most gracious and happy smile; lastly, as they sang, "*After this our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus, O clement, O holy, O sweet Virgin Mary*," she saw her clasp her Son as a child, and hold him out to each in turn. The woman remained in this rapture until the signal was given at the end of Compline, and, afterwards, privately told it, with many tears, to her confessor, who was a very prudent man. This same holy person, during the time that the bishop was holding an ordination in Marseilles, saw the Holy Spirit come down on all those who were being ordained, with the one exception of a secular clerk.

Brother Jordan of blessed memory, the second Master General of the Order, wrote in his history of the foundation of the Order how a holy and trustworthy man told him that while the *Salve* was being sung he often saw the blessed Virgin Mary cast

* Founded in 1225.

herself at her Son's feet and pray for the preservation of the Order.

In the country of Avignon, close by the Rhone, stands the stately château of Tarasconne, where Martha, who was Christ's hostess, rests. The present revelation was made known to the mother of the Sieur Alphonse, a lady most devoted to God and the Order, and it is witnessed to by Fulk,* who, afterwards, became in turn bishop of Puy, archbishop of Narbonne, cardinal bishop of Sabina, and, finally, Pope, under the name of Clement IV. The following letter is from his own hand:

"To the religious brethren the Friars Preachers of Montpellier, Guy Fulk sends greeting and peace.

"As the feast of last Pentecost was approaching, when your General Chapter† was to be held, my sister, the Lady of Tarasconne, being very desirous of seeing so famous and joyous a gathering of the friends of God, went down fifteen days before to stay among her friends and acquaintances at St Gilles. When any of her gossips called upon her, and they were all of them highly edified by her behaviour, she used to ask them that as often as they said the Lord's prayer they would likewise salute his holy Mother, to the end that he might send down the Holy Ghost upon the brethren who were going to meet in the chapter, and that the Mother of mercy might bestow her best favours upon them. Hers was assuredly a praiseworthy devotion, for her forethought was the more commendable, in not resting content with just providing for their temporal needs, but begging even for spiritual alms, deeming it hardly possible for God not to hearken to prayer, since he, who is faithful to all his promises, binds himself to hear the entreaties of his devoted servants.

* Elected Bishop of Puy 1257, Archbishop of Narbonne October 19, 1259, Cardinal of St Sabina 1261, Pope Clement IV February 5, 1265, died in Viterbo November 29, 1268.

† May 19, 1247.

Coming to Montpellier with her sister, while the divine offices were being performed on that festival in your church, she cast herself prostrate upon the ground in prayer and began very fervently to entreat the Lord to look graciously upon so many brethren met together in his name, some of whom had either laboured or were labouring in distant quarters of the globe, and to deign to enlighten them with his Holy Spirit, so that if any were lacking in merits he might make it good in his mercy. While turning all this over in her mind and praying heartily, the Cantors intoned the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus*, and directly she saw a sheet of fire come down from heaven which enveloped all the choir and brethren until the hymn was ended. This she beheld with great joy, and without saying a word about it to anyone, or ascribing it to any merits of her own, she gave thanks to God who lavishes his bountiful gifts on the Preachers of our time as on the first fishers of men. That same evening she returned for Compline, and while the brethren were singing that sweet anthem the *Salve Regina*, the Queen of Heaven stood visibly before her and cautioned her not to quit her side. She then saw her pass up the choir and bow on either side to the brethren as they sang, and take up her stand close by the acolytes until the prayer was finished, after which she went back to heaven, drawing her up in desire. On regaining her senses she was overcome with the taste of such sweetness, gave humble thanks to God, and turned over the whole matter in her own mind. For three successive days she had exactly the same vision at Compline time, but, like a wise and silent woman, never breathed a word about it to her sister nor to anyone at all, until being laid low with a severe sickness, and feeling the hand of death upon her, a thing she had long desired, she told the story first of all to me, then to her sister and her son, and afterwards to your prior of Arles, and

to three of your brethren. After this she died, and we laid her to rest in your brethren's cemetery at Arles,* for at that time they had no convent in Tarasconne."†

A brother of the English province fell so seriously ill after matins that he almost died, and during all the next day he felt the same pains in his heart, but did not on that account absent himself from the Compline. While the rest were singing the *Salve* he joined in as well as he could, and fearing a repetition of what he had suffered the night before he entreated the blessed Virgin to have compassion upon him: "If thou art the Queen of mercy," said he, "let me experience thy pity now." As he said the words, he felt caught up in spirit, and saw the blessed Virgin approach him carrying her Son all blood-stained, as if he had been slain but that very hour: "You will never suffer as much for the love of him as he has endured for you," were her words, saying which she clasped Christ to her bosom and passed from sight. The brother felt himself cured on the instant from all his pains, and after giving thanks to God, wrote an account of the matter privately to the Master of the Order.

While a terrible storm of thunder and hail was raging round the sisters' convent of Prouille, the terrified nuns ran to the choir and sang the *Salve Regina* most devoutly, beseeching the Mother of mercy of her clemency to protect them and their lands, on which they depended for support. And now a great wonder was wrought by him who "*commandeth the winds*" and "*turneth the lightnings into rains*," for whereas in all the country round the harvest and vines were beaten flat to the ground and destroyed utterly, all the sisters' possessions were, by God's favour and Mary's protection, kept safe and untouched.

* Founded 1225, a formal priory in 1231.
† Founded 1250, a formal priory in 1256.

Brother Seyer, a professor of Cambridge University, who was renowned for piety and learning, reported to us how a certain holy man used often to behold a globe of light come down from heaven and rest upon the heads of the brethren while they were devoutly singing blessed Mary's anthem after Compline.

THE END OF PART FIRST

PART SECOND

THE LEGEND OF SAINT DOMINIC*

* This Legend was compiled by Gerard de Frachet from the *Book of Epilogues* of Brother Bartholomew of Trent, one of the saint's first companions, and from the *History of the Foundation of the Order*, composed by Blessed Jordan of Saxony, and dedicated by him to his "sons by grace and joint heirs to glory." The Legend dates between 1255 and 1257.

CHAPTER I

THE HOLINESS OF HIS FAMILY

It will not appear idle or unprofitable for us to glean as ears of corn that have escaped the reaper's hands what has been omitted by those who up to the present have written the story of his life.

In the first place, then, as a sign of his holiness and a token of his truly perfect life, we mention that he had not only most virtuous and devout parents, but two right perfect brothers besides. One of them became a priest,* and gave himself up entirely to the service of the poor by works of mercy in a hospital, thereby earning for himself the reverence of all his countrymen as a man truly beloved of God. The other, whose name was Mannes, a holy man of contemplative mind, served God during many years in the Order of Preachers, and after a happy passage entered into his rest. He died in Spain, where he shone with the lustre of virtues and miracles, and there, in the Cistercian abbey at Calaroga, his blessed remains rest, and his venerated tomb may yet be seen beside the high altar.† Furthermore, two of St Dominic's nephews led holy and praiseworthy lives in the Order.

CHAPTER II

CONVERSION OF A HERETIC BY HIS JOYFUL PATIENCE

A GENERAL debate with the heretics being agreed upon, the bishop of the place wanted to attend in state with a pompous retinue, but St Dominic

* Don Antonio, who served the sick, famous for miracles.

† He was beatified by Gregory XVI.

addressing him, said: "It is not in this fashion that we ought to meet them, but we should rather strive to win them over by our humility and virtuous example, than by mere show and display or by contentious words: and since the present meeting is not without its fears, let us arm ourselves with humility and go thither barefooted."

On the way they began to have misgivings as to the road, for the place of meeting was some miles off, so they made enquiries of a man whom they met, believing him to be a Catholic, whereas in reality he was a heretic. The man said that he would not merely show them the way, but would himself conduct them to the spot. Then leading them to a wood, he spitefully set them astray, dragging them through thorns and brambles so that their feet and ankles became covered with blood. All this the servant of God bore with unruffled patience, breaking forth joyfully at times into the divine praises, and exhorting the others to do the same. "Be of good cheer, dearest brethren," he would say, "put all your trust in God, for our sins have now been all wiped out in our blood, and the victory will surely be ours." The heretic, seeing his marvellous endurance, and the joyful forbearance of the whole company, and feeling touched by his words, became cramped in heart, confessed his cruel deceit, and abjured his errors before them.

CHAPTER III

HE RAISES THE DROWNED TO LIFE

An aged and respected citizen of Cahors,* called Peter de Salvagnac, told us the following incident, professing his readiness to swear to the fact. When he was present with Count Simon de Montfort at the siege of Toulouse,† a band of English pilgrims

* Founded 1225. † Besieged in 1211.

on their way to St James's shrine* turned aside from Toulouse on account of the interdict under which it lay, and entered a light craft for the purpose of being ferried over the river. The overcrowded ferry capsized, for they were nearly forty in number, and all sank. Hearing their drowning cries and the shouts of the soldiers standing by, St Dominic, who had been praying in a church close by, came out, and seeing the accident, threw himself on the ground, then with outstretched arms and bitter tears he besought God in heart and with word of mouth, nay, as it were with holy boldness, commanded him to save the pilgrims from death. In the sight of the crusaders and others who were witnesses of the mishap, straightway they all appeared on the level of the water as if they were quietly sitting on dry land, each in the place where he had gone down: then the bystanders stretching out their spears and lances, drew them all out of the water unharmed.

CHAPTER IV

HOW HIS BOOKS WERE FOUND UNINJURED IN THE WATER

When St Dominic was crossing the river Ariège on one of his apostolic journeys in the country round Toulouse, he let his books fall in mid-stream. He was so entirely rapt in the thought of God at the time that he was not aware of his loss until he got to the house of a kindly disposed woman who used to lodge him out of reverence for his great merits. On telling her of the loss of his books the good woman began to fret, but the gracious father comforted her by saying: "Grieve not, good mother, for we ought to bear cheerfully every cross it pleases God to send us." Three days later a fisherman coming to the spot where they had fallen in cast in his line, and soon after, thinking

* In Compostella.

he had hooked a prize, landed the books, which were as thoroughly preserved and uninjured as if they had been kept in some library. This was all the more astounding as they were not covered with wax-cloth nor any kind of wrapper which might have saved them. The good woman getting possession of them dispatched them to our holy father at Toulouse.

CHAPTER V

MIRACULOUS INCREASE OF WINE

WHILE travelling in that same country with some of his brethren it chanced one day that they had only one small cup of wine for their repast. Now amongst those present that day there were some who had come from a delicate life in the world, and who found it very hard to swallow dry bread. This true servant of God feeling for their want bade them put the little they had into a larger vessel, the bottom of which it barely covered, and then to fill it up with water. This done through holy obedience, he had the wine drawn and set before them, and all vowed that they had never tasted better in their lives before. Those who partook of it were eight in number, yet they had more than enough. Brother William of Pelisso* vouches for the truth of these miracles.

CHAPTER VI

RAIN FORETOLD AND OBTAINED

DURING his stay at Segovia† he happened to be addressing a very great throng of people outside the walls of the town. Now it had not escaped his notice that the country was suffering from drought,

* Died 1268, a Toulousain; he faced the years when the troubles from the Albigeois were greatest (1219-1237) (Quetif., i, pp. 246, 247).

† *Analecta*, iii, p. 376. Founded 1219.

for Christmas was coming on, yet from the want of rain the farmers had not even begun to sow the seed. In his sermon he was moved to cry aloud: "Fear nothing, my good friends, but trust in God's mercy, for this very day our sorrow will be turned into joy on account of the plentiful rain which the Lord will send us presently." There was not the slightest sign of rain at the time, for the whole sky was radiant with sunshine, and not a cloud could be spied anywhere. As he held on with his discourse rain suddenly began to fall, and so heavily that the people had a difficulty in getting home because of the torrents. The whole city gave thanks to God, "*who alone worketh wonders*," and was pleased thus speedily to redeem the promise made by his servant Dominic.

CHAPTER VII

HE FORETELLS THE DEATH OF A BRAWLER

About this very time the servant of God felt moved to preach the divine word one holiday in the council chamber of the same city. When the royal letter had been read publicly, he began to address the assembly somewhat after this fashion: "My friends, you have just heard the message of an earthly mortal sovereign, listen now to the behests of a heavenly and immortal King." On hearing this a nobleman present not only would not listen to what he had to say, but broke out in tones of anger: "It is too bad of this speechifier to keep us all day from our dinner with his talk." As he said this he went out, leaped into his saddle, and rode off chafing loudly. But before he had time to leave, St Dominic warned him: "You are free to go away now, but mind you well the year will not be out before your horse shall be without his rider, and your murderer overtake you ere you reach the safety of your tower."

That he said this by design of God's providence was clearly seen from what happened, for the nobleman was slain by his enemies on that very spot, and his son and kinsmen fell with him, as they were flying for protection to the stronghold he had built close by.

CHAPTER VIII

HE OBTAINS BREAD FROM HEAVEN

After this the glorious father returned to Italy in company with a lay brother named John.* This brother became so reduced from hunger in the Lombard Alps that he could not move a step further, nor even rise to his feet. "What ails you, my son?" enquired the gentle father. "Why do you not keep up with me?" "Father, I am truly dying of hunger," cried the weary brother. "Take courage then, my son, let us go just a little further and we shall get all we want for recruiting our strength." But as the brother still held out, avowing he could not drag himself a step further, the saint, with that kindness and sweet pity for which he was ever remarkable, had recourse to his usual refuge of fervent prayer. For a brief space he communed with God, and then addressed the brother once more: "Rise up, son, go straight before you to yonder spot, and bring back what you find there." The brother got up with difficulty, and dragging himself to the spot indicated —which was about a stone's throw off—saw there an exceedingly white loaf wrapt in a snow-white cloth, which he brought back with him; then after eating until his strength revived he continued his journey.

Now when they had gone some way on, the brother began to think the matter over, and in his amazement cried out: "My God, who put the bread in that lonely spot? Where can it have come from?

* The date is 1219.

Surely I must have parted with my wits not to have made further enquiries about it?" Then addressing St Dominic he said: "Father, where did you bread come from? Whoever put it there?" Upon which this true lover and observer of humility rejoined: "My son, have you not had as much as you wanted?" "Yes, father," said the other. "Very well then, since you have had as much as pleased you, thank God for it, and trouble yourself no more about it." The brother acquainted the brethren with all this on his return to Spain. He was afterwards sent in company with those brethren of ours who went by the Pope's command* to Africa to spread the Catholic faith, and after happily finishing his course at Morocco he departed to the Lord.

CHAPTER IX

HOW HIS TUNIC WARDED OFF FIRE

THERE was a devout woman of Segovia at whose house St Dominic used occasionally to lodge, and in which he once left behind a tunic of sackcloth which he had worn till a short time before this, when he had changed it for a very painful hair shirt. The good woman finding this tunic put it in a box among her other valuables, and guarded it more carefully than if it had been of imperial purple. One day it chanced that after shutting up her house she went out hurriedly on business, leaving a large fire burning on the hearth, and this falling forward burnt the house down with the exception of the wooden chest in which she kept the tunic; the box was not so much as charred or scorched, though standing in the midst of the flames. The good woman was astonished on her return at beholding such a miracle, and gave hearty thanks to God and her guest St Dominic,

* Honorius III sent the friars to Morocco by Bull dated October 7, 1225, *Bull. Ord.*, i, p. 16, No. 33.

whose tunic had saved from destruction the whole of her property which she kept in that very chest. After detaching the sleeves she gave the remaining portion to our brethren to be kept reverently, and to this day it is laid away among the conventual relics of that place.

CHAPTER X

HIS GIFT OF TONGUES

WHILE travelling from Toulouse to Paris in company with Brother Bertrand de Garrigue,* who was the first Provincial of Provence, our holy father spent the night in watching and prayer in the church of our Lady at Roc-Amadour.† Next day they came up with a band of pilgrims from Germany, who, hearing them reciting the Psalms and Litanies, joined company with them, and on coming to the next town hospitably entertained them during three days. One morning St Dominic addressed Brother Bertrand after this fashion: "Good brother, I am much troubled in conscience seeing that we are reaping the material good things of these pilgrims without sowing spiritual ones in return, so, if it please you, let us kneel down and ask God to enable us to understand their tongue, that we may preach Jesus Christ to them." This they did, and to the bewilderment of the pilgrims they began to speak fluently in German, and as they trudged along together during the next four days, they continued conversing about our Lord Jesus Christ until they came to Orleans. There the Germans, who were on their way to Chartres, parted company with them on the road which led to Paris, after humbly commending themselves to their prayers. Some time after this our holy father said to Brother

* Beatified by Leo XIII, his feast kept September 6.
† *Cartularium*, ii, p. 285.

Bertrand: "Brother, we are now going to enter Paris, and if our brethren here only knew of that miracle which God wrought in us they would repute us to be saints, whereas we are but sinners, and if it got rumoured abroad we should be liable to vanity: wherefore, in virtue of holy obedience I forbid you to mention it to a soul until after my death." Nor was it divulged to our brethren until after his death.

CHAPTER XI

HE COMPELS A RUNAWAY TO RETURN

He took into the Order* a young man from Apulia, named Thomas de Smicella, whom he so cherished for his innocence and candour that many styled him St Dominic's brother, whilst others called him his son. Now one day some former companions, emissaries of Satan, watching their opportunity, brought him partly by deceit and partly by violence to a vineyard close by, where after stripping him of his religious habit, they put on him a secular dress provided for the purpose. While this was going on some of the brethren ran to St Dominic crying out—"Alas, even now your brother is being forced back into the world." At such news he at once put aside all human aid, and without further ado, or even bidding them hurry after him, he quietly went to the choir, and there lying before the altar besought God's pity. Nor did he pray in vain, as the event proved, for directly the youth put on the garments he began to cry out, "Oh, I am all on fire! I am all on fire!" Nor could he find any relief until he had laid them aside, put on his habit, and returned again to his cloister.

* 1220.

CHAPTER XII

HE RAISES A DEAD CHILD, AND HEALS ITS MOTHER

COMING once to Chatillon* on one of his many journeys through France, it chanced that the infant son of his hostess (the sister of the parish priest of the town) had but a little while before fallen from a terrace, and his parents were lamenting his death. Moved with pity at the sight of their grief, St Dominic prostrated himself for a short space in prayer, shedding many tears; then, feeling his prayer heard, he rose and gave back the boy alive and well to his mother. The sorrow-stricken home was filled with joy; the child's uncle, the parish priest, got ready a great supper and invited many honest folk to rejoice with him. But the child's mother being unable to partake of an eel which was served up, because of an ague with which she was afflicted, the saint after making over it the sign of the cross gave it her to eat, saying: "Take and eat it in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." The woman ate some of it and was cured.

CHAPTER XIII

HE PASSES THROUGH CLOSED DOORS

HAPPENING to come to a certain convent door long after the inmates had retired to rest, and not wishing to disturb them, he and his companion prostrated themselves in prayer before the porch, and asked of God that he would provide for their wants without disturbing those within. Wonderful to relate, whereas they had been lying outside the gate, they found themselves in a moment transported within. The same thing befell him when returning from a disputation with the heretics accompanied by a

* After his visit to Paris in 1219.

Cistercian lay brother, by whom many memorable records as to his sanctity have been related. Coming at a late hour to the church and finding it locked they began to pray outside, and in a short space of time through the divine help unexpectedly found themselves within, where they spent the night in watching.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW THE DEVIL HURLED A GREAT STONE AT HIM

As the holy father was praying very fervently one night, lying prostrate on the pavement of the church, the devil, who has been envious from the beginning, hurled a great stone at him from the roof, being unable to stand the earnestness and fervour of his prayer. The stone fell with such violence that the building echoed again, and the devil did this in the hopes of distracting him. It grazed his forehead and partly touched his habit, but he himself moved no more than if a straw had fallen. Unable to withstand this heroic endurance of the servant of God, the devil went off crestfallen, crying out and howling terribly.*

CHAPTER XV

HOW THE DEVIL TRIED TO MAKE HIM BREAK THE SILENCE

It was his custom to keep nightly watch in the church, and once while praying after the brothers had retired to rest, the devil showed himself under the guise of a friar praying before one of the altars. The blessed Dominic wondered at seeing him remain behind after the signal had been given, so he

* The white marble slab on which St Dominic used to lie prostrate was in his day the covering of St Sabina's tomb; it is now inserted in the wall, and bears an inscription recording its former use.

motioned with his hand for the brother to retire to rest, and the man bowed in return and withdrew. When matins were over he cautioned the brethren not to remain in the church when once the signal had been given for retiring; nevertheless the pretended friar did the same thing a second and even a third time. On the third night St Dominic went up to him and rebuked him sharply: "What is the meaning of this disobedience, and that, too, after I have repeatedly said that no one was to stay behind after the signal? This is the third time I have found you loitering here." At this the devil cried out with great glee: "At last I have made you break the silence." But the servant of God, seeing how he had been tricked, boldly replied: "Save your mirth for some better occasion, wretch, when it can perhaps profit you; and learn moreover that I am master of this silence and can speak when I think fit to do so. You cannot hoodwink me on this score." Then the devil slunk away abashed at this scathing rebuke.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW HE MET THE DEVIL PROWLING ROUND THE CONVENT

MANY of our first brethren and others worthy of belief aver that on one occasion while he was making the rounds of the convent like a watchful sentinel, he met the devil prowling like a beast of prey, and bidding him stand still, the holy father accosted him thus: "Why are you prowling in this fashion?" "I do so," said the other, "on account of the profits I reap hereby." "And what do you gain in the dormitory, may I ask?" said St Dominic. "I keep the brethren from enjoying their rest, and then tempt them not to rise for matins, and when this does not work, I send them foul dreams and illusions." Then taking him to the choir, the holy father con-

tinued: "And what do you gain in this holy place?" "I make them come late and retire soon, and busy them with distractions." On questioning him about the refectory, he made answer, "Who is there who does not either eat more or less than he should?" When brought to the parlour he chuckled with glee: "Ho, ho! this is my spot, this is the place for laughter, and folly, and idle talk." But when they came to the chapter-house the devil tried to make off: "I loathe this place, for I lose here whatever I may have gained elsewhere, since the brethren are here told of their faults, correct one another, do penance, and are absolved."

CHAPTER XVII

HE SNATCHES A PAPER FROM THE DEVIL

On another occasion he spied the devil in the church at midnight, holding a slip of paper in his horny and crooked claws, and trying to read it by the light of one of the lamps. Going up to him, he asked Satan what he was peeping at, and got for reply: "I am reading over your brethren's sins." Now St Dominic being minded to get it, seized hold of one end of the paper, while the devil held tight to the other. Bidding him finally, in God's name, to give it up, he found written down some faults of the brethren, whom he corrected accordingly.

CHAPTER XVIII

HIS MANNER AND FERVOUR IN PRAYER

Brother John of Bologna, a discreet and fervent religious, tells us how he once kept diligent watch for seven succeeding nights, in order to see for himself in what manner our holy father used to spend his night watches. This is how he describes it.

"Standing at one time and groaning heavily, or with his face down upon the church pavement, he prolonged his prayer until sleep overcame him. Then starting up he would visit each altar in turn, and so kept on until midnight, when he would softly visit the sleeping brethren and cover them up when he saw fit." This same brother tells how when serving his mass he often saw the tears trickle from his eyes down his cheeks as he turned to take the ablutions after receiving the Body of Christ.

CHAPTER XIX

HIS POWER IN WORD AND WORK

HAVING often observed Brother Bertrand to grieve bitterly at the remembrance of his sins, he forbade him to weep so much for his own transgressions, but would have him to grieve over the unrepented sins of others. So efficacious were his words, that from that hour the brother wept copiously for others, but could no longer do so for himself even when he wished it.

A greedy usurer feigning to be just, begged the holy communion at his hands. On his so doing, the sacred particle seemed to burn the communicant's palate like a hot coal, just as the fire of old cooled the three children, yet burnt the impious Chaldeans. Deeply moved by this prodigy, the man repented, and restored all his ill-gotten gains.

CHAPTER XX

HE MULTIPLIES BREAD

BROTHER REGINALD,* a deeply religious man, who was once a papal penitentiary and afterwards became archbishop of Armagh, tells us that he was present

* *Cf.* Quetif., p. 104. He was created Archbishop of Armagh by Innocent IV in 1247 (*Bull. Ord.*, i, p. 256).

on one occasion at Bologna when the procurator went to our holy father complaining that he had only two loaves to set before a large community. Whereupon this faithful imitator of his Lord, taking the two loaves, broke them into fragments, and then full of trust in God, "*who is gracious to all that call upon him, and filleth every living creature with his blessing*," he made over them the sign of our redemption, and told the server to go round and put two or three pieces upon each table. When the brother had gone once round the refectory and there was still some bread to spare, he went round it a second and a third time, and yet out of a small quantity in the beginning there was plenty left. What need for further words! The brother continued to supply the tables until all the brethren were satisfied, and more bread was supplied from on high than man was able to consume.

CHAPTER XXI

HE BEHOLDS ANGELS GUARDING HIS BRETHREN

A CITIZEN of Bologna, who was a lawyer by profession, joined the Order, but his friends and kinsfolk in the world were bent on having him out again by force.* The terrified brothers wanted to call in men-at-arms to guard the enclosure, but the blessed Dominic eased their minds with these words: "We require no such protection, for at this very moment I see more than two hundred angels ranked round the church and convent who have been sent to guard us." At the same moment their assailants fled panic-stricken and in confusion, and the novice plucking up heart persevered in the Order.

* 1220.

CHAPTER XXII

HE DELIVERS A GLUTTON POSSESSED BY THE DEVIL

ONE of the brothers at Bologna,[1] who had care of the sick, used sometimes, without permission, to eat some of the food which was left. While thus busied one evening, the devil entered into him, and he began to bellow horribly. The holy father came to the spot with the rest of the brethren who were hurrying to the brother's assistance, and pitying his condition bade the devil speak up and say why he had gone into him. Then the demon answered him: "I hold possession of him since he richly deserves it, for contrary to the letter of your constitutions, and without leave, he has been in the habit of eating the meat left by the sick." On hearing this the tender father replied: "And I, by the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, do absolve him from his sin, and command you in the name of the same Jesus, that you go out from him and vex him no longer;" and at once the brother was freed from his tormentor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HIS COMPASSION FOR SINNERS

So wonderfully tender-hearted was he touching the sins and miseries of men, that when he came near any city or town from where he could overlook it, he would burst into tears at the thought of the miseries of mankind, of the sins committed therein, and of the numbers who were going down into hell. If it chanced that after the fatigues of a long journey he had to lodge with secular persons, he would first quench his thirst at some handy spring, fearing to draw attention to any excess in drinking from his intense thirst, due to his wearisome travelling on

[1] 1219.

foot. This he was always most careful to avoid, not only in drinking, but in everything else besides.

CHAPTER XXIV

HIS SPIRIT OF DETACHMENT

His heart was so centred in God that in the things of this world he kept himself detached not only from everything that was in any sense of the word precious, but even from things that were poor or of less consequence, as was apparent in his books, his clothes, belt, shoes, knife (a thing he seldom carried), and the like, which were all of the poorer sort, shunning everything that was either becoming or curious.

CHAPTER XXV

HIS STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF CHARITY

A PRIEST after hearing him preach right eloquently and talk most learnedly upon the sacred Scriptures, made bold to ask him what books he studied most. The man of God gave him this answer, that he studied more in the book of charity than in any other: and this choice of his was most wisely made, for it is indeed an all-instructive book.

CHAPTER XXVI

LUST QUELLED BY THE FRAGRANCE OF HIS HAND

A STUDENT of Bologna was addicted to sins of the flesh, and although he used constantly to confess the same, yet he as often relapsed, until at last he declared it was a hopeless task trying to check his passions. While St Dominic was saying mass in our conventual church this student came in, intending to hear the mass and sermon. He went up with the rest of the people at the offertory, and while presenting his

offering, kissed the saint's hand. This done, he became aware of a fragrance exhaling from it such as he had never felt before. It was indeed a truly marvellous perfume, but still more marvellous were its effects, for from that moment he felt all the strife in his members cease, and continency was suddenly bestowed upon him, so that what heretofore seemed impossible became for the future easy and natural; and right fitting it was that the fragrance of a virginal hand should expel the foul odour of lust.

CHAPTER XXVII

HE FORETELLS HIS OWN DEATH

SHORTLY before our holy father's death, a student of Bologna, named Alfred, heard this prophecy of his departure from his own lips. The blessed Dominic had been paying a visit to some secular persons who were his intimate friends, with whom this student was staying at the time, and as he rose up to go, among other things that he said at the moment, he foretold his own death while trying to lead them to a contempt for the world and a remembrance of death. These were his very words: "You now see me alive and well in body, yet before our Lady's Assumption I shall be taken away from this present life." The event confirmed the conviction, for he departed to God shortly before the Assumption of the blessed Virgin Mary, as the students all remarked and told our brethren after his death.*

CHAPTER XXVIII

HE SUMMONS HIS COMPANION AFTER DEATH

WHEN his body was laid out in the church and the brethren were making tearful lamentations over his loss, Brother Albert of happy memory, who was the

* He died at 6.30 p.m. on Friday, August 6, 1221.

prior of St Catherine's in Bologna and had been one of our holy father's closest friends, seeing his beloved father thus mourned for, gave over weeping and became very glad. Then again pitying his own lot he drew near the body and overwhelmed it with kisses, nor did he tear himself away until he had obtained an answer from the dead. Then rising up he joyfully addressed the prior of our brethren: "Glad tidings, father prior, Master Dominic has returned my embrace, and tells me that within the year I shall follow him to Christ." The after event bore out the truth of his assertion, for he died that very year.

CHAPTER XXIX

HOW HE WAS SEEN IN GLORY

It chanced that a pious scholar who had heard of his death was out of town on the day of St Dominic's burial. The next night he saw him in a dream enthroned in St Nicholas' church and clad with surpassing glory and majesty. Then the scholar asked: "Are you not the same Master Dominic who died only the other day?" "Son," replied the saint, "I am not dead, for I possess a good Master with whom I live." The young man came next morning to our church, and found that he had been buried under the very spot where in his dream he had witnessed him enthroned, a fact he was not aware of at the time.

CHAPTER XXX

HOW THE POSSESSED WERE DELIVERED AT HIS GRAVE

Brother Chabert* of Savoy, a stirring and graceful preacher, and famed for many miracles after death, was a student in Bologna at the time, and on the day

* Quetif., I, p. 407.

after St Dominic's burial was present with many more spectators while a possessed man was being led to the saint's grave. No sooner had he entered the church than the devil began to cry out: "What is it that you want with me, Dominic?" and repeatedly howled out the name of Dominic. Those present brought the man over to the tomb and the devil went out of him.

CHAPTER XXXI

HOW THE SICK WERE HEALED BY INVOKING HIM

A BROTHER of over sixty years of age whom St Dominic had long before received into the Order in the convent of Limoges, after suffering from a painful eruption for some years, came to hear of the miracles which were wrought at the tomb of the saint previous to his canonisation. Throwing himself down humbly at the foot of the altar, he cried out: "O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst call me to this Order through Master Dominic, if what I hear be true, that our father is all-powerful with thee, as I truly believe, I entreat thee by his merits to heal me of this shameful complaint." He was straightway cured, and returned thanks to God, nor did he ever suffer the like again during the remaining seven years of his life.

The same brother, when in the convent of Cahors,* in which he eventually died, while joining in the *Te Deum* with his brethren for St Dominic's canonisation,† was suddenly and perfectly cured of a rupture of many years' standing by using this simple ejaculation: "O holy father, St Dominic, who didst heal me of my former complaint, deliver my old age from this infirmity also."

While the prior of Cahors was telling the people

* Founded 1225.

† Canonised by Pope Gregory IX in 1234; the friar must have died either in 1241 or 1242.

in church of the miracles of St Dominic, a nun who had been stone deaf for years recovered her hearing by simply invoking him.

CHAPTER XXXII

MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION OF THE LETTERS OF HIS CANONISATION

THE archdeacon of Mastricon, Master Bartholomew, a man of high standing, tells this incident concerning St Dominic. When he was on the point of taking ship abroad, the brethren entrusted to his care copies of the bull of St Dominic's canonisation. The vessel was wrecked on the coast and all belonging to him either spoilt or destroyed utterly by the waves, with the sole exception of the letters, which were not injured in the slightest degree. This was all the more remarkable as nothing else escaped destruction, and writing is so easily injured by water: and this is believed to have been the result of a miracle, lest God's honour should be lessened in that of his saint among the people of Syria, for two years at least must have elapsed before other copies could have been procured.

CHAPTER XXXIII

HE HELPS THE TEMPEST-TOST

A VESSEL on her way from Trapani (which is one of the Sicilian ports) to Genoa was overtaken by a violent storm from sea and sky which threatened her and all on board with speedy destruction. Already had the masts and sails been swept away, and the doomed craft was drifting at the mercy of the wind and waves. While some were vainly endeavouring to ease her by throwing the cargo overboard, others were down on their knees making what they believed to be their last confession in

momentary expectation of death. In such dire straits every man began for himself to invoke his patron saint, or in fact any saint at all, or such as were deemed to be the patrons of distressed mariners.

There happened to be also on board one of our brethren, William of Valencia, a very devout man who always put his whole trust in God, and who hearing no mention of St Dominic's name, earnestly besought them to have recourse to him. But some cried out that they had never heard of such a saint before, upon which the brother replied with all confidence: "Nay, nay, call upon him from your hearts, vow to reverence him henceforth, and for a certainty you will experience his help." At this, every soul present pledged himself that if St Dominic stood by them they would go barefoot to his church carrying lighted tapers directly they touched land. Their vows made, and while they were all yet crying out at the top of their voices, "O St Dominic, do come to our assistance!" the sky suddenly brightened, the storm hushed, the sea grew calm, and the whole face of the deep lay rippling in the sunbeams. Joy took the place of despair, moanings became shouts of joy, hearty thanks were poured out, and the name of Dominic extolled. Nor were they slow in redeeming their promise on reaching Genoa, but straightway all walked in procession behind our brethren, in the way they had promised, until they came to our church, and there devoutly prostrated themselves before his altar.

CHAPTER XXXIV

HOW HE HEALED A NUN*

In the monastery of St Mary Magdalen at Tripoli, in Syria, there was a young nun of high birth, called Maria de Beaumont, a woman of great purity of soul

* This narrative is by Brother Ivo, the Breton, Provincial of the Holy Land, a friend of St Louis IX and his Queen when they went overseas (Quetif., i, p. 131).

and very simple character. After suffering severely from various disorders, she was at length seized with such acute pains in her right side that for five months she could neither stir nor bear being touched by others, but lay on her back during all that time. Her clothes caused her much agony from clinging to her flesh, which was open and decaying in parts. During the first three of those five months so sharp were the pains in her limbs that the other religious shuddered to hear her moaning. To such a pass of suffering had she come, that for seven days at a stretch from sheer exhaustion she neither ate nor drank. Every moment seemed likely to be her last, especially since nearly every token of life had gone from her; her countenance had paled, and she lay senseless and still. After those seven days she began to breathe very softly once more, but one side had become entirely paralysed, and during the next two months she lay almost senseless, and motionless as a block of marble.

By the doctor's advice her mother thought of taking her home that she might have better attention and medical treatment, so the requisite leave was obtained from the proper visitor of the monastery. But when the sick sister heard of it she utterly refused to live among people of the world against the rules and customs of her Order, or to be carried through towns and hamlets to baths, lest any peril might beset her virginity. For this she was very roughly chidden by her relatives, her sister, moreover, adding this sarcasm: "Since you have become so very holy, no doubt God will heal you all at once without any human aid." In the like strain her mother vowed that the good old times were past and gone when God used to work signs and wonders: in fact, so put out were they at her refusal that they all went away that same night leaving her to her fate. Fearing lest they might return and take her away as they at first proposed, the sister gave herself up

entirely to prayer, beseeching the Lord with great fervour of spirit and many tears, and saying very humbly and simply: "O Lord my God, I am unfit to beg any favour of you, and unworthy of being heard, but I ask St Dominic, who is my father and your servant, to become a mediator between us, and by his prayers and merits to get me the boon of health." With such prayerful earnestness and tears did she assail St Dominic, to whom she had always been very devout, for her father in his lifetime had dedicated his family and all that he had to St Dominic, that in the end she felt an internal assurance of receiving the wished-for cure.

Waking after a short sleep she began to complain of having experienced no change in her condition, and to upbraid him with having turned a deaf ear to her prayers. Once more she plied her entreaties, and besought him with no less earnestness and instance than before. Then falling into a kind of ecstasy, she saw St Dominic enter with two companions, and at once most earnestly begged of him to restore her to health. On his asking why she was so eager, she told him she wished it most earnestly only that she might be able to serve God more perfectly for the time to come, providing always that it was for her soul's welfare. Then drawing out a phial of rare and fragrant ointment from beneath his cloak St Dominic anointed her, and at once her flesh became sound again. "This ointment," said the saint, "is priceless, and fragrant, and very hard to keep. It is priceless, for it is a sign and figure of God's holy love, to which no earthly riches can be compared, and a greater than which does not exist among all his gifts; it is fragrant, for nothing is more sweet-smelling and attractive than love; lastly it is kept with difficulty, for nothing is more easily lost if it be not well guarded." Then charging her to be ever true in her love of God and in devotion towards himself, he next enquired how she meant

to publish the fact of her cure, whereat she with all humility begged him to tell her sister himself. At that very same hour her sister dreamt that she was inside a particular church wherein the first object which met her gaze was a picture of St Dominic painted on the wall, but the figure seemed to detach itself, and step forward like a living being, and beckoned to her to approach. She went up, and casting herself at his feet, began to entreat his loving aid on behalf of her suffering sister. "I have already healed your sister," replied he, and the vision ended. She woke, and discrediting the dream, visited her sister, whom she found well and happy. Their mother was sent for, and after comparing what each had witnessed and heard, they all returned hearty thanks to God and St Dominic.

No sooner had the religious woman regained consciousness after the vision than she felt by the simple touch of the hand that she had been truly anointed with tangible ointment, some of which she wiped off with a cloth and carefully hid away lest vain-glory might assail her, or marks of respect be paid her by others. Motives of reverence at last prevailing, she showed it to her mother, and by her advice to her confessor, Brother Gregory of Hungary, one of our brethren, that he might advise her regarding the disposal of the sacred ointment she had thus reverently preserved. It was produced and, although it was by then dry, all became sensible at once of a fragrance exhaling from it to which no earthly perfume could be compared. The truth of this narrative is vouched for by these four trustworthy eye-witnesses, and as the good sister recovered by the touch of this ointment, so too from its delightful odour she conceived fresh sentiments of divine charity, of which our holy father had declared it to be the type and figure. This miracle was most carefully gone into by the same Brother Gregory,

who afterwards committed it to writing. It happened during the season of Lent, in the year of grace 1254.

CHAPTER XXXV

HE HEALS THE DROPSICAL

SOME of the brethren while travelling through Piedmont took occasion to speak of the miracles wrought by St Dominic's relics and intercession. Amongst those present at their discourses there was a man whose brother was very much troubled with dropsy, and he returning home told his brother of the miracles and wonders recorded of the saint, and advised him to put himself at once under his patronage so as to get cured. The sick man did this from his heart, and strange to tell, our glorious father St Dominic appeared to him in a dream, and seemed to take all the diseased matter from his stomach without inflicting the least injury or pain. On waking the man found himself perfectly well. He then published an account of the vision on all sides, gave hearty thanks to God and St Dominic his preserver, and in spite of all the doctors' fears kept well and slender for very many years.

Another young man of the same country likewise was afflicted terribly with dropsy; his stomach became so big and his legs so weak that he expected to die very soon, yet he had to drag himself every day out into the country to gather firewood for a livelihood. As he lay one day in the fields bewailing his wretched state, and crying very bitterly, he called to mind how St Dominic had frequently bestowed the boon of health upon his clients, so he made a vow that if he got better by his intercession he would serve in the convent at Placia, for nothing, for a whole year. The promise was hardly out of his mouth before he observed a religious standing by his side, who looking on him kindly asked if

he really wanted to be cured. On his saying that such was the case, and renewing his vow, the saint pointed to an elder-tree growing close by and said: "Gather the leaves of yonder elder-tree, bruise them well together, swallow the juice, and you will get well," and so saying he vanished. The youth got up with difficulty, and after gathering the leaves ground them with stones there and then; he next squeezed them in the palms of his hands, sucked the juice, and felt himself cured. The swelling on his stomach went down instantly, his former strength returned, and hoisting a huge bundle of faggots on his back he trudged home, telling the fact to everybody on the road. After this he left his mother and went to our convent in Placia, where he worked as a servant most devoutly for a whole year as he had vowed.

CHAPTER XXXVI

HOW WINE WAS INCREASED BY INVOKING HIM

In that same town of Placia* there dwelt a pious lady, a benefactress of our brethren, whose kindly deeds were in no small degree checked and opposed by her husband. One summer's day the wine ran out in the convent, and this coming to her ears she resolved on providing for our brethren's wants without informing her husband. Accordingly she did so, sending them all that they needed day after day. But when from the number of religious and the wants of her own household her own wine had run short, it happened that her husband called for some, and the cask held nothing but the dregs. When the frightened servant told her mistress of this, she was sent back to see if something had not accidentally blocked the mouth of the cask; again, however, nothing but sediment came. Fearing lest her

* Founded in 1222.

husband might raise a scene and put a stop to her charities on this plea, the good woman went down on her knees and most earnestly implored St Dominic's help; then full of confidence in his merits she sent the servant a third time to try the cask. The maid went very reluctantly indeed, but found it brimful as if never a drop had been drawn. And now, clearer than daylight, another wonder occurred, wrought by the hand of the most High, for the wine which would have sufficed for her own family only for a month and a half, or at most two months, now supplied a whole convent of friars as well for four months. Her husband could not account for its long continuance, but hearing it told in a sermon he came home and repeated it to his wife, making light of the whole story. Then the good woman scolded him for his obduracy, and showed him how it could only have been the result of a miracle. He was touched, and from thenceforth let his wife frequent the church and give alms to our brethren to her heart's content. Her son joined the Order later, and used often to tell how he had been a witness of the miracle, the report of which was widely circulated.

CHAPTER XXXVII

HE CURES A BOY OF THE KING'S EVIL

THERE was in this town of Placia, already spoken of, a youth who was a potter by trade, who was so afflicted with the evil that he was past swallowing, from the diseased state of his throat. His mother, seeing that his end could not be far off, entreated St Dominic by his merits and advocacy to save her son, whom neither nature nor medical skill could now help. That very night he appeared to her in sleep, and asked her if she were truly desirous of her son's recovery. On her replying that such was her heart's fondest wish, he told her to get up and

prepare a plaster of certain plants and leaves which he named, and then to apply them to the diseased part for nine days, and that her boy would recover. On awaking she carried out his instructions to the letter, and within the nine days the boy was cured.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

PEOPLE CURED BY THE TOUCH OF HIS RELICS

A CITIZEN of Liege* who was suffering from a painful disease in the neck, and who had been to many shrines of saints to obtain a cure, but in vain, finally begged the prior of the Friars Preachers of that town privately to lay a relic of St Dominic on the diseased part. This was done, and he was instantly cured.

Another wealthy citizen of the same town was so smitten with horrible ulcers and a great tumour that he was given up by the doctors, since he could no longer endure the very slightest touch. Brother Lambert seeing him in such pain advised him to address himself devoutly to Master Dominic, since our Lord had already wrought so many wonders through him. The sick man at once begged that some water in which his holy remains had been washed might be brought to him, and on sprinkling the diseased parts his pains ceased, the tumours subsided, and he was thoroughly cured.

A brother of the convent of Metz† who suffered much pain from the protrusion of a bone at the joint of the wrist and arm was afraid he would lose the entire limb. On consulting the doctors they told him his only chance lay in having the hand amputated, a very dangerous operation to sever the junction of so many veins and arteries. Now it chanced that after None on St Mary Magdalen's day two of our brethren arrived there from a distant part of

* Made a formal priory in 1229.
† Founded in 1219.

Germany. Leaving the altar which was being got ready for the evening service, the sacristan and the brother with the sore hand came down the choir to meet them, and gave them the customary blessing. After receiving it they rose and said: "We have brought with us some of the bones of our holy father, St Dominic." Now when the afflicted brother heard this, he began with joy and devotion to cry out: "Father, father, your arrival is indeed a most joyful one for us;" and so he kept on exclaiming as he followed the other brethren. Then going up to the high altar and taking the relics in his hands, he kissed them devoutly, and his maimed hand was at once healed. Observing some dust on one of the lamps which hung in the choir, it chanced that in handling it he soiled his hands slightly, and going afterwards to wash them, saw for the first time that he was cured. He ran off at once to the prior with his hands all wet, and showed him how he had been cured by the newly arrived relics. The report of this miracle spreading over the convent, another brother, who was lying in the infirmary with severe pains in the stomach, begged that the relics might be brought to him likewise, and on applying them he declared that he was at that moment freed from all pain and perfectly well.

CHAPTER XXXIX

A QUARTAN AGUE CURED BY INVOKING HIM

THERE was a lay brother in the same convent laid prostrate by a quartan ague, whose head had become very much swollen in consequence. As he lay expecting another attack, the prior coming to visit him, said: "How do you find yourself now, brother?" "I fear another attack is coming on, father," was his answer. "Yet, brother," pursued the prior, "our Lord is able through St Dominic's merits to deliver

you mercifully from this and the like relapses." "Yes, father," said the brother, "I firmly believe that if you were to bid this fever to depart in the name of God and St Dominic our father, it would vex me no longer, and I should get well." Then with full confidence in God's mercy and St Dominic's merits the prior commanded the fever to quit the brother and trouble him no further, and at once it departed and never returned after. In the same way he got better of the swelling in his head. This was told the Master of the Order by Brother James, the prior, who was besides a man of great piety and credit.

THE END OF PART SECOND

PART THIRD

THE LEGEND OF BLESSED JORDAN OF SAXONY*

SECOND MASTER GENERAL OF THE ORDER OF PREACHERS

* Beatified by Leo XII.

For the reader's profit and God's glory I will now proceed to set down in writing all that I have seen or learnt by diligent quest touching our holy and ever memorable father, Brother Jordan, the second Master General of the Order of Preachers, and most worthy successor of St Dominic.

CHAPTER I

HIS COMPASSION FOR THE POOR

HE was a mirror of all pious observances and a pattern of every virtue, keeping unsullied purity of mind and body to his dying day, besides being a man of heroic sanctity, which, according to the apostle, is all availing both in the cloister and in the world. His tender pity was always awakened at the sight of misery and distress, so that seldom or never did he let a poor man go by without bestowing an alms, even though thereby he ran short himself. It was his daily custom to relieve the first poor person he met each morning, without even waiting to be asked.

CHAPTER II

HE BESTOWS HIS GIRDLE IN ALMS AND FINDS IT ON THE CRUCIFIX

DURING the time he was studying in Paris* he used to rise every night for matins. Starting up hastily one night and throwing his cloak over his tunic, he hurried off to the church in the belief that the bells had chimed: but being accosted on the way by a

* In 1218 and 1219 (*cf.* Berthier, *Opera B. Jordani*, Friburg, 1891).

poor man who piteously begged for an alms, as he had nothing else to spare at the moment he gave him his girdle. Coming to the church he found it locked, for it was not the hour he had supposed, so he had to wait outside until the sacristan came and opened the doors. No sooner had he entered than he went at once to kneel before the great crucifix, and, as he gazed upon it with loving tenderness, he distinctly observed the figure to be wearing the girdle which only a little while before he had bestowed on the beggar out of love for his crucified Lord.

CHAPTER III

HE ENTERS THE ORDER OF PREACHERS

After graduating as bachelor in theology he was admitted into the Order in Paris by Brother Reginald of blessed memory,* who had formerly been the Dean of St Aignan's at Orleans, at whose happy departure from this world this present vision was granted to a fervent brother. He beheld in sleep a limpid fountain gush forth in St James's cloister in Paris, which, after swelling into a great river, flowed through the city and over the face of the whole country, refreshing, fertilising, and gladdening the people and the land, until finally it poured itself into the sea. This vision was very soon verified, for on Reginald's death this same great father Jordan rose in his stead.

He began his public career by expounding St Luke's gospel to the brethren in Paris, after which he travelled over the whole world and beyond the seas, preaching Jesus Christ by word and example, and he is reckoned to have drawn over a thousand subjects to the Order. Beloved of God and man,

* Jordan was received to the Order on February 12, 1220. He tells the story himself (Berthier, p. 20).

and devoted to the holy Roman Church, he called on priests and people alike to do penance and take hold of the kingdom of God. This glorious father ended his course, like St Clement, in the sea, and finding in its bosom his way to God, was without delay admitted into the divine presence.

CHAPTER IV

HIS LOVE OF THE POOR AND OF HIS BRETHREN

DURING his life as a religious he was consumed with such burning transports of divine love that often as he walked along the roads he would strip himself of his tunic to clothe some shivering beggar, for which his brethren used often to chide him, and once proclaimed him in the General Chapter. So kind and gentle was he towards his own brethren, not merely by sympathising with their every suffering, and seeing to all their wants as far as he could, but he even passed over their merely human feelings. He tried to correct faults more by winning gentleness and trusting his subjects than by harsh discipline, although he knew how to use this means as well, but always having regard to time, and place, and persons. He was love and mildness itself to the tempted and sick, often brightening them with his cheery presence, and always helping them by his prayers and advice. Whenever he came to a convent he would first of all get the blessing and salute his brethren, then he would go to the bedside of the sick and cheer them, after which if there were novices in the house he would gather them round him and talk familiarly with them, and if any were downcast or beset with temptations he would very soon gladden them.

CHAPTER V

HE DELIVERS THE TEMPTED BY HIS PRAYERS

ONCE he had scarcely arrived in Bologna before the brethren began to pitch a woeful tale about a novice who was very much distressed and wanted to leave the Order. "The boy," said they, "has been delicately brought up in the world, even beyond his state in life as to his dress and bed, furniture, the table he kept, his amusements and the like, so that he does not know what trouble of mind or body means outside his studies; in this matter he had done so well that if he had only stayed a year longer in the world he might have taken his degree in law. He says he never was in low spirits or sick before, seldom got out of temper, and yet never dreamt of fasting or abstaining outside of Lent; he never could endure going to confession more than he was obliged to, and the only prayer he knew was the Our Father, which he had picked up from hearing it recited in the church. One day from sheer curiosity he went to see the friars, and on the spur of the moment took the habit, a step he has soon repented of from his heart, for everything he has to do and all he sees around him is as bad as a second death. He cannot get on with the food, he has fallen out with sleep. His feelings have come to such a pitch that one day he very nearly knocked the sub-prior down with a great choir book." Thus matters stood when Master Jordan arrived, so he took him on one side, and gathering from him that he was called Theobald, began to explain the name to him and quite cheered him. After that he brought him to St Nicholas' altar, and telling him to say the Our Father on his knees, he laid his hands on the youth's head and began to beseech God to free him from his temptation. So long as he continued praying, and keeping his hands on the brother's head, the novice felt a soothing

feeling steal over his mind and heart. When they were removed he declared he felt as if two hands which had been pressing his heart were withdrawn, leaving his soul in great peace and comfort, and many a time in after-life he repeated this account of himself. Thus by this holy father's merits and prayers were the clouds of temptation scattered from over this brother's soul: he plucked up courage, and, his fervour increasing, he toiled hard for many years after and did much good in the Order.

Another brother who was very much tried by temptation was quite put out at not being able to find Master Jordan, until after a long search he came across him in a quiet nook where he was busy saying the office of the dead. He joined in, and when it fell to him to say the versicle, "*I trust to see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living*," the Master looked him straight in the face and gravely responded, "*Wait for the Lord, strive manfully, and your heart will be comforted.*" The novice was quite consoled by these prophetic words, and when the office was over, said, "Good Master, that was indeed a most happy answer you made," and went his way in peace.

A devout brother of Faenza,* near Bologna, in his great eagerness for contemplation, set about to discover what God is, and came at last to such a state of mind that he doubted of his very belief in the existence of God. On mentioning his state to the prior and brethren, they convinced him of this great truth by various kinds of arguments, and showed how he ought to believe: for all this he could not entirely rid his mind of the ever-recurring delusion that perhaps there was no God at all. The prior of the house happening to go to Bologna, where blessed Jordan was staying at the time, told him of this man's temptation and trouble of mind, upon which the Master replied: "Go home, father prior, and tell him from me that he believes it as firmly

* Founded 1223.

as I do." Returning home, the prior had scarcely given Master Jordan's message before the brother cried out, as if recovering from a trance or ecstasy: "I do indeed believe most firmly in God's existence." And so by the power of God's words the brother was delivered from that blasphemous temptation.

A novice of Frankfort,* called Engelbert,† whom Master Jordan had taken into the Order, was struck down with a deadly fever during his first year of noviceship. Observing his low state of body and mind, the Master said to him one day: "My son, if you only had faith you would get over your fever at once." On his professing a very lively faith, blessed Jordan touched him with his hand and said: "Be thou healed in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ," and the youth got up at once quite recovered.

CHAPTER VI

HIS MANNER OF PRAYER AND MEDITATION

GOD was pleased to bestow on him a very special gift of prayer which neither his anxiety for his brethren's welfare, nor his long journeyings, nor any kind of occupation, could ever shorten. He generally knelt with his body upright, and his hands clasped devoutly, and he did this without ever bending forward, or sitting down, or leaning to either side, during such time as one could have easily walked about eight miles. This was specially his custom after Compline, and again after Matins, and that, too, no matter whether he were staying at home or had just returned from a wearisome journey. Meanwhile he wept very bitterly, so that he could easily have taken to himself that saying of the prophet, "*Tears were my food by day and night*," and to this

* Founded 1230.

† Died 1350 in repute of sanctity (Koch, *Das Dominikanerkloster zu Frankfort*, 1892, p. 129).

is commonly attributed his short-sightedness. Those who watched him at such times often heard him crying in a loud tone, and he would let the great tears course down his cheeks while offering up the holy mysteries, nay, sometimes his sermons and instructions were choked with sobbing. Whether in the convent or outside he devoted himself entirely to contemplation, from which he derived great peace of soul. As he plodded his weary way along the roads it was his unvarying custom to busy himself with prayer and contemplation, unless he were saying the breviary with a companion, or conversing on some profitable topic. He enjoined this practice on all his subjects, bidding them select some sacred mystery and afterwards say what noteworthy thoughts had occurred to each. He frequently walked along about a stone's throw ahead singing some favourite melody, such as the *Salve Regina* or the hymn *Jesu nostra redemptio*. These spiritual raptures were often the cause of his straying from the others, who used to have to go in search of him. Nobody ever heard a grumble from his lips or saw him put out if they lost their way, and he never tried to put the blame on others, but if any were downcast he would gaily remark: "Never mind, brothers, it is all part of the way to heaven."

CHAPTER VII

HE MULTIPLIES BREAD FOR THE POOR

While travelling from Lombardy to Germany with two companions and a cleric named Hermann de Paridilburne, who joined the Order later, they arrived hungry and weary at the Alpine village of Ursern. Stepping aside they made for the only inn in the place, and begged the host to get them some supper. But the innkeeper cried: "Of a truth I have no bread in the house, for only an hour ago a batch of pilgrims stopped here and ate up all that was to be had in the

village, with the exception of two very small loaves I had put by; besides, what good would two such loaves do among so many of you?" "In God's name bring us what you have got," cried they; so the two small loaves were brought in. But after blessing the table Master Jordan began to give them away in big pieces at the door to the poor, who came thronging at the news, so that the innkeeper and brethren began to find fault with him—"Good Master, what are you about? Don't you know that we are already short of bread?" And so saying they shut the door to prevent the people from thronging in. But the blessed Master made them open it again, and began to dole out the bread afresh, so that out of those two small loaves he gave away thirty large pieces, each enough for a meal of itself, as the quantity was afterwards computed. After this was done the four brethren, their host, and all his household ate as much as they wanted, yet could not finish what was left. At the sight of such a miracle the worthy innkeeper exclaimed: "Lo, here is a saint indeed!" nor would he take any money in return from the cleric—"By no means," said he, "and what is more, I shall for the future freely provide for this good father and all his brethren out of the substance God has given me, for they are all alike his servants." Even this could not satisfy him, for he filled the cleric's flask with wine and told him to keep it for the brethren's use on the journey.

CHAPTER VIII

BLEEDING STOPPED BY HIS PRAYER

SOME time after this, when on his way to Zürich, he met a smith in the hamlet of Zugir who had for many years been subject to a bleeding of the nose which weakened him considerably, nay, once in the space of a day and a night it came on no less than thirty times. Knowing the man's faith and piety, blessed

Jordan laid his hand upon him, praying meantime, and at once healed him. The man regained his former strength and became a warm friend and benefactor to our brethren, nor did the bleeding ever occur again.

CHAPTER IX

HE HEALS A PRIEST OF A FEVER

COMING then to Uri, which is situated in a valley, he found the priest of the place laid up with a fever, almost spent in strength and means; so heavy had been the cost of medicines that now he had hardly the bare necessaries of life. Touched at the sight and by his earnest appeals, the holy Master heard his confession, and after imposing a suitable penance obtained by prayer his complete recovery. This same priest, later on, joyfully lodged two of the brethren who were passing that way, Conrad* of St Gallen and Henry of Mure, and washed their feet with grateful tears at the recollection of this rare favour, nor did he cease for a moment to extol the holiness and merits of blessed Jordan.

When he was passing the Alps a smith who had lost the sight of an eye, from the excessive heat of his forge, straightway recovered it from the sign of the cross made over it by the Master's hand.

CHAPTER X

HIS GIFT OF HEAVENLY SPEECH

THE word of God fell from his mouth with such spirit and fervour that his equal could hardly be found, for it was clearly the result of a most rare grace. A remarkable ease showed itself in his sermons and familiar conversations, so that wherever and with whomsoever he found himself, whether in the

* Conrad of St Gallen was prior of Basle (*cf.* Sutter, p. 531) between 1233 and 1255.

company of religious, clerics, cardinals or prelates, nobles, soldiers, students, or persons of any condition whatever, his flow of language was the same with them all, and was enlivened with apt and happy examples, and it was on this account that all were eager to catch his every word as the word of God. Furthermore, it is an established fact and worthy of all belief that since the rise of the religious Orders no one ever drew so many men of letters and clerics of note to any Order as he did to the Order of Preachers. On this account the devil was highly enraged and often complained of him, and tried by every artifice to stop his preaching, or come to terms with him, as we shall see presently. From the death's day of Brother Henry of Cologne (a religious of rare worth, the first prior of Cologne, and blessed Jordan's fast friend in the world and in the cloister), the holy Master declared that thenceforth he never again asked for the blessing before going up into the pulpit, because he invariably at that moment beheld dear Brother Henry in the company of angels come and stand by his side, who gave him the customary blessing instead. From this we can easily gather how great must have been the riches of glory and of grace in the giver and receiver.

CHAPTER XI

THE VAST NUMBER OF STUDENTS HE DREW TO THE ORDER

He used to frequent those towns which were the seats of learning and in which he knew students abounded, and hence he usually preached the Lent one year in Paris and the next in Bologna. During his stay the convent resembled a bee-hive from the numbers which swarmed in and poured out to join the different provinces of the Order. He would often have a

number of habits made in advance, feeling sure that our Lord would not be long in sending him subjects to wear them, a result which came about directly he resumed his preaching: nay, it often happened that so many thronged in at one time that habits could not be provided as fast as they were required. On one memorable occasion tears were shed by every eye on his receiving twenty-one students at once in Paris; for on the one hand the brethren wept for joy, while on the other those present bewailed the loss of their friends. Many of these rose afterwards to be professors of theology in various places. Among them was a young German, whom on account of his youth the Master had repeatedly put off, but since he contrived this time to slip in with the other twenty it seemed hard to turn him away again, the more so as there were nearly a thousand students present, so in pleasant banter the Master whispered, with a beaming smile, "So, so, one of you is stealing into the Order like a thief." But as the vestiarian had only provided twenty habits, and could not leave the chapter-house because of the throng of students pressing round, the friars had to give up part of their habits, one his capuce, another his cloak, and another his scapular. This young man afterwards made such progress that he became a professor and preacher of note. The holy Master had even to part with his books sometimes to meet the debts of students entering the Order.

As he was admitting a young student one holiday, after addressing him as he stood in the middle of the chapter house, the master continued his remarks to the crowd of students standing by: "If one of you had been invited to a great feast, and were going alone, do you suppose the rest would be so indifferent as not to wish to bear him company? That would be a wonder indeed." These words produced such an impression that a young man standing by who had no previous intention of becoming a religious, who

had never even given it a thought, threw himself on his knees before them all and cried out, "Master, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I will bear him company at your bidding;" and so he was admitted with his friend.

CHAPTER XII

HE OBTAINS THE VIRTUE OF CONTINENCY FOR A PENITENT

A CLERIC of the diocese of Rouen confessed to Master Jordan in Paris among his other frailties this one especially, that he felt he could no longer preserve chastity. Moved in his innermost heart at the sight of his tears, the blessed Master said with firm confidence in God, "Take courage, and I promise you that you will never again be tempted by assaults of the flesh;" and in very deed this was the case, as the cleric afterwards avowed to many of our brethren.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW A WILD ANIMAL BECAME TAME AT HIS BIDDING

His words bore weight not only with men, but even with the animals, as this story shows. Quitting the town of Lausanne one day in company with some of his brethren and the under-sacristan of the cathedral, he went to pay a visit to the bishop, whose name was Boniface,* a very old friend of his. As they were mounting an ascent, the brethren in front and Master Jordan following some way behind conversing with the sacristan, a weasel ran across their path, which, at the shouts of the friars, betook itself with all speed to its lair. When the Master came up he found them waiting before a cavern, so he asked the reason—"What are you stopping here for?" "O Master," they replied, "a beautiful

* St Boniface, a Cistercian 1231–1239, resigned, died in 1260.

snow-white animal has run in here; we wish you could have but seen it." At this he walked up to the mouth of the cave and called out, "Come forth, good animal, in God's name, that I may admire you." Out trotted the weasel at once, and standing quietly in front of the cave looked up into his face. Then putting one hand under its front paws, he fondly stroked its head and back with the other, the weasel standing quiet all the time. After caressing it for a good while he dismissed it with his blessing "Go back now to your lair, and blessed be he who made you." The animal then darted into the cave, and all who stood by were taken aback. The report of this wonder was kept alive for many years among the brethren, and the under-sacristan, who was present at the time, told it to Brother Achilles,* the prior of Basle: and I, Brother Lambert, heard it from the lips of Peter, the Seneschal of Lausanne, who was also of the company.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CONVERSION OF A NOBLEMAN WHO SOUGHT TO KILL HIM

WHEN the Master was in Padua,† then a great resort for scholars, he took into the Order a young German nobleman of handsome presence and polished manners. His masters and fellow students, like so many limbs of Satan, had done their best to prevent him from taking the step; failing in this they shut him up in the same room with an abandoned woman, hoping by destroying his innocence to divert him from his purpose. But the youth being courageous and determined withal, overcame the assault, took the habit, and later on won over his master to follow his example. Now his father, having only this one

* As prior signs several charters (*cf.* Finke, *Dominikanerbriefe*, p. 64).

† He preached in Padua 1220 and 1237 (*cf.* Berthier, pp. 76, 77).

son as the heir to his estates, was exceeding wrath on hearing of the step he had taken, and set out for Lombardy with a posse of retainers, intending either to bring his son home with him or to slay Master Jordan. While in this desperate mood he chanced one day to meet the Master on the road, and with threatening looks and angry voice burst forth: "Where is this Master Jordan?" all the while not knowing it was he. Mindful of Christ's example who, when the Jews sought to kill him, said, "*I am he!*" the servant of God replied, "I am Master Jordan." Strange to tell, even as the Jews on hearing the words of Jesus fell back, so did this nobleman fall down before him. Conscious at heart of the power of this servant of God from his mere speech, he leaped from his horse, and throwing himself humbly at his feet, confessed with tears the evil designs he had harboured against him, adding: "Now I am at ease over my son's loss, and I have no further wish to drag him back into the world again. And besides this I promise to go at once beyond the seas and take the cross with all this retinue, which at the devil's bidding I brought here to do this wicked deed." After taking leave of his son he crossed the seas with a hundred horsemen. From this we can gather how powerful his words were, not merely in preaching, but in his whole conversation.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW HE COMFORTED THE SORROWING

As he surpassed all men in his zeal for the spread of the Order, so he took the greatest pains to keep all who once became his subjects. This was another of his special graces, that he never from his own fault or from any want of fatherly care lost a single novice, so that he might have honestly applied that saying of the Scriptures to himself: "Father, of those whom thou hast given me I have not lost one." It came

about that Brother Henry of Germany was sorely tempted to leave the Order in his noviciate days in Paris, whereupon this good father lavished every attention upon him in hopes of rescuing his soul from so terrible a trial. At last, after repeated exhortations, as the novice still stood to his resolve and asked for his secular clothes, the Master promised to give his consent on the following day, which was the feast of Pentecost, on which the General Chapter was to be held. The mass and procession over, he had the novice brought into the chapter-house before the assembled fathers, and after again gently cautioning him, begged of him to pause before quitting, at the devil's prompting, so great and holy a Brotherhood, since no other had during its brief career given such manifest tokens of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, like unto the apostles of old. But as the brother's heart was not yet touched he sent him to the vestiarian to get his secular dress, then putting his whole trust in God, he turned to the capitular fathers and said: "Let us kneel down and implore God's mercy by reciting the *Veni Creator*." Strange to say, the hymn was not ended before the brother returned to the chapter-house, threw himself on his knees before them all, and with bitter tears asked pardon, begging that he might be permitted to remain, and vowing fidelity for the time to come. He went on very faithfully, and in the end became a skilled teacher and able preacher, a result to be ascribed entirely to the merits and loving care of dear Master Jordan.

CHAPTER XVI

HIS HUMILITY AND PATIENCE

So humble-minded was he that he learnt wisely to despise all the world's esteem and the honour men paid him. The whole city of Bologna once went out to meet him on hearing of his coming; but he humbly turned aside, and hurrying through the by-streets

and deserted lanes, came quietly to the Friars Preachers' convent, edifying many by his conduct.

There was a possessed brother in that convent who, after eluding those whose place it was to watch over him, came upon Master Jordan in the cloister, and with clenched fist dealt him a violent blow on the cheek. Upon this the holy father, in the spirit of meekness and lowliness, at once presented the other cheek, and not receiving a repetition of the blow, bowed his head and moved on.

His rare patience shone forth more especially on the occasion of the General Chapter, for when, as is the custom of the Order, he was proclaimed before the diffinitors for some of his doings and sayings, and he had full grace to excuse himself, he very meekly said: "Ought a thief to be believed when he seeks to exculpate himself?" At which saying all were deeply edified, for it sprang from his genuine humility.

CHAPTER XVII

HE LOSES AN EYE

HAVING lost the sight of one of his eyes in consequence of a very severe sickness, he called the brethren round him in the chapter and addressed these words to them: "Give thanks to God, my sons, for I have now got quit of one of my enemies; but at the same time beseech the divine pity that if it so please the Lord, and it be for my own good, he may preserve my remaining eye for his honour and the good of the Order."

CHAPTER XVIII

HIS SPIRIT OF RETIREMENT

WHO can properly describe the way in which he withdrew himself from all external pursuits, retiring so deeply within himself that he paid little or no heed to what was going on around him!

A noble lady who was deeply attached to him and to the Order asked him for his girdle one day, merely out of devotion, and obtained it, but before returning home gave him another in its stead. Some considerable time after this as he was resting in a meadow with some of his brethren, for he was now in advancing years, one of them spied a silver-mounted buckle peeping out from beneath his habit, and drew his attention to it. He looked at it intently for a moment, then sighed: "Where can this have come from, for I am positive I never saw it till this moment?" What an insight this gives us into the deep recollection of a soul always intent upon higher things, since from his concentration of spirit he was hardly conscious of what was under his very eyes.

CHAPTER XIX

HIS DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

He entertained feelings of the tenderest devotion for the blessed Virgin, the Queen of Heaven, whom he loved especially, and to whom he was always giving thanks, for he knew full well from sure tokens how solicitous she was at all times for the spread and welfare of the Order, whose head and guide he himself was.

A German novice of high birth, but of remarkable piety and simplicity, to whom the Master was warmly attached and was bringing up carefully in the ways of devotion, stayed behind one night to observe him as he stood in prayer before the altar of the blessed Virgin. As he listened he heard him begin the Lauds of her office by saying the following greeting very fervently: "Take, O most sweet virgin Mary, this word which was sent thee by the Lord through the angel's ministry;" then he said the *Hail Mary*, and this was his usual way of saying Lauds at all

times. At this point, however, a loud yawn betrayed the novice's presence, whereupon Master Jordan turning round said, "Come, who are you?" "I am Brother Berthold,* your son," said the youth, for such was his pet name. "Then get to bed, child!" "Nay, nay," pleaded the novice, "I had rather stay by you and learn that prayer you said just now." On this the holy father began to explain his manner of prayer, more especially the prayer to our Lady, and the devotion of the five psalms, each of which began with a letter of her name. He made him say first the hymn *Ave Maris Stella*, then the canticle *Magnificat*,† which begins with M, the first letter of the word Maria: in the next place for the letter A he was to say the *Ad Dominum cum tribularer clamavi*: for the third, which is R, the *Retribue servo tuo*: the fourth, I, was to be the *In convertendo*: and, lastly, for the fifth letter, A, the *Ad te levavi oculos*. Instead of the usual Gloria Patri at the end of each psalm, he made him say the Hail Mary. "And now, child," said he in conclusion, "I am going to tell you a story, so that you may learn how profitable a thing it is to praise her and how much we are bound to do so."

CHAPTER XX

APPEARANCES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

"A BROTHER was praying very devoutly to the blessed Virgin as he stood one night at his bedside in the dormitory, when, chancing to look up, he beheld a most beautiful and queenly dame, accompanied by a troop of maidens, one of whom carried a vessel of holy water, passing through the dormitory, and

* Perhaps the great preacher of that name (Themer, *Anal. Eccl.*, p. 440, No. 33).

† Bishop Esser (*Historisches Jahrbuch*, v, p. 89) gives other evidence on this prayer.

sprinkling the brethren, their cells, and even their beds. But there was one whose cell she did not sprinkle with the rest. Then he who saw this sight ran forward, and throwing himself humbly at her feet, besought her, saying: 'Dear Lady, I pray thee for dear Jesus' sake to tell me thy name.' Then she replied: 'I am Mary, the virgin Mother of Jesus, and I am come once more to visit my brethren. I bear a very special love for this Order, and what pleases me most is that you begin all your undertakings, all that you say or do during the day, by asking my help and blessing, and you likewise end them to my praise. In return for this I have asked and obtained of my Son that none of you shall pass so much as one day in mortal sin without either repenting of it, or being found out, or cast out of the Order, that he may not defile my own Order.' Then the brother rejoined: 'Tell me, then, Lady, why didst thou not likewise sprinkle that brother's cell?' 'Because,' she replied, 'he did not deserve it, but do you bid him hold himself ready in future,' and with these words she disappeared."

Here ends the Master's story, but the man to whom she thus appeared was none other than Master Jordan himself, as he afterwards humbly owned to the brethren.

On the night of our Lord's circumcision, while the Master, according to the usage of the Order, was reading the ninth lesson of the matins in choir, one of the brethren present fell into a light sleep, but still could hear him reading. Then he seemed to see a very beautiful lady, having a crown on her head and clad in a rich mantle, standing behind the reader at the lectern, and gazing fixedly upon him as he read. The lesson ended, the Master turned towards her, and she, taking the book from his hands, walked majestically before him as he came down the choirs, which were thronged with attendants; the one who seemed to be their chief, and carried a staff,

was somewhat bald, and this one led the way before her, as she ushered Master Jordan to his stall again. The brother who saw the vision was firmly convinced that the lady was none other than the blessed Virgin, and that he who led the way was either St Paul, or St Dominic, who towards the end of his days became slightly bald. Some time after this, the brother questioned Master Jordan as to whether he had experienced any particular sweetness while reading that lesson, telling him of his dream at the same time: whereat the Master smiled benignly, but would reveal nothing.

Brother James of Beneventum,* a man of high standing in the Order, a learned doctor and gifted preacher, tells us that he heard the following story narrated by the prior in chapter in Paris, as an incentive to devotion to the blessed Virgin. It ran thus: "When all were assembled for matins on the night of our Lady's Purification, and Master Jordan was occupying the prior's stall, directly the four cantors intoned the invitatory *Ecce advenit Dominator Dominus*, the Mother of God bearing her divine Son in her arms was seen to walk up to the altar, over which there appeared a throne set, and seating herself upon it began to regard the brethren most benignly, as they stood facing the altar as the rubrics prescribe. After this, as they bowed at the *Gloria Patri*, which concludes the invitatory, raising her Son's right hand she made him bless the whole choir, and then vanished. None save Master Jordan was favoured with this vision, and one may well conceive how deeply consoled he must have felt at the sight. He often told this incident to the brethren as a caution against lukewarmness, yet always humbly suppressed his own name."

* Denifle, *Archiv*, ii, p. 230.

CHAPTER XXI

ENVY AND ASSAULTS OF THE DEVIL

THE devil tried to cheat him once under the garb of sanctity, for when he was in Paris the foul fiend came to the convent and asked to be shown into the presence of the Master General. His next request on gaining admittance was that those present should withdraw, as he had something for his private ear alone. This being granted, he began to address him after this fashion: "Master, you are the chosen head of this Order, which is so pleasing to God, and naturally all men's eyes are on you. Now if any sign of falling off, be it great or small, be observed in you, from the frailty of human nature which unfortunately is so prone to fall away, you will be severely punished by our Lord for giving public scandal in departing from the rule and being the cause of dissensions. You are infirm, it is true, yet not so infirm as not to be able to do without a bed, and to abstain altogether from eating flesh meat: besides, if you refuse these same dispensations to-morrow or the next day to another who may be more or less invalided than yourself, murmurs and rash judgements will be the consequence. I advise you then that as heretofore you have shown yourself a model of piety and an example of perfect observance, so for the future you will strive to continue doing the same." After thus craftily hiding his real motives by these and other like speeches, this arch-deceiver withdrew, muttering to himself like a monk saying the psalter or the canonical hours. Believing him in all simplicity, the servant of Christ refrained for several days from using any dispensations, but soon from want of these very helps his sickness so increased and he became so weak that he was brought to the verge of the grave. Then our Lord made known to him that it was the devil who had cajoled him under the

garb of a monk, from envious spleen of his holy life and the success which attended his preaching.

As he was passing through Besançon,* before our brethren had a convent there, he chanced to fall seriously ill. While prostrate from fever and suffering from a burning thirst, as is common in fever cases, suddenly there stood before him a youth in the guise of an attendant, bearing in one hand a flagon of wine, and a goblet in the other, and thus greeted him: "See here, Master, I have brought you some excellent wine to drink; taste it, for it can do you no harm." Fearing lest it might be only an artifice of the devil, as was indeed the case, Master Jordan commended himself to God, and then making over the youth the sign of the cross, cried out: "Avaunt, Satan, with all your lies and deceits," whereat the figure vanished.

Nor can we here pass over in silence the reverence borne him by the bishop† and canons of Besançon on account of the many tokens of holiness they observed in him. Out of love for this blessed Master and his Order they, with much entreaty, begged and obtained the foundation of one of our convents in their midst, where to this day they are held in special veneration.

As he lay under the same fever and almost at the point of death, when at his request the canons brought him the Body of our Lord, he at once sprang up from his bed, and throwing himself upon the ground knelt to receive the holy Viaticum, and with such outbursts of devotion that all present were moved to admiration of his exceeding holiness and merits. We have gleaned these facts from Stephen of Besançon, of whom mention has been made before, who furthermore declares that the blessed Master more than once foretold sundry future events to his wife.

* Founded in 1234.

† Gerard de Rougement, 1221–1235 (*Gams*, i, p. 514).

A possessed friar at Bologna became so frantic that no cords or bands could hold him, and in his frenzy he would at times strike our brethren. Now Master Jordan happening to enter on one such occasion, the maniac as he lay bound hand and foot, yelled at him: "Ho there, you blind dotard, if I could only get you within my clutches I would tear you piece-meal!" The Master fearlessly bade them set him free, and then said to him: "Now that you are at liberty, come and do your worst;" but the demoniac could not stir from the spot. Again he screamed out: "Oh, if I could only get your nose once between my teeth, I would gladly snap it off at a bite;" then the other bending down put his nose in front of the man's mouth, yet, though actually touching it, he was powerless to harm it.

Another possessed friar cried out in the midst of the assembled brethren: "Pray, brothers, for that half-blind dotard who is at this moment preaching in Naples,* for the devil rejoices much in consequence, since he is puffed up with vain glory at being able to prophesy future events." But soon after repenting him of what he had said, the man continued: "Do not believe a word of what I have been saying, brethren, for it is all a lie." The brothers, however, took note of the day and hour when this occurred, and afterwards found out that on that very day and hour Master Jordan had been actually preaching in Naples when the possessed man at Bologna had thus spoken. This same maniac used frequently to vex and abuse the brethren, but when Master Jordan came to visit the convent he rose to his feet and respectfully greeted him. After that he began with uncommon glibness of tongue to praise his extraordinary preaching and religious modesty, his piety and perfection in all the virtues, hoping to make him fall through pride. The servant of God, however,

* He preached in Naples on his way to the Holy Land, 1236 (*Anal.*, I, p. 117).

being fully aware of the evil one's craftiness, put him to shame by his deep humility.

At Bologna the tempter cast such sweet odour upon his person* that he used to cover up his hands, lest it should come to the knowledge of others, fearing to lose that holiness of which he was hardly conscious to himself. If he only took a chalice into his hands it gave forth so pleasant a smell that all were amazed. But the spirit of truth within him could not brook such lying deceits. One morning before saying Mass, as he was reciting the psalm *Judica Domine nocentes me*, which is of the greatest efficacy in driving away illusions, he paused awhile at the verse, "*All my bones shall cry out:* '*Who is like unto thee, O Lord?*'" and such fervour of spirit came over him that it seemed as if the very marrow of his bones was filled with the spirit of God. Upon this he asked our Lord to let him know if that fragrance came from the devil's trickery; and he was given to understand that it was all part of the devil's spite, who sought by these artifices to make him fall through vanity. From that hour they ceased altogether, and the Master wrote an account of it in his journal, which he used to read to the novices in Paris.

After this, Satan spoke to him by word of mouth. Heaping a torrent of curses and threats upon him, joined to complaints against his stirring sermons, by which countless souls were plucked from his grasp, the evil one at last said: "Blind man, I want to come to an understanding with you. If you promise to give over preaching, I on my part pledge myself not to tempt you or your brethren any more." On hearing him say this, the Blessed Master cried out in tones of thunder: "Far be it from me to enter into terms with death, and to join in a league with hell."

* For Jordan's own account, agreeing with this sometimes word for word, *cf.* Berthier, p. 35.

CHAPTER XXII

HIS JOYFUL POVERTY

WHEN on his way to the General Chapter held in Paris, in company with a batch of our brethren, one morning the blessed father sent them all out into the town to beg bread for their breakfast, bidding them join him at a neighbouring fountain. When they met again they found that they had scarcely enough for half their number. Then the Master, breaking forth into joyful strains of the praises of God, exhorted the others by word and example to do the same, and presently they were all filled with such spiritual gladness and holy joy that a woman standing close by took scandal at the sight, and rebuked them —"Are you not all religious men? Whence comes it that you are merry-making at this early hour?" But when she learnt the real cause of their mirth, and saw them rejoicing over their want of food, she was deeply touched, and hurrying home brought them bread and wine and cheese, saying: "If you were merry and gave thanks to God for such a miserable pittance, I want you now to have greater cause for rejoicing." After this she withdrew feeling highly edified, and begged for a remembrance in their prayers.

CHAPTER XXIII

WINE IMPROVED BY HIS MERITS

A DEVOUT French lady was in the habit of showing hospitality at times to our brethren, an action which did not altogether please her husband. Once while she was entertaining Master Jordan and his companion, her husband came in, and barely cloaking his wrath, joined them at table. But discovering shortly that the best wine had been drawn for their use, he called out in a temper to the servant: "Go and fetch

some of my own special wine—you know which cask I mean." This was said in cutting irony, for the wine in that cask was sour and past use, but he meant in this way to annoy his wife and spoil her guests' dinner. The servant retired to the cellar, drew a measure of wine as bidden, and returned with it. When the master of the house tasted it he found it had a capital flavour, and bawled out more vexed than ever: "You stupid, why did you not bring the wine I particularly mentioned?" The astonished domestic could only stammer out that he had done so. The command was a second time given very precisely, and with the like result. Furious beyond bounds the master leaped up from the table, drew the wine for himself, and found it capitally flavoured as before. Then he learnt that the wine which heretofore had been sour and unfit to drink had through Master Jordan's merits lost its acidity and become vastly improved in quality. Malice gave place to friendship, and from thenceforth he let his wife entertain the brethren hospitably. We give this incident on the word of the Provincial of France, and it was besides well known to all our brethren of that country.

CHAPTER XXIV

HE SAVES A WOMAN FROM SIN AND DEATH

A WOMAN came at last to despair of her salvation from habits of sin. She often determined to cut her throat, or hang herself, but as nature recoiled in fear from the act, she at last swallowed a poisonous spider. Feeling death coming over her, she was moved to sorrow, and began with bitter tears to invoke the Mother of mercy. Presently she heard a voice say distinctly: "Brother Jordan, the Master of the Friars Preachers, is coming this way, go to him and say that I have sent you; make your con-

fession to him and you will be spared." On the Master's arrival she confessed her crimes, and on the spot vomited up the venomous spider. Being again restored to health she thanked God heartily, and became a devout client of the blessed Virgin, and her divine Son, and of his faithful minister.

CHAPTER XXV

VISIONS AND MIRACLES AT HIS DEATH

THE good Master died on February 13, 1236, after visiting the holy places of Palestine, as appeared from the following letter:

"To our venerable and beloved brethren the prior and convent of the Friars Preachers in Paris, the papal penitentiaries, Brothers Godfrey and Reginald, send greeting and comfort in the Holy Ghost.*

"Learn that a great storm arose at sea, which dashed to pieces on the beach the vessel in which our sweet Father and Master was sailing, and he with his two companions and twenty-nine other persons were drowned, and thus freed from the bondage of this wicked world. Still, dearest brethren, let not your hearts be weighed down with grief at this loss, for our heavenly Father who is the God of all comfort has left a solace for us who are poor orphans, and has sent a calm after the tempest. As those who escaped from the wreck and buried the drowned do affirm, there shone each night great lights from heaven over their unburied bodies as they lay upon the beach. At such a marvel the natives came in crowds, and those who witnessed the miracle do further testify that an exceedingly sweet fragrance exhaled from the bodies of our three brethren, which for ten days clung to the hands of the men who carried them to their graves. And the same perfume was perceived all round the spot where they were laid, until our brethren came in a ship and carried them away to

* Quetif., i, p. 105.

Acre:* and there the blessed father lies bestowing benefits on many. May God be blessed in all things. Amen."

In the convent of Limoges, which was one of the first foundations of the Order, there was a brother† who was devotedly attached to blessed Jordan. While praying one night after matins in the church, before the death of the venerable Master was known on this side of the Alps, the Lord shed over his heart the dew of heaven, and he fell into a deep sleep. Presently he seemed to be standing on the verge of deep and far-reaching waters, while he observed a number of corpses lying on the shore, seemingly cast up by the waves. As he continued gazing on the sight he beheld Master Jordan emerge from the bosom of the deep, clad in the habit of the Order, and looking happier and more majestic than ever he had seen him before. Then with his eyes fixed on a crucifix which he held, his hands and feet apart as artists love to represent St Andrew the apostle, he speedily and confidently mounted heavenwards. As the brother followed him with upturned eyes, the blessed Master looking down upon him addressed him smilingly: "Unless I go, the Paraclete will not come to you;" saying which he folded his hands across his breast while yet clasping the crucifix, and so was borne up to heaven. After he had disappeared the brother still seemed to see his corpse upon the beach; nor was it until the tidings and manner of his death were made known that his friend realised the full meaning of the vision. He to whom it was granted was a model religious and a man of high standing in the Order, who when prior of Limoges told it in confidence to the writer of this narrative.

We cannot now relate all the miracles which took place on the spot where he ended his earthly career,

* Convent founded 1229.

† Stephen of Salhanac (1250–1259, prior).

or which happened in various parts of the world, because of their great number, more especially at Acre, whither his body was transported. Still, for the praise and glory of so saintly a father, we shall give a few in this present work.

CHAPTER XXVI

HE APPEARS AND COMFORTS A NUN

About this time there was a Cistercian nun named Lutgarde, living in the monastery of Aywers in Brabant, through whom God wrought many miracles in life and after her death, and who was exceedingly devoted to the blessed Master Jordan. For forty years she had served God in the holy religious habit, but now from old age and excessive weeping she could no longer see. It was on Christmas Eve that he appeared to her in this way. She had been praying from morning till noon without feeling any of her usual fervour, and beginning to grow weary, cried in anguish: "O tender Lord, why am I thus afflicted, for I feel sure that if I had a friend in heaven or upon earth to pray for me, I should not find myself so dull at heart." Tears flowed as she spoke, when instantly before the eyes of her mind there appeared a friar, arrayed in such splendour and majesty that she failed to recognise him. "Who art thou?" she cried in wonderment; upon which the figure made answer, "I am Master Jordan, the late Master General of the Order of Preachers. I have passed from earth to the glory of paradise, where I now reign exalted among the choirs of prophets and apostles, and I have been sent from heaven to cheer you on this festal day. Take courage, for you will likewise be crowned very soon by the most High, but until the end does come you must not fail to say every day the psalm *Deus misereatur nostri*, with the collect of the Holy Ghost, as you promised me, for the good estate of our Order." After this he went

away leaving her such peace of soul as she had never felt before.

The venerable father likewise revealed the same fact to others in many different ways; to wit, that his place thenceforth was amid the throngs of heaven's most exalted princes. The foregoing vision may be read at greater length in St Lutgarde's life.*

CHAPTER XXVII

HE KEEPS A CARMELITE IN HIS ORDER

A FRIAR of the Order of Mount Carmel who had been tempted to quit his Order became more unsettled in mind on hearing that Master Jordan had been drowned. "It is no use trying to serve God," said he, "for either the father who perished in such a way was not a good man, or God does not properly reward his servants." Being now fully bent on quitting the Order as soon as day should dawn, there stood before him that night a religious of very comely aspect and shining with a halo of glory. "Lord Jesus, come to my assistance," cried the awestruck and trembling brother. "What can be the meaning of all this?" "Fear not, brother," said the figure, "for I am the Master Jordan concerning whose fate you are troubled: and learn furthermore that all who serve our Lord Jesus Christ to the end shall be saved." With these words he passed from view, leaving the brother very much consoled. Our brethren got to hear of it from the friar himself, and from the prior of the convent, who was a pious and trustworthy man.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A PRIORESS HEALED BY INVOKING HIM

A TRULY devout religious whom Master Jordan had made prioress of a convent, after laudably filling the office for many years, became at last so paralysed

* *Cf. Acta SS.*, Boll., 23 Junii. She died June 16, 1246.

as to be unable to move without help. She had often begged to be relieved of her office, but to no purpose, for the whole convent cried out against such a proposal, since in their eyes she seemed even in her weak state of health more fit to govern them than anyone in the house. Hearing of the many miracles wrought by invoking blessed Jordan after his death, she one day told two of the sisters during the dinner hour to carry her in a chair to the church and leave her before the altar. On their withdrawing she began to invoke him very earnestly, since she firmly believed he was then reigning with Christ, and to entreat him to obtain from our Lord that either she might be speedily called away, so as to be no longer a burden to the community; or else released by superiors from her office, since she could not properly discharge the duties; or, as a last resource, that she might be restored to health and enabled to resume her charge. Suddenly she became conscious of a feeling as of new strength filling her body, and first putting one foot on the ground and then the other, she rose and began to walk about the choir to try if she were really cured. Then hearing the refectory bell ring and the sisters rise from table, she went to meet them as they walked processionally to the church chanting the *Miserere*. The novices on seeing her were puzzled to know if it could possibly be their prioress, but when the chantress on leaving the refectory with the elder sisters saw her whom a few minutes before they had left sitting feebly in a chair, now walking erect, dropping the *Miserere* she loudly intoned the *Te Deum*. While all were joining in the song of praise at the top of their voices, the neighbours, hearing the unusual commotion, caught up their weapons and ran to protect them, believing that cut-throats had made their way into the convent, but when they heard the whole story told by the prioress from a window they also joined in the thanksgiving.

CHAPTER XXIX

HE RESTORES A DEAD CHILD TO ITS MOTHER

About this time there dwelt in Prague* of Bohemia an honest citizen called Conscius, and his wife Elizabeth. This woman, when nearing her confinement, vowed that if a male child were born she would dedicate him to blessed Jordan, the late Master of the Order of Preachers, declaring it to be impossible for him not to be a saint after hearing such marvellous accounts of his holy life and preaching; but if a female, she would dedicate her to St Elizabeth of Hungary, who had just been canonised.† Her time of delivery being come she gave birth to a still-born male child. Full of grief the poor mother began to invoke blessed Jordan, beseeching him piteously to bring back her child to life again. In this way she kept on praying until midnight, bidding the nurses look from time to time whether the child had not come to life. As a last resource they dipped the infant into freezing water, for it was winter, to see if there were any tokens of animation, but all was of no avail. The neighbours did their best to cheer her, but she never left off praying, and in the morning the babe was found to be alive. In return for this benefit she gave hearty thanks to God and Master Jordan, and as a testimony of the miracle wrought by him on her behalf, she gave his name to her son. When the bell of our church sounded for prime she sent for the brethren that they might come and search into the miracle. Two of them were deputed for the purpose, Timon of Poland, who was a professor in the convent, and Simon the subprior, who, finding everything stated to be true, gave their joint testimony to the fact.

* Founded in 1222.
† Canonised by Gregory IX, 1235.

CHAPTER XXX

HE HEALS A FRIAR WHOM GOD PUNISHED FOR MURMURING

ONE of the brethren, who, in his own eyes, seemed to be a man of no common ability and station, was ordered by superiors to go with a companion and live in another convent. He took this very sorely to heart, and during the first day's journey did nothing else but grumble unceasingly against the obedience given him. "What have I ever done," said he, "or how have I deserved to be treated in this way? Why should such a command have been thrown especially on my shoulders? I shall see about this, that I shall;" and so on in the same strain. As he kept on grumbling in his companion's hearing the divine vengeance suddenly overtook him, for he was struck down senseless to the ground. Deprived of speech, his face livid, sight and hearing gone, and unable to stir hand or foot, he lay on the road like a corpse. His tongue swelled so much that his mouth could hardly contain it, and everyone clearly saw he had been overtaken by a judgement for his sins. At this harrowing sight, and at the thought of the shame which would be sure to fix itself upon the man and the Order, the companion became a prey to grief and dismay, and hardly knew what to do or which way to turn. As he stood reflecting on the mishap, he bethought him of having recourse to blessed Jordan, who had then entered into rest, so he addressed this prayer to him: "O Master Jordan, so kind and tender a father, who hast so spread and adorned and uplifted our Order, come at once to thy son's aid in this present trial, lest thy brethren be put to shame through this brother's fault. O Lord God, by Master Jordan's merits—and he was thy most faithful servant—help us out of this present trouble." Then turning to his companion he shouted in his ear:

"Brother, bethink thee how this disaster has befallen thee on account of thy murmuring to-day, but now vow heartily to God and blessed Jordan that if delivered from this mishap thou wilt refrain from murmuring for the future, and readily fulfil the obedience given thee." The brother returned somewhat to consciousness, and bowed his head slightly in token of assent, though still remaining dumb. Wonderful indeed had been God's chastisement, but more wonderful even was his forbearance, for directly the one invoked blessed Jordan, the other who lay smitten was cured on making this resolution in his heart. After this he very meekly and gladly fulfilled his obedience, nor did he ever again relapse into the same fault. When afterwards living in different houses, both wrote an account of it to Brother Humbert, who was Master General at the time.

CHAPTER XXXI

HIS PRUDENT AND WITTY REPLIES

A LAYMAN once put this question to him: "Master, is the *Our Father* worth as much in the mouths of simple folk like myself, who do not know its full meaning, as in the mouths of learned clerks who understand all that they are saying?" To this he answered: "Of a surety is it; just as a precious stone is equally valuable in the hands of one who does not know its full worth as it would be even if he did."

While conversing in friendly guise with the Emperor Frederick II,* he dared thus gently to chide him: "Sire," quoth he, "I wonder much that thou hast never enquired of me the news from the divers and sundry places through which I have passed in visiting the houses of my Order." "What need have I of news," cried the monarch, "seeing I have trusty spies in every province and court, and thus am fully informed of all that takes place all the world

* 1211–1250.

over?" "Peradventure that is true," answered Master Jordan, "yet know that our Lord Jesus Christ, though being God he knew everything, yet asked his apostles: 'Whom do men say that the Son of man is?' Thou, sire, art only a man, and knowest not much that is bruited abroad concerning thee and thy doings, which it would do thee no harm to hear. For men even say that thou dost oppress the Church and despise her laws, yea, that thou dost consult with soothsayers and favour Jews and Saracens, paying no heed the while to trusty advisers. The talk moreover runs that thou dost not respect Christ's Vicar, St Peter's successor and thy liege lord, and of a surety all this but ill becomes thy majesty." This was his fashion of paying court, and thus did he gain on the Emperor in divers ways to mend his manners.

Being once asked to state what rule he professed, he rejoined: "Nothing beyond the rule of the Friars Preachers, which is to live holily, to learn with docility, and to teach; three things which David prayed for when he said in the Psalms: '*Teach me goodness and discipline and knowledge*'" (Ps. cxviii 66).

A country fellow is reported to have bluffly accosted him after this fashion: "Tell us, Master, how comes it that we working folk often remark amongst ourselves that since you Preaching and Minorite Friars came among us the land hasn't been blessed nor prospered as of yore?" "If I liked I might dispute your statement altogether," said the Master, "and I could very soon convince you of the contrary; however, granting that it is so, I will show you the justice of your hardships. Since our arrival we have held up to the world's eyes many of its evil doings of which it was heretofore ignorant, and which, since still men will not forsake them, have now become more heinous, for sin which is knowingly committed becomes more grievous. So you see it is from men's graver sins that the Lord has let the land become

barren, according to that saying of the prophet, '*A fruitful land he has turned into a wilderness because of the wickedness of the inhabitants thereof;*' this is why God has sent you bad times and severe weather. More than this, I now warn you that if you do not change your ways, since you know your duty in good and evil, greater evils still will come upon you, as he who lieth not said in the gospel, '*The servant who knew his master's will and did it not shall be beaten with many stripes.*'"

When Brother John of Vicenza was preaching with great success in Bologna, stirring up the people and drawing nearly the whole of Lombardy after him by his eloquence and miracles, some deputies—chiefly doctors and men of letters—came from Bologna to Master Jordan as he was sitting in the General Chapter,* and asked him on behalf of the entire State not to remove Brother John from their city. One of the chief reasons they alleged was this, that he had sown the word of God with great profit in their city, and the expected results might never be realised if he were taken away. The Master praised their goodwill and devotion towards his brethren, and then gave them this weighty reply: "Good sirs, the reasons you allege in favour of Brother John's stay among you, on the grounds of having sown the word successfully, which might never bear fruit if he were removed, move me not in the least. When the ploughman has scattered his seed all over the field he does not usually bring his bed and lie there until he sees the blades shoot up and ripen: on the contrary, he goes his way and casts his seed over another field, after commending the first to God's providence. In the same way Brother John must go elsewhere with profit to sow God's word, as it is written of our Saviour: '*I must needs go and preach the word of God to other cities.*'

However, out of the love we bear your city we

* Held 1223. For John of Vicenza *cf. Bull. Ord.*, pp. 48-175 passim.

shall take counsel with our diffinitors touching your request, and by God's help do what we can to satisfy you."

While he was staying in a Cistercian abbey, some of the monks gathering around him asked: "Master, how will your Order continue, since you have no fixed revenues, but are dependent upon alms? Although just at present the world smiles upon you, yet it is written in the gospel that '*the charity of many shall grow cold*,' and then when you get no further aid, you must of necessity come to an end."

At this the Master, with his usual playfulness, rejoined: "By no means, brethren, but rather the contrary will happen, for your Order will certainly come to an end first. Look at the gospels, and you will find that these words were written of the time when '*iniquity shall be rife, and fierce persecutions arise*.' Then you will find to your cost that these tyrants will strip you of your temporal possessions, and so, from not being accustomed to going about from place to place in quest of alms, you will perforce cease altogether. Our brethren will be scattered likewise, but only to reap still more abundant fruit, like to the apostles of old when separated by persecution; nor will they fly terror-stricken, but go from place to place by twos, and find their bread as they have been in the habit of doing. And what is more, I warn you that those who shall despoil you will readily bestow their ill-gotten gains on our brethren, if they will only take them; for we have often had experience of this, that robbers and thieves would gladly endow us with what they have filched from others if we would but accept their gifts."

Meeting a vagabond upon the road who feigned sickness and poverty, he gave him one of his tunics, which the fellow at once carried straight to a tavern for drink. The brethren, seeing this done, taunted him with his simplicity: "There now, Master, see how wisely you have bestowed your tunic." "I did

so," said he, " because I believed him to be in want through sickness and poverty, and it seemed at the moment to be a charity to help him; still, I reckon it better to have parted with my tunic than with charity."

Pope Gregory IX having entrusted the reform of several monasteries to some of our brethren,* these, heedless of the proper course of law, deposed the abbots whom they found guilty of misgovernment, whereat the Pope and cardinals were so vexed that they were on the point of quashing their acts. But wishing to appease them, Master Jordan went to the Pope, and spoke as follows: " Holy father, it often befell me as I turned aside to some Cistercian abbey that I found the highway leading to the abbey gate to be so long and winding, that it was sore and wearisome to me and my companions to be kept thus walking backwards and forwards while the place was at hand all the while and right before our eyes, and on such occasions I not infrequently struck across the meadows and so got quickly to the gate. Supposing now the porter had begun to question me by saying: ' By what road did you come here ?' and on my owning that I had trespassed on the meadows, he were then to reply: ' You have not come the right way; pack off and come back by the high road, or you shall not enter here at all.' Do you not think that would have been hard ? Even so, holy father, although our brethren may not have deposed those abbots according to legal formalities, which seemed too lengthy a way of procedure, still, since they were rightly deposed, as you can easily see for yourself by going into the various cases, may it please you, then, to confirm what has been done, no matter how the result has been achieved."

On being asked to give a reason why students in the arts more frequently joined the Order than

* By Bull, September 4, 1227, to Friars Joachim of St Mary and Jordan, priors, and Friar Gandolf (*Bull. Ord.*, i, p. 23).

theologians or canonists, he very ingeniously made this reply. "You know that country clowns who have only been in the habit of drinking water become more quickly drunken with good wine than noblemen or gentlemen who from habit are but little moved by the best wine. Even so also students in the arts are refreshed only with the water of Aristotle and the philosophers, whereas in the Sunday or holiday sermon the preacher gives them a deep draught of Christ's words, and when thus filled with the new wine of the Holy Ghost they are easily moved by it, and readily give themselves and all they have to God. On the other hand, theologians being used to read the Word of God are not in like manner carried away by it; just as the slothful sacristan from much passing before the altar becomes careless in his genuflections, and oftentimes hardly notices it, while others are bowing down before it."

Once, when in the company of several bishops, he was called upon to explain how it was that some bishops taken from the Mendicant Orders had not given entire satisfaction. He answered with simple truth thus: "The fault lies entirely with yourselves. So long as they kept to their Order we were careful to rebuke them as often as they deserved it, but the laxity you complain of has come upon them since they joined your ranks. Furthermore, I can testify that during the many years I have passed in the Order I do not recall a single instance in which his Holiness the Pope, or any Legate, or Cathedral Chapter, has ever asked me or any of our Superiors, or any General or Provincial Chapter to find them a good bishop. On the contrary they have picked their own men at will, either because of parentage or relations, or from some other less spiritual motive, and so no blame can rest with us."

Being unable from sickness to address the brethren at the General Chapter, he was asked to say only a few edifying words, whereupon he gave this short

speech: "My brethren, during this week we often say these words: '*They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.*' You know that a full jar can hold no more, but all that is poured in, after it is once brimful, only flows out again. On this account the blessed apostles were filled with the Holy Ghost, because they had previously been emptied of their own spirit. Moreover we sing in the Psalms, '*Thou shalt take away their spirit, and they shall fail*' (Ps. ciii 29); that is to say—to themselves, that they may advance in thee, '*and they shall again return to their own dust.*' And again we say, '*Send forth thy Spirit and they shall be created*;' which is as if David had said, 'If by thy grace they shall have emptied themselves of their own will, and feelings, and self-love, they shall be filled with thy Holy Spirit.'" At this brief instruction all present were highly edified.

While exhorting his brethren one day to shun all idle talk, he drew their attention to this homely example. "Dearest brothers, you see that no matter how high the psalm be pitched in the choir, the voices gradually and almost imperceptibly fall again. Even so, as often as we begin to speak of holy things, owing to the frailty of our nature, we come down again by degrees to idle talk. But the good religious, when he detects this failing, should do like the cantor in the choir who raises the tone at the proper places. When the fervent religious finds that idle words are creeping into his conversation, he ought to bring in appropriately some story or spiritual maxim, and so ward off in time what might prove hurtful. In the same way when we see that through the weakness of the flesh we are gradually slipping down, not merely in speech, but in our common fervour, we ought mutually to uplift one another."

A Saxon noble stole a cow belonging to Master Jordan's mother, and not long after this the nobleman's son was admitted by the Master into the Order. But when the friends and retainers came to complain

of this, and chided him sharply for having taken away their master's son, he made them this pleasant reply: "You know of the good old custom in Saxony, that when any wrong has been done to a woman no one deems it unfair for her son to avenge the injury she has sustained." To this they all nodded their assent. "Well," said he, "since your master injured my mother by robbing her of her cow, what wrong have I done him, think you, in walking off with his calf?"

When he was beyond the seas, before he had quite mastered the French language some Knights Templars from France asked him to give them a sermon, and this is the simple way in which he got over the difficulty. Wishing them to understand from the very outset that he knew but little French, and trusting, by means of an occasional word in that tongue, they might gather the meaning of a long sentence in German, he stood with his back to a wall of about his own height, and began—"Brethren, supposing an ass were standing on the other side of this wall, and were simply to raise his head high enough for you to see one of his big ears, we should all conclude rightly that a whole ass was there, for so we would take in the whole by means of a part. And so, too, it often comes to pass that a whole phrase is gathered from one short word slipped into the middle of a long German sentence."

When on his way home to his convent with a fresh batch of novices, as they were all saying Compline together, one of them fell to laughing, and the rest catching on joined in right heartily. Upon this one of the blessed Master's companions made a sign for them to be quiet, which only set them off laughing heartier than ever. When the blessing had been given at the end of Compline, the Master turning to this friar rebuked him sharply: "Brother, who made you their master? What right have you to take them to task?" Then addressing the

novices very gently, he said, "Laugh to your hearts' content, my dearest children, and don't stop on that man's account. You have my full leave, and it is only right that you should laugh after breaking from the devil's thraldom, and bursting the shackles in which he held you fast these many years past. Laugh on, then, and be as merry as you please, my darling sons." They were all much relieved on hearing him say so, and never again indulged in a hearty laugh without a good reason.

In one of his sermons in Paris, as he was denouncing the folly of those who continue living in mortal sin, it occurred to him that in the holy Scriptures sin is called the gate of death. Presently he cried aloud: "If any one of you were to come day after day to our convent, and always met the same scholar sitting in the porch, to-day, to-morrow, and for many days together, would it not strike you that he was evidently bent on joining our Order? Very well, then, think you not that those who tarry at hell's gates will some fine day or other find themselves inside."

Here are a few of his homely sayings to his brethren: "Just as the mason in repairing a shattered wall takes out some of the stones which were hidden away, and after refacing them puts them back in some prominent place, so ought a prudent superior to do in sending out his subjects. At one time he should force some to become more active who want to remain in the background, and check others who are too eager in coming to the fore."

And again: "If I had paid as much heed to any branch of learning as I have done to that saying of the apostle, '*I am become all things to all men*,' I should long since have proved a master in that faculty. It has always been my aim to adapt myself to the ways of others, and not to differ from them, as for instance, suiting myself at one time to a soldier, at another to a religious, now to a cleric, and again to the tempted."

In his zeal for reclaiming an apostate he first consulted his brethren, but there was one who would not give his consent. Then the holy Master answered: "What if this man has been guilty of many crimes, he will in all probability commit as many more except he be reclaimed." Still the brother would not yield, upon which the Master said impressively: "Ah, brother, if you had shed but one drop of your blood for this poor man, as Christ has given the whole of his, you would look on the affair very differently." At this truly touching appeal the other fell on his knees to beg pardon, and readily gave his consent.

One of his brethren being full of scruples at the thought of the many benefactions he shared in, and for which it seemed to him impossible to make fitting return only by prayers, the venerable father solved his difficulty in this simple manner. "Since spiritual things are priceless when compared with earthly ones, it stands to sense that they infinitely surpass them, and outweigh them beyond all reckoning. Know then for a certainty that you have fully discharged your obligations in return for all the alms you have received, or shall ever receive, if you but say one *Our Father* devoutly."

Every now and then he used to preach again some old sermon, and when people found fault with it, he would gaily retort: "Suppose, now, one of you had gathered pleasant herbs and had made of them a right tasty drink, think you he would do wisely to throw them away at once and begin without delay to gather more?"

One of the brothers on being proclaimed in chapter for having shaken hands with a woman, excused himself by saying that she was a person of fair fame. Thereupon Master Jordan, who was presiding, made this curt reply: "Rain is good, and earth is good, yet mingled they form mud. In similar fashion, though the hands of men and women are

both good, yet evil may arise in thought and affection if they are brought together."

Another religious asked him whether it was more profitable to occupy himself continually in prayer, or in studying the holy Scriptures. This was his last rejoinder: "Which do you deem to be the better of the two, to be always eating, or always drinking? To my mind they are best taken in turn, and so is it with regard to prayer and study." The other then asked him to point out the best means for praying well. "Good brother," said the blessed Master, "those means are the best which prompt us to readiest compunction, so use them without stint, for what stirs your affections most will most benefit your prayer."

THE END OF PART THIRD

PART FOURTH

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER

CHAPTER I

FERVOUR OF OUR FIRST BRETHREN

FOR the renewal of fervour in the present day, and the uplifting of our minds from earthly to heavenly things, and that prayer and regular observance may continue to flourish in our midst, we propose to recount some examples of the fervour of our first brethren, which are well worthy of imitation.

Words cannot express the spirit of religious fervour which pervaded the Order in the days of our holy fathers Dominic and Jordan. Wherever we turn our eyes the same scene offers itself. There you might have beheld some who, after their daily confession, bewailed with deep-drawn sighs their own sins and those of others, while others again prolonged their nightly vigils until daybreak, rousing their flagging energies by countless genuflections. Seldom, if ever, was the church to be found without watchers, and as a result, when anyone was wanted by the porter he was surer of finding him praying in the choir than elsewhere. A pious religious tells us that in a very short space of time he heard the confessions of over one hundred brethren, sixty of whom he found had kept baptismal innocence of mind and body, a grace they could not have preserved without much fervent prayer and religious watchfulness, which are the special safeguards of purity of heart. Others were so eager for contemplation and so fervent, that seldom did they rise from prayer without having first obtained some special grace from God. One tells us how he could never sleep at night until he had first watered his couch with his tears. Another relates that as he stood in prayer before the

altar at Bologna, he saw one of his brethren rapt in spirit and uplifted bodily from the ground.

In those days they looked forward to the hour of Compline as to a festival, and directly the signal was given they hastened to the choir from all parts of the convent, lovingly commending themselves to each other's prayers. Then, when the office was finished, and the parting greeting had been devoutly paid to the Queen of the universe and special advocate of the Order, they gave themselves up to severe disciplines. After this they visited all the altars in turn, prostrating themselves humbly before each, and shedding such lamentable tears that, had you been standing near, you might have mistaken it for the mourning at some great funeral. Many were so touched on hearing or seeing the like that they gave themselves to the Order. This done, far from retiring to rest, some withdrew into the chapter-house, others to the more retired corners of the cloisters or church, where, after rigidly examining their consciences, they disciplined themselves with rods and scourges so that the sound could be heard some way off. After matins some betook themselves to their books, fewer to their beds, most hastened at once to prepare for their daily confession, before offering up the holy mysteries. At daybreak the bell rang for the saying of mass, whereupon several ran to each priest for the favour of being allowed to serve, and often a holy contention would arise as to whom he had first asked to do this holy duty.

Who shall tell of their devotion to the blessed Virgin! When the matins of her office had been devoutly recited they hastened lovingly to her altar, so that not a moment of time might be wasted which could be devoted to prayer. After Matins and Compline they girt her altar in a triple row, and kneeling thus they fervently commended themselves and the Order to her protection. They had her image

and her Son's in their cells, so that whether reading, or praying, or sleeping, they might cast loving glances upon them.

They exchanged mutual kind deeds in the infirmary, hospice, or at table, even stooping to wash each other's feet, and deeming him happiest who forestalled the others in such charitable offices. Oh, how often did they strip themselves of their cloaks and scapulars to bestow them on brethren whose faces they had very likely never seen before. Such joy and fervour beamed on their faces as they waited on each other, that they seemed to be serving God and his angels instead of men. One was so overcome with sweetness of spirit that in the joy of his heart he used to kiss the very knives he was cleaning. In those days they were all wonderfully rigid in keeping the silence. One abstained from drinking for eight days, while another used to pour cold water over his food to deprive it of all relish. A third, during the whole of Lent, drank only once a day, and never spoke a word unless he were addressed. Many seldom tasted the dishes set before them, while others, more anxious to avoid notice, were content to deny themselves every day some portion of their food.

In the pursuit of their apostolic ministry for which the Order had been intended from the beginning, God poured out upon them such marvellous zeal and fervour that many could not eat without qualms of conscience unless they had preached that day to many or to a few, and in this matter the Holy Ghost made good, by inward unction, whatever was wanting to them in acquired knowledge. They often drew many to conversion by the simple text of the seven canonical hours, which, together with St Matthew's Gospel, St Dominic used frequently to expound to them.

When the General Chapter held in Paris decreed that some of our brethren should be sent to the

Holy Land,* Master Jordan in the course of his address told them that all who were willing to go should intimate the same to him. He had hardly finished speaking before all were lying in prostration on the ground before him, entreating with tears to be sent to that country which our Lord's blood had hallowed. Brother Peter of Rheims,† who was then Provincial of France, was so moved at the sight that he rose from his seat and prostrated himself with the rest, and cried out to Master Jordan: "Good Master, either put all these beloved brethren under my care, or send me with them, for I am ready to join myself with them until death."

Pope Innocent‡ having bidden the Provincial of France to send some of his brethren to preach among the Cuman Tartars, in hopes that abundant fruits might be reaped among them, on the announcement of this decree in the Provincial Chapter so many and such distinguished friars offered themselves for the task that it came to be known as "the chapter of tears." Nor was it without good cause, for some wanted to be sent, and begged the favour with tears, while others grieved over the departure of brethren, whom they loved well, to such incredible hardships and martyrdom; here one group wept for joy on getting the coveted permission, there another bewailed their misfortune in being refused.

On his elevation to the mastership of the Order, Brother Humbert commanded all the brethren to acquaint him with the names of those who were willing to learn the tongues of barbarous people, and cross the seas to spread the name of Christ. Who can fully give the numbers, the rank, or the far-distant countries of those who offered themselves for the

* 1230.

† Quetif., i, p. 115.

‡ Innocent IV, February 20, 1253 (*Bull. Ord.*, i, p. 226). Humbert being Provincial (1244–1254), he was elected Master-General in 1254 (*cf.* Denifle, i. p. 317). His letters here referred to are dated 1256.

task, entreating him by the death of the Son of God, and by the blood which he shed, to send them forth, since they were all ready to suffer death for the sake of bearing the faith and glory of salvation to such heathens!

But oh! what pen can fittingly describe their fervour, not merely in Bologna, but the world over, when the body of our holy father St Dominic was taken up, as was manifest in their preaching and recurring miracles!* Wherefore we leave it in his hands "*who knoweth all things fully and doeth all things well, who is blessed for evermore. Amen.*"

CHAPTER II

THEIR RIGOROUS DISCIPLINE AND PERFECTION IN ALL VIRTUES

So exacting were they regarding the correction of faults, more especially the fault of possessing even the merest trifle, that the least transgression in giving or getting was severely punished. Hence it happened that a certain brother having accepted a garment of poor stuff without permission, Brother Reginald of blessed memory disciplined him severely in the chapter, and had the garment burnt before them all in the cloister. But as the brother instead of humbling himself and acknowledging his fault broke out into open murmurs, the man of God bade him prepare for further chastisement. When this was done, lifting up his tearful eyes to heaven, he exclaimed: "O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst impart to thy servant Benedict† power to dislodge the devil's shaft from the heart of one of his monks by the rod of discipline, grant I pray thee that by means of this scourging the temptation of Satan may be chased from out this brother's heart." After this he beat him so severely that those round him were

* Berthier, pp. 46-48.

† St Gregory's *Dialogue*, Bk. 2, chap. iv.

moved to tears. Then that brother rising up cried out: "Father, indeed I am very grateful to you; you have undoubtedly driven the devil out of me, for I felt as it were a serpent going sensibly from within me;" and having thus begun well he afterwards became a very fervent and humble religious.

Another who had yielded to the temptation of abandoning his state, and had been caught in the act of running away, was brought before Master Reginald in the chapter-house at Bologna. After he had humbly confessed his fault the Master bade him get ready, and then beat him severely, now commanding the devil to go out of him, and then begging the others to pray for him, hoping thus by prayer and penance to expel Satan from his heart. After some time the brother cried out: "Stop, father, and hear me: I assure you the devil is driven out of me, and I promise to be faithful for the time to come." At this all the brethren with joy gave thanks to God, and the brother kept to his resolve.

As one of the brethren was on his way in the fulfilment of some obedience, he met St Dominic, who was then returning home from one of his missions. After interchanging a few words, the saint, knowing in spirit that all was not going on well with him, enquired whether he had any money about him. Seeing he was found out, the brother owned that he had; whereupon the blessed Father told him to throw it away, and gave him a suitable penance.

CHAPTER III

THEIR HEROIC HUMILITY

MANY notable instances of the humility, obedience, and other virtues of Friar Giles of Spain,* who was a man of high standing and rare virtue in the Order and in the world, are recorded by Master Humbert

* Beatified by Benedict XIV. Died May 14, 1265 (Quetif., i, p. 241).

who was during many years his companion and bosom friend in the convent at Paris. Many a time when he was confined to the infirmary he would slip out to the cells while the brothers were at their lectures, and tidy up such as he found in disorder. In like manner he would perform the most menial offices in the infirmary, and although he had formerly been a skilful physician, yet he always thankfully took what medicines were given him, even though of the most contrary kinds. Whenever anyone needed his help he at once laid everything else aside and put himself joyfully at his neighbour's disposal, teaching others by word and example that not only should corporal works be put on one side for the sake of brotherly love, but even prayer and works of piety. He injured no one, and readily obeyed every behest of superiors, so that his whole life was given to prayer, spiritual reading, catechising, and devout contemplation, thus utterly despising all less profitable studies. Although profoundly learned, he loved above all things to listen to the lives of the saints, and used often to quote from them, while his chief delight was to pass over self for others, notably in the ministry of preaching. His whole life was a subject of edification to all, for it stirred them to fresh sentiments of love for their Order, for holy poverty, and true obedience. Novices going to him with their difficulties always came away comforted. Although delicate by nature, and infirm in his latter days, he was always attentive to the sick, whom he enlivened by his pleasantries of speech. He used to advise them not to put over much trust in medicines, but to look more to our Lord, bidding them, however, take what was set before them and all would go well with them, since grace is stronger than nature, and Christ mightier than Galen. When idle conversation was started he would keep silent awhile, and then very quietly say a few words about God and holy things. In this way he brought the

offender back to some more becoming topic, and idle talk seldom tarried in his company, nor could it be shown that he had spoken a single idle word in a whole twelvemonth. He never quitted the post assigned him by superiors, save from necessity or when his neighbour's welfare seemed to call for it. Many a time he was so rapt in devout thought as to appear quite unaware of visitors' presence in the infirmary, and on waking from his reverie—as if returning from another world—he would stand up and greet them as though they had newly come. In the letter which he wrote from Spain to Master Humbert, he described how the hearts of saints are even in this life illuminated by an inner light, even as their bodily eyes are by the outward sunbeams, a statement he could scarcely have been emboldened to make had he not experienced it in himself. The companion of his journeys tells us how he often saw him caught up in sudden rapture as he sat by the roadside, without paying the slightest heed to what was going on around him, and when he came to himself again he would lament with deep groans the withdrawal of those heavenly favours.

An upright and fervent friar, who had served the Lord during many years in great purity of heart without experiencing any of those comforts and delights of which he had heard and read, as he stood one night before a great crucifix in the church began fretfully to complain thus to our Lord: "Lord, I have heard that thou excellest all creatures in pity and goodness: behold I have served thee these many years past, '*keeping to the rough path because of the words of thy lips*,' giving myself entirely to thee, and striving with my whole heart to observe the rules of my Order. Still I feel convinced that if I had served the most exacting of task-masters but one-quarter of the time, he would have shown me some token of good-will, by a kindly word, or a favour bestowed, imparting some secret, or at least by an ap-

proving smile, while thou, Lord, hast not vouchsafed any heavenly sweetness, nor given me the slightest token of favour. Thou who art sweetness itself art bitter to me, and harder than the most callous of masters. What is the meaning of all this, and what can be the cause of it?"

As he repeated these and other presumptuous words, suddenly a great crash was heard as if the church were falling in, while overhead resounded the noise as of a pack of wolves trying to tear off the church roof. Sorely frightened and trembling in every limb, he looked round and saw a hideous monster standing close by, who with uplifted club smote him to the ground. All maimed and in agony of pain he crawled to an altar hard by, where the stress of his pains forced him to lie, and there he was discovered next morning by the brethren, utterly helpless and suffering severely. Not knowing what had happened, they bore him off to the infirmary, where for three weeks he lay prostrate, his body meanwhile becoming so offensive that hardly anyone could go near him. At last he began to mend, and when cured of his distemper of body and arrogance of soul, he went back to the spot where he had merited wrath, in the hopes of there obtaining pardon of his sin. There he put up this prayer: "Lord, '*I have sinned against heaven and before thee*' (St Luke xv 18), and I own that I am not deserving of thy mercies or unwonted favours; thou hast smitten me in thy justice and mercifully healed me." Prone upon the pavement, thrice he most earnestly and supplantly begged pardon for his previous foolish thoughts and words; then presently a voice sounded in his ears: "If you would enjoy comforts and spiritual sweetness, you must first become as vile in your own eyes as the worm and the dirt which you tread beneath your feet. He took heart from the words, got up, and after due thanks to God, lovingly and eagerly from that hour espoused holy humility.

He himself told the whole affair to the Master of the Order, and lived afterwards to attain high perfection, and hold rank of office among his brethren.

Another incident can be told which befell a German friar. Enlightened by grace this man began to realise the thought of his own nothingness, and to contemplate God's mercies. As he pondered over these words of Wisdom, "*She went down with him into the pit*" (x 13), and called to mind how our Lord had stood by him in so many perils, he became all inflamed with divine love, and carried away by the excess of his devotion. For three whole days and nights he lay languishing with love, neither eating nor drinking, beyond a little which the brethren poured into his mouth with a spoon. At last he attained such perfect peace of soul that nothing could ever ruffle him in the least degree.

CHAPTER IV

THEIR VIRTUE OF CHASTITY

A DEPRAVED woman, under the mask of piety, for a long while had evil designs on a friar of the Order, who was guileless in soul and comely in body. Under some plausible pretext she got him to her chamber, carefully veiling her wicked intent. As he sat there innocently conversing for some time, her deceit had to unmask itself, for never an improper thought crossed his mind. Presently, a suspicion of her intentions broke upon him; straightway he started up and fled like a scared deer. All this was kept a profound secret, but it chanced that at that very time Master Jordan went to visit a possessed man in the hope of delivering him by prayer. On his adjuring the devil to go out of the man, Satan replied that he would not depart until that friar should appear who had stood in the midst of fire and come out of it unscathed. Now as he kept on repeating the same thing without mentioning

anyone in particular, the bystanders were thoroughly perplexed, and knew not how to proceed; still, believing the blessed Master to be a very holy man they asked him to repeat his visit from time to time. It so chanced that on his third visit this very friar was his companion, and no sooner had he arrived than the devil went out with a terrible cry. It was only when the brother heard of the devil's words from the Master's lips that he told him the whole story.

We have heard it related of Brother Dominic of Spain,* who was at one time St Dominic's companion, that after the players and loose characters were driven away from the royal court through his efforts,† a handsome courtesan was bribed by the rest to tempt him violently under the pretence of going to confession. But the holy man, detecting the fraud, made this reply: "I am waxing old and indifferent, come again to-morrow and I will have everything in readiness." Then he prepared a huge fire, and, lying down in his habit amid the flames, invited her to bear him company. Terrified beyond measure at such heroic virtue, and observing that his body and even his habit were unscathed by the fire, she was moved to sorrow for her sin, and crying aloud, brought many to witness the miracle. Divers other friars I have known and heard of, who, girt with the cincture of chastity, escaped from dangers of this kind, but let what has been said suffice.

One good friar was driven to such straits that he was threatened with instant death by the sword if he did not consent to sin. He escaped the danger to soul and body, and kept the fair name of the Order intact, by the constancy of his virtue and his ready wit. "Woman," he replied, "you must know that I wear an iron chain and a hair cloth: let

* Berthier, p. 16. Dominic of Spain, or the Little, one of the earliest of St Dominic's companions, with the saint before the Order was begun; died in 1230.

† Alphonsus of Castille.

me at least go to lay them aside." By this device he was suffered to depart, and so escaped the craft of the enemy.

CHAPTER V

THEIR FERVENT PRAYER

A GERMAN friar, distinguished for his piety, who from an early age had been in the habit of revering and compassionating our Lord's wounds and sufferings, used frequently to salute those wounds, five times a day, thus: "*We adore thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, and we bless thee, since by thy cross thou hast redeemed the world.*" At each salutation he would entreat our Lord to fill him with his holy love and fear. He tells us how Christ once appeared, and let him taste such marvellous and surpassing sweetness from each of his sacred wounds, that thenceforth all worldly joys and pleasures became bitter as gall to him. He was, moreover, in the habit of honouring the blessed Virgin, paying his daily homage to that heart which had so believed in Christ, and devoutly venerating the womb which bore him, the breasts which nourished him, and the hands which once tended upon him. He would prostrate himself in spirit before each, and say a Hail Mary in devout memory of those virtues which had won for her the sublime dignity of being the Mother of God—that is to say, her faith, humility, charity, chastity, mildness, and patience; beseeching her at the same time to obtain for him these same virtues from our Lord. One Saturday the blessed Virgin appeared to him and endowed him with those very virtues which he had held in such singular veneration, and which he used daily to ask of her. From that moment he put aside all study and other pursuits, and gave himself up entirely to prayer, in which he experienced singular delight. But his brethren, noting his conduct, accused him of making himself

unfit for the duties of the Order by not applying himself to study, whereupon he asked our Lord to turn some of that delight into knowledge, so that he might benefit the souls of others to the glory of his name. His suit was granted, for his scanty store of learning was so increased that he preached fluently in German and Latin, and was endowed with a rare understanding.

While one of our English brethren, a lector in theology and a good preacher, was supping with the family of a soldier, the house unexpectedly took fire. From the scarcity of water and difficulty in getting help the flames spread rapidly. While his companion was bustling about and adding to the general uproar, this brother threw himself on his knees, and by his prayers not merely checked but extinguished the fire, and so utterly, too, that not a trace of it could be seen. He secretly communicated this prodigy to the Master of the Order, neither exaggerating it through vain-glory, nor yet unprofitably concealing it, but to no one else did he breathe a word about it.

A heavy downpour of rain once overtook two of our brethren while journeying to a distant convent, in joyful fulfilment of an obedience. In dismay they said to one another: "Peradventure this act of obedience does not find favour with God." As they could find no shelter, one of them called to mind how St Dominic* had miraculously turned aside a like storm from himself and his companion, so, regaining confidence, he made the sign of the cross against the angry clouds and began to pray. The descending torrent parted at once, falling to their right and left, and so they held on untouched for over a league, nor did so much as a single drop fall on them, although they watched it falling heavily on either hand.

A Spanish soldier who had taken the cross and kept

* Berthier, p. 31.

putting off the fulfilment of his vow, died, and appeared soon after to his son bearing a very heavy cross, and besought him to have pity upon him. The son, who was a youth of excellent parts, gathering from this that his father was suffering because of his vow, took up the cross in his stead. Coming to Bologna, on his way to embark at Brindisi, he met several of his companions there who had joined the Order, and who, on learning the object of his journey, exhorted him to take up the cross in the way they had done, assuring him that the brethren's prayers and the holy sacrifice of the altar were the speediest means of bringing souls to perpetual light and rest. He consented, and being now a friar himself, began readily and devoutly to serve the brethren while they were saying mass, humbly requesting them to remember his father's soul. About the same time Brother Albert went to preach in Florence, where the devil was then manifesting secret and even future events by the mouth of a possessed man. Amongst other marvels which he recounted to the bystanders, he said that the Friars Preachers, who were so devout to God and his holy Mother, inflicted grievous injury on him and his from their preaching, by drawing people to confession, through their prayers and the holy sacrifice. He then told of a Spanish soldier, slain in the wars, who had been delivered by their prayers, mentioning every point in detail of the son's vow and after-history. Not knowing of the occurrence at the time, Brother Albert paid little heed to his words, but after returning to Bologna as he was one day conversing with the brethren with this same novice present, he happened to hear a great disturbance in the church made by a possessed man who was being dragged along to St Dominic's altar, so he told the whole story just as he heard it related in Florence. The Spanish novice was overjoyed at hearing of his father's deliverance, recounted the vow of his father, and his

own vow, and from that time became more attached than ever to his Order.

Two others who had finished their theological studies in Paris and were journeying homewards to their own province, came to the outlying country which skirts Poitiers. Now as they had been on the road from dawn until past mid-day they were both of them hungry and footsore, yet there was only one straggling hamlet in sight, where the folk were few and poor. There the wearier of the two wanted to halt and beg their bread from door to door, while the hungrier brother was in favour of pushing on to a more thriving village, lest they should faint altogether on the road if they fared badly where they were. To this the weary one replied: "Good brother, cannot God provide enough for us in this humble village?" To whom the other answered: "No doubt he can, but such is not his usual way of dealing." "Have no fear on that score," said the first, "for our Lord will undoubtedly provide for all our wants." As he was yet speaking there drove up the chatelaine of St Maxence,* a wealthy and noble lady, and her son, with a number of attendants. Noting their weary and hungry looks, she turned to her son and said: "Son, by your love for God and myself, get down and help those poor brethren." At her bidding the young man leapt down from his seat, and getting out several freshly made fish pies, made ready for his mother's use, and plenty of bread and wine and cheese, he spread them out and invited the brothers to make a hearty meal, as being poor and having a long way yet before them they would find it hard to get accommodated elsewhere. When they had eaten their fill the older said to his companion: "Let us now commend our generous benefactor to God's protection, that he may watch over him and bring him to life everlasting." They knelt down side by side and said the *Veni Creator*

* Just south of Poitiers.

with the *Our Father* and prayer, and after taking their leave of him, and repeatedly commending him to God's care, held on their way.

Some considerable time after this, as one of them was returning from Spain to assist at the General Chapter in Paris, he found the same young man in the noviciate at Poitiers,* and in astonishment asked the prior where that novice came from. On learning that he was none other than the chatelaine's son he called him aside, and asked: "Do you remember, brother, how you once at your mother's bidding fed two of our brethren who were journeying from Paris?" "Right well do I remember it," said the novice, "and what is more, I thank God for it now, since in answer to their prayers he gave me a vocation to their Order." Then the friar rejoined: "Learn now that I was one of the two, and from that day we often prayed together that you might have a happy life and a blessed end." We have this account from the pen of Brother Giles of Portugal, a man of the greatest holiness and attainments, for he was one of the two, and was afterwards Provincial of Spain.

A holy and venerable brother of the English Province named Richard,† during the illness of which he died, was caught up to the judgement seat and heard the blessed Virgin complain of some who said her office negligently, hurriedly, and irreverently. After this he heard our Lord Jesus Christ say: "Let us send this man back to his brethren to warn them against the like." Regaining consciousness the sick man raised himself up and told the brethren what he had heard, exhorting them to say the hours of Mary the Queen of Heaven with still greater devotion: and so saying he slept in the Lord.

Another aged brother of devout life relates that while the brothers were saying the matins of her

* Founded 1219.

† Possibly Fishacre, of Oxford, a voluminous writer and lecturer; died 1248 (Denifle, *Archiv*, ii, p. 234; Quetif., i, p. 118).

office, he saw the blessed Virgin accompanied by two maidens come to the dormitory door and say: "Take courage, take courage, brave men!" This he told the prior, so that he might exhort the brethren to still greater devotion towards the blessed Virgin, and the fervent recital of her office.

CHAPTER VI

THEIR PRACTICE OF CONFESSION

THERE was a friar in the convent of Langres* who had kept his baptismal innocence, and who on account of the cleanness of heart which he preserved in the world and in the cloister, did not go to confession twice or thrice a week as the others did, but only once a fortnight, or once a month. One night it seemed to him that he was caught up to the judgement seat, where on the top of a high hill he saw Christ enthroned with the blessed Virgin by his side. In the valley below stood the whole world, and all had to come up one by one and stand before the judge, at whose sentence some were led off to the torments of hell, others to everlasting joys, and others again to purgatory. When the brother stood before the judge in his turn he was condemned to the pains of purgatory. Upon this the blessed Virgin began to plead his cause, saying: "Son and Lord, why dost thou send him there? He is but a tender youth and cannot endure its torments: besides he is clean in the flesh, and is a member of that Order which has rendered such great services to thee and to me." "I sent him there," said Christ, "because he so seldom confessed: however, at thy entreaty I will spare him this once." Returning to himself the brother repaired his fault, and told the vision to many.

While another of our religious was standing in

* Founded 1230.

prayer before the altar at Bologna, the devil, seizing him, dragged him violently across the pavement to the middle of the church. Hearing him cry out, more than thirty brethren who were praying in the church at the time ran to his aid, and seeing him dragged along tried to hold him back, but to no purpose. Terrified at the sight, they sprinkled him with holy water, again to no purpose, while an older friar who tried to check him was dragged along in the same way. He was at last with difficulty brought to St Nicholas' altar, and on the arrival of Master Reginald confessed a mortal sin he had concealed in confession, and was forthwith freed. Wonderful indeed was their fidelity to the silence, which after Compline is always rigorously enforced, for during all that terrible commotion not a single word was spoken.

One of our brethren of the Roman Province, who in the world had taken pleasure in singing and listening to coarse songs and ditties without ever mentioning it in his confessions, being laid low upon a bed of sickness, heard these same airs constantly ringing in his ears, but the old feeling of delight was now changed into trouble and vexation of spirit. Although very weak in body he got up one day and went to where the prior, who was also in the infirmary, was lying, and telling him of the affair, confessed all his early follies. With the absolution he was rid of the troublesome refrains, which never more returned.

Another friar, who belonged to the Province of Lombardy, a man of remarkable piety, and holding high office among his brethren, tells us how, when he was a novice at Bologna in the time of St Dominic, and as he lay asleep one night on the pavement before the altar, he heard a voice bidding him go and get his tonsure renewed. Waking at once he understood this to be a caution for him to make his confession over again, and to go more fully into the particulars

of his faults. He made his confession afresh at St Dominic's feet with abundant sorrow and more exactly than before. Again he slept, and dreamt he saw an angel come down from heaven bearing a beautiful golden crown in his hands, and singling him out from the rest, put it upon his head.*

There was a sick brother of the convent at Narbonne† who wanted to make his confession, but the prior would have him put it off until after vespers and the procession, as it was our Lady's Assumption day. The brother, however, pleaded: "Nay, father, but I cannot wait, let me confess at once, for by God's gracious invitation and command I shall join his blessed Mother and the angels in to-day's procession." He made his confession at once, and a little later fell asleep in the Lord.

A novice of Lausanne,‡ after making what he judged to be a good and careful confession, saw the devil in human form standing before him on the eve of his communion, who thus mocked him: "You fancy you have made a good confession, but for all that there is much written down in this paper which makes you mine." Then the brother wanted to see it, but the devil, being unwilling, fled away and seemed to stumble over a stoup of holy water at the door, and dropping the paper, disappeared. The novice examined it, and actually found written on it sins he had forgotten. He confessed them with much sorrow in the morning, and thus was the devil's trick to discourage him turned by God's mercy to his advantage. It was the novice's confessor, a holy and trustworthy man, who made it known to the Master of the Order.

* Friars Ventura and Stephen of Spain were both novices at Bologna under St Dominic; both became provincials of Lombardy. The story may relate to one or other of them (*Analecta*, i, p. 272).

† Founded 1220.

‡ Founded 1230.

CAUSES WHICH LED MANY TO EMBRACE THE HOLY RULE

CHAPTER VII

(1) THE THOUGHT OF EMPTINESS OF HUMAN PLEASURES

MASTER ROLAND of Cremona, of whom mention was made in the First Part, after being present with his friends at a grand banquet, decked out in very costly attire, and having spent the whole day in pleasure, began to enter seriously into himself when evening was come and the day's folly over. Moved inwardly by divine grace, he rebuked himself in the following terms: "What has become now of the pleasure of our feasting, and has not our carousal come to a speedy end with our laughter?" For a long while he pondered over the fleeting nature of all worldly pleasures, and how speedily they are turned into bitterness. On the morrow he took himself to the Order, wherein he became famed for holiness and learning, and toiled zealously during many years in God's service.

CHAPTER VIII

(2) THE PIETY OF THE BRETHREN

A PRIEST who lodged close by the friars in Paris, as he lay in bed one Saturday night, heard them chanting aloud the matins of the blessed Virgin's office. Touched by grace he began to upbraid himself: "Wretch that I am, here I lie at my ease in bed while they are praising God." In the early morning he betook himself to St James' convent, and humbly sued to be received to the holy habit.

While the brethren in Bologna were taking the discipline after Compline, an evil-minded scholar

set himself to peep through a chink in the door, but instead of deriving edification, only made it an occasion of mocking. Then he hurried off to a companion and urged him to come and have a look as well. "Come along," said he, "and I will let you see the greatest simpletons in the whole world; I mean the Friars Preachers, for they whip themselves as if they were so many mules, and tear their own bodies." The other was only moved to compassion on hearing of it, and begged that he might be allowed to see it. Next evening the fellow brought him to the spot and told him to see for himself what those silly men were doing. As the youth gazed on that strange spectacle, not from mockery or curiosity, but from feelings of devotion, his heart melted, and in self-reproach he cried out: "If these holy men chastise themselves so sharply for God's sake, what is likely to become of a poor sinner like me!" Moved by the divine goodness he chose to follow their manner of life.

CHAPTER IX

(3) THE WORD OF GOD

WHEN Brother Reginald, the former Dean of Orleans, was preaching with great success at Bologna,* and drawing many clerics of note to the Order, Master Moneta, who was then a professor in the arts, and famous all over Lombardy, began to fear lest he should be captivated by his eloquence: so he tried to keep away from him as far as possible, and strove by word and example to stop his own students from attending the sermons. Some of them tried one St Stephen's Day to get him to go with them to the sermon, and not having an excuse to offer he consented, but on condition that they should hear mass

*. *Cf.* Quetif., i, p. 122; Denifle, *Archiv*, ii, p. 232. Reginald was in Bologna December 21, 1218, till October 11, 1219. Hence the conversion took place on the Feast of St Stephen, December 26, and he became a friar at the end of 1219 or beginning of 1220.

first at St Proclus. They set off, and under his persuasion heard three masses, in order that he might spend the time and escape the sermon. On finally coming to the friars' church they found that Master Reginald had not yet finished, but from the crowd which filled the building Moneta had to stand in the doorway of the porch, and was captivated by the first words he heard: "Lo, I see the heavens open," cried the preacher, "they are open to-day that we may enter in: whoever will may pass in through those open portals. Sluggards, look at them and tremble, lest the gates be closed before your eyes and you enter not, you who shut out God from your hearts and tongues and hands. Why, then, do you delay, for lo, the gates are open?" When the sermon was over Master Moneta sought out Brother Reginald, and falling at his knees unfolded his whole life and behaviour, and made his religious profession there and then. He wore his secular dress, by dispensation, for one year more, on account of the many obstacles in the way, and as hitherto he had proved a hindrance to many, so now he began to draw numbers to the service of God and to the Order. He brought them to our brethren's sermons, and led now one and then another to the noviciate, renewing his own profession in each. When he at last put on the holy habit, words cannot describe his singularly holy life, and the proficiency he attained in preaching and teaching, and putting down heresy.

One of our most famous brethren* was sent in his youth to the schools in Paris, and meeting there the Order of Preachers, which had just sprung into existence, called to mind how the Carthusian monks, who used sometimes to stay in his father's house, had often prayed for him to die either among themselves or in the Order of Preachers. Now although

* B. Humbert de Romans, the fifth Master-General, Provincial of France 1244–1254; *cf.* Berthier, *Opera B. Humberti*, i, pp. 1–25 (Rome, 1888).

by the help of grace he seldom fell into sin, and even wore a hair cloth occasionally for his spiritual advancement, gave alms, was present at the divine offices in the church and functions on holidays, and went every day to hear the sermon in the church of Notre Dame, still he never felt drawn by Master Jordan's preaching nor by any one else's sermons to become a religious in any Order at all. After graduating in the arts he entered on a course of Canon Law, and without the knowledge of his friends attended the morning school of theology. Chancing one holiday to remain behind after vespers in his own parish church, that he might assist privately at the office of the dead, when the other scholars were gone out, the parish priest came up to him while the lessons were being read, and this conversation took place: "Friend, may I ask whether you are one of my flock?" "I believe I am," said the youth, mentioning where he lodged. "Since, then, you belong to me," continued the priest, "I shall open my mind to you. Do you remember what promises you made to God in baptism?" "No; what promises did I make?" asked the student. "You promised to renounce Satan with all his works and pomps; for when the priest who baptised you asked you whether you abjured him, your sponsors who held you in their arms made answer in your name and said, '*I do renounce him*.'" "But why do you put this question to me now?" asked the student. "The reason for my making the enquiry," said the priest, "is because there are many students who for long years put up with great privations and hardships here in Paris, in prosecuting their studies, and yet the end of all their study is only one of Satan's pomps. In their hearts they are saying to themselves: 'When you shall have studied in Paris and become a master in your faculty, you will return home famous, and be reputed a great theologian: benefices will be presented to you, and no doubt you

will rise to be a dignitary of the Church:' and what is all this, may I ask you, but a pomp of Satan? Beware, friend, of harbouring any such motives in your studies. Think, too, how many priests and professors are daily quitting the world and joining the Jacobin friars,* and you will see that everything after which we aspire in this world is only one of Satan's pomps." As he concluded these words the lesson in the choir ended too, and the solemn response was intoned: "*Woe unto me, O Lord, for I have sinned exceedingly in my life: what will become of me, unhappy man that I am? whither shall I flee for refuge save only unto thee, my God.*" What with the words of the priest's warning and the singing of the choir, it seemed as if two trumpets were sounding in his soul, and the effect was a great compunction of spirit and floods of tears. Going out from thence, wherever he went, he carried with him the memory of those terrible words: "*What will become of me, unhappy man that I am? or whither shall I flee save only unto thee, my God.*" As he turned these things over in his mind, an interior voice seemed to whisper in reply: "Fly to the Friars Preachers at St James'." For some days after, as he went to pray in Notre Dame, such a spirit of fervour and compunction came over him that forthwith despising the world, he betook himself to a friar of his acquaintance at St James', and took his advice about entering the Order after he had paid his debts. He then called upon his professor, who was afterwards known to the world as Cardinal Hugh de St Cher, and acquainted him with his determination, begging him at the same time not to put any hindrance in his way. On hearing this his master thanked God, and assured him of his best wishes for success: "Learn, besides, that I have made the same resolve, but am at present only hindered by my pressing business from carrying

* The Dominicans of Paris were so called from their noted convent of St James, which stood until the Great Revolution.

it out, since it demands my fullest attention. Go with confidence, and be assured that I shall follow you." The student then entered the Order on St Andrew's Day, and in the next Lent Master Hugh followed his example, taking the habit on the feast of St Peter's chair.*

When Master Jordan was preaching at Vercelli,† which was then a resort of scholars, during the first few days of his stay he drew thirteen men of note in the schools, besides others, to the Order. At that same time Master Walter of Germany, so renowned for his skill in the physical sciences, was Regent in the arts, whose services had been secured at an enormous outlay. Hearing of Master Jordan's arrival he told his friends and scholars not to mind his instructions: "Beware of attending his sermons," said he, "for like a courtesan he tries to seduce people by his winning address." But now a wonder came to pass, wrought undoubtedly by the right hand of the most High: for he who had done his best to stop others from listening to his words fell the first victim himself, and when from feelings of softness he felt inclined to resist, he would beat his ribs with his clenched fists and say, as if spurring himself onwards, "You shall go: yes, go you shall, notwithstanding all your feelings!" He went, and being admitted, became a model of edification to many.

A cleric of note in that same city, and well read in law, on learning that many of his friends and scholars had joined the friars, at once forgetting self and the open books before him, which he did not even wait to close, and his household goods, set off alone for the convent, like one crazed. Meeting a friend in the street who wanted to know where he was hurrying to at such a pace and without his servant, he replied

* He joined the Dominicans, therefore, February 22, 1226. He was the first Dominican cardinal.

† He preached there in 1229 (when these thirteen entered the Order) and in 1231 (*cf.* Denifle, *Cartul.*, pp. 131, 290).

without even stopping: "I am going to my God." On reaching the spot where the brethren were then staying, for as yet they had no convent in the town, and finding Master Jordan standing among the brethren, he threw off his silk gown, went on his knees, and cried out: "From this hour I belong to God alone." Without further enquiry or delay Master Jordan answered: "Since you belong to God, we then in his name deliver you over to his service;" and raising him up gave him the habit. These two accounts are furnished by one who was present on both occasions, and was himself one of the two mentioned.

Two fellow students* in Paris were in the habit of daily reciting the office of the blessed Virgin, one of whom having made up his mind to enter the Order, used frequently to advise his friend to follow his example. One day as they were saying the vespers of her office together, the one who did not feel so drawn became conscious, all at once, of a peculiar feeling of devotion, and with tears in his eyes said to his companion at the end of the office: "I will no longer refuse your generous proposal, but am ready to go with you at once to that blessed brotherhood to which you have so often pressed me." After attending matins that same evening in Notre Dame, they mutually enquired what had stirred their affections most. "I was most touched by St Gregory's exposition of the gospel" (the one for the third Sunday in Advent), said the first. "While I," said the other, "felt moved most at the second response, '*He shall teach us his ways*,' etc., and again at the verse, '*Come, let us go up to the mountains of God, and to the house of Jacob :*' for God seemed literally to be calling us to enter St James' convent, which is his house,† and stands upon a hill too." So

* *Cf.* Berthier, *Opera B. Jordani*, p. 21.

† Domus Jacobea may mean Jacob's house, or St James' convent.

they entered together, and excelled in holiness of life.

Brother Peter of Lucrin had thoughts for a long time of becoming a friar, yet on account of the eminent position in the world his talents had won for him, he kept putting it off and constantly changing his mind. While saying the Compline of the Lady office one evening, it chanced that while he recited these words of the psalmist: "*How long, O Lord, shalt thou be unmindful of me unto the end? How long shalt thou continue to turn away thy face from me? So long as I shall adhere to my soul's desire*" (Ps. xii 1, 2), he was so overcome with the spirit of compunction and blinded with tears, that he could not continue, so falling on his knees, he repeated over and over again the words: "*How long shall I continue in my soul's resolve? How long shall my enemy prevail against me? Hear me, O Lord God, enlighten mine eyes that I may never sleep in death.*" After passing the night saying Compline in this fashion, he gave himself to the Order without more ado in the morning.

CHAPTER X

(4) THE THOUGHT OF DEATH

Brother Guerric de St Quentin,* who attained great proficiency in philosophy, medicine, and the natural sciences, and afterwards taught theology with great success in Paris, thus acquaints us with the story of his vocation. Hearing one day the words read in the church, "*Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years, and he died,*" and so on with the rest of the patriarchs who died after such long lives, and feeling terrified at the thought, he began to cry out: "All—yea, the longest lived—must die! What will become of us, for we must likewise die!" Moved

* Quetif., i, p. 113; Denifle, *Archiv*, ii, p. 206.

by this wholesome thought he joined our brethren, and now the holiness of his life and his depth and clearness in teaching are known all over the Order and the Church of God.

Brother Octavian of Florence,* a man of noble family but of yet nobler virtues, and a remarkable preacher, gives the following as his reason for coming to the Order. Happening in the course of his studies at Bologna to be present at a funeral, he caught sight of the ghastly features of the corpse as it was being hurried to the grave, and he was so disgusted with the indecent haste with which it was put out of sight under ground, like some foul and loathsome object, that he conceived at heart a lasting remembrance of death, and a wholesome fear; and so he turned his steps straight to the Order, wherein he ended his course happily.

Brother John di Colunna,† a Roman patrician, and nephew to one of the cardinals, having been sent by his uncle to Paris to study there, while a mere stripling, felt drawn to join the Order from the burning words of Brother Jordan of holy memory, but at the same time he was kept back by a prelate of note. Having pledged his word to this dignitary not to take the step without again consulting him, he set off one day, with Master Jordan's sanction, to tell him of his final resolve. After searching about in quest of him for some time, he unexpectedly came across him laid out dead in the choir of a neighbouring abbey church. This untimely end only whetted his desire, so he started straight off to fulfil his longed-for purpose. Such was his constancy and fervour in the noviceship that when his old master came to see him, in the hopes of reasoning him out of it, he so silenced him by his answers before the brethren, although but a child

* Florence founded 1219.

† John di Colunna was the name also of the Cardinal, the uncle of the Friar who joined the Order in 1226.

in years, that the other retired ashamed and amazed.

Meanwhile, at his uncle the cardinal's request, Pope Gregory sent a peremptory letter summoning him to Rome, and binding all prelates under precept to help on his journey, wherever he might be found; but the novice getting to hear of it fled with another brother, and went secretly from place to place through France and Germany, that he might not be seized, nor anyone incur excommunication on his account. Who shall recount the hardships and difficulties he went through to the day of his profession! Strange to say, the legates who were in search of him, armed with the papal letter and bulls, were not infrequently in the same house with him, but without ever discovering him.

CHAPTER XI

(5) THE THOUGHT OF PRESENT AND FUTURE PAINS

A SCHOOLMASTER of Novara,* in Italy, who had made a vow to enter the Order, and had even fixed the day for his reception at Milan, was held back by affection for his pupils and love of the world. So he went to another town, hoping still to continue his school without the annoyance of meeting the friars daily. On the very day he broke his engagement he became blind, and so continued for three days. Conscious at last of his sin, he went to confession, and recovering his sight he became a member of the Order, and persevered in it until his death.

There was a scholar in Bologna of rather fastidious ways, concerning whom it was thrice revealed to a devout soul that if he were only rightly counselled he would give up the world. Accordingly, the brother to whom the vision was granted, went to the sub-prior, a countryman of the youth, and told him

* Near Milan.

what he knew; the only reply he got was that it was next to impossible for a man of means who enjoyed his ease to give up the vicious habits of youth. As the brother, however, urged that nothing was impossible in God's hands, the sub-prior on reflection thought that after all God might possibly bring it about, so he went to see the youth. But when on entering his rooms he noticed the costly furniture and hangings, his heart failed him, nor would he so much as broach the subject. The student soon surmised that something was amiss, and suspecting that he meditated a homily on the vanities of the world, turned abruptly to his countryman and said: "I do not want to hear a word from you unless you promise not to mention God's name in my presence." "Very well," said the brother, "we can talk about home and your parents, and in conclusion just say two words about God." "Agreed," said the scholar, "but mind you do not make it three." After the conversation had gone on gaily for some time, the sub-prior rose to take his leave. "Now, let us have these two words about God," said he. "Friend Recald, can you guess what sort of place is in store in the next world for those who do not penance in this?" "No, I cannot," was the reply. "Then just hear how the prophet Isaias describes it—'*Beneath thee shall the worm be strewn and the maggot shall be thy covering*,'" and with a few words of explanation the brother went home. The thought of those worms and maggots took such hold of the scholar's brain that for days he could think of nothing else. In vain did he strive to banish the thought by pleasure and gay society: on the contrary, they only sank deeper into his soul. Very soon after he came to crave admittance into the company of the brethren, choosing rather to lie on a hard bed for the rest of his days and then be carried to paradise by angels in death, than to enjoy his comfortable couch and be afterwards buried in hell, amid endless

gnawings of worms and maggots, the very thought of which was so unbearable for only a few days upon earth.

CHAPTER XII

(6) SPECIAL REVELATIONS

JAMES, once prior of Bologna, used often to relate how a lawyer, eminent for ability, made a bargain with a friend that whoever died first should appear within thirty days to the survivor. The friend died, and coming on the thirtieth day was questioned by the lawyer as to how he then fared. He received for answer that he, the dead man, was in purgatory, and as to its pains, not all the mountains and visible things in this world, if heaped up in one blazing pile, could equal its intense heat. Being asked whether there was no remedy or solace for the suffering souls, he replied: "We have, true enough, but it comes so seldom; at the present time souls are very badly off, for they lack prayers owing to the wars between the Pope and Emperor.* Many suffrages are lost owing to the edict pronounced, and at this hour many souls might have been set free if the customary masses had been offered up." On enquiring next whether peace would soon be restored, the other made answer: "Peace will not be proclaimed, for men have drawn down this calamity on themselves by their sins." "And what do you think now of my state of life?" asked the lawyer. "You are in an evil state and profession." "What am I to do then?" "Fly the world," said the departed soul. "Whither must I fly?" "Fly to the Order of Friars Preachers," saying which the figure disappeared. The lawyer was very much troubled, so he went to Brother James, the prior, and told him everything; after this he settled his affairs, and withdrew into the cloister.

The Dean of Angers, a man of good family, and

* 1239, etc.

wealthy, and learned, being struck down by a serious illness began to take thought of his soul's welfare. He would frequently ponder thus within himself: "O Lord my God, what must I do to be saved? To whom shall I have recourse? Lord God, be pleased to enlighten me." This thought so possessed him that from that hour he could neither speak nor think of anything else. After spending the greater part of the night in such ejaculations, he seemed all at once to see our Lord Jesus Christ standing at his bedside, who said to him: "If you want to be saved, enter among my followers," and on the Dean enquiring who they might be, Christ made answer: "Go and seek out the Friars Preachers." When morning was come he bade the priest bring him the Body of Christ, while his friends gathered round, weeping and lamenting the departure of him whom they loved in the flesh. When the priest was about to communicate him in their presence, he thus addressed them: "I have had the Body of Christ brought, that in his presence, before whom none may dare to lie, I may acquaint you with what happened to me last night." And telling them of his vision and the rest, he wound up by saying: "Since Christ has invited me I will delay no longer." He sent at once for the brethren, and asked them to give him their habit without delay. At this intelligence his friends and relatives set up a loud wailing, and strove by every means to dissuade him from his purpose, but with a stern voice he bade them begone: "These," said he, "care little for the man, but are eager for his spoils." He was then carried to the convent, where he took the habit and some time later slept in the Lord, surrounded by the brethren who were making fervent supplication for him. They were all deeply consoled at his death among them, for up to that time he had been anything but friendly towards them. Thus did he show a noteworthy example of a true conversion, besides leaving them a

goodly supply of books, which they then sadly lacked.

A skilled lawyer of note in Amiens, after leading a bad life, at last was laid on his bed of death. He gave orders for all his plate and books to be laid out before him, and fell asleep. The dean and canons who were present waited very patiently in hopes that his weak frame might gain some strength: after a brief space he started up shouting loudly: "Quick, quick, draw the boat to the shore." When the bystanders tried to calm him by reverting to the previous conversation, he broke in with the story of his dream; "I seemed to be all alone upon the ocean in quite a small craft, when a herd of black creatures like swine appeared and tried to drown me; but on my crying to the Lord for help I saw two men standing as upon a shore dressed in white habits and with black cloaks, who on my entreating them to save me, said: 'Come away with us, and do not be afraid.' They were in the act of drawing me to the shore when I woke with the cry which you heard." His friends tried to soothe him by saying the dream was a sign of good luck, while he maintained, on the contrary, that it was no dream at all, but a forerunner of some dreadful thing that was going to happen. "Let the Friars Preachers come at once and receive me as one of them," he cried with tears, "that so I may escape the perils which beset my soul here in the world." As he was yet speaking two of our brethren entered the room. Full of joy on beholding them he clasped his hands and begged them to admit him without delay. After consulting with the prior he was admitted, and died a few days later among them, full of confidence in God's mercies, and strengthened by a good confession.

Brother Henry of Germany, a truly fervent man and a great favourite among the people, has left us this account of his vocation. He had an uncle living at Montmartre, a soldier by calling, who, after adopt-

ing and educating him, defrayed the expenses of his stay in the schools at Paris. Death at length overtook him while travelling in Germany, and appearing shortly after to his nephew, he spoke these words to him: "If you wish to deliver me from my present pains, take up the cross and be a crusader, and when you return from Jerusalem, you will find an Order, newly established, in Paris,* which you must enter. Have no fears on the score of their poverty, do not despise their fewness in number, for they will one day grow into a great people unto the salvation of many." The youth took up the cross as advised, fulfilled his vow, and on his return to Paris found a handful of friars recently come from Toulouse, who had just secured a place of residence. Without further hesitation he embraced their state, and very soon after this his uncle appeared again to tender his grateful thanks, since by his help he had been freed from purgatory.

Not less remarkable was the calling of Brother Peter† of Aubenas, one of our lectors in Provence, who crowned a saintly life by a holy end. Although well disposed towards the friars, while yet practising medicine in the world, the Waldenses of Lyons led his soul so far astray that he knew not which creed to profess. He felt more drawn towards the Waldenses, because of their greater outward show of piety, while at the same time he could not help observing the happy countenances and modest ways of our brethren. While in this frame of mind, and not knowing which way to turn, he earnestly, and with many tears, asked for God's guidance. Then falling into a gentle slumber, he seemed to be walking along a strange road with a grove of trees on his left, wherein he espied the Waldenses walking about with dejected looks and split up into various factions,

* The friars were sent by St Dominic to Paris in 1216. They began their convent in 1217.

† Quetif., i, p. 177.

while on his right ran a long and lofty wall. Coming eventually to a gate, and looking through, he beheld a lovely meadow studded with trees and flowers, in which a vast assembly of Friars Preachers appeared standing round in a circle. Their shining countenances were all turned heavenwards, and some of them held Christ's Body in their uplifted hands. Charmed at the sight he tried to join their company, but the angel who kept the gate forbade him, saying: "You may not enter here just yet." At this point he awoke to find himself weeping bitterly, but free at heart from all his previous anxieties, and settling all his worldly affairs, he took their habit a few days later. I myself have often heard him tell this story, and others besides.

In the diocese of Florence, in Tuscany, there was a youth who, from childhood, was bent on devoting himself to God's service, but being of a simple and confiding nature he was led away by heretics to join their sect because of their outward show of sanctity. As he was standing in the open sunshine one day with some companions, a heretic with whom he was acquainted said: "See now, friend Florimond, how Lucifer bestows his warmth upon us." "What is that you say?" cried the conscience-stricken youth. "Do not you know," said the heretic, "that it was the devil who created all visible things?" Astonished at such a reply, the youth called together as many heretics as he could find, and addressed these words to them: "I have now spent twelve years with you, and not one of you has up to this dared to tell me that it was the devil who created this visible world. If you can prove your doctrine, I am quite willing to profess it; but if I can prove the opposite, you must, on your part, abjure your errors and give ear to the truth." On this, there was a great discussion, but the Albigenses, failing to make good their teaching by solid argument, withdrew in confusion.

After this, the youth shut himself up in his chamber, and gave vent to his feelings in tears, which eventually found favour with God. After earnestly praying for guidance it occurred to him to take up the New Testament and look for the way of salvation therein. After saying an *Our Father*, he thrust his knife into the Testament, and opening it in Christ's name, found the point resting on the words: "*Let them alone, for they are blind and leaders of the blind*" (St. Matt. xv 14). From this he understood, by divine inspiration, that he ought to quit those blind guides, since they did not possess the sure way of salvation. But another doubt yet remaining, he prayed once more: "Behold, good Lord, thou hast shown me what to avoid, teach me now whither I ought to turn, for Jews, Saracens, Waldenses, and the Roman Church all profess to have the sure way to everlasting life." Then after praying for some time longer, he thrust his knife once more into the book, and on opening it his eyes caught the words: "*The Scribes and Pharisees have sat in the chair of Moses, what things soever they say unto you do ye, but according to their deeds do ye not,*" Understanding that this agreed better with the Roman Church, which is the fulfilment of the Jewish type, he became a convert to the true faith, and directing his steps to the Order some time later, he laboured long and arduously in the defence of the faith, strengthening Catholics, and converting heretics by his preaching.

A scholar from Tuscany, who wanted to join the Order, was opposed by his father, who sought to dissuade him by reminding him of the sorrow which his elder brother's departure had caused him, when he joined the brethren the year before. Touched in heart, the young man began very earnestly to ask God to make known his good pleasure as to whether he ought to follow his father's wishes or enter the Order. He dreamt that night he was

looking at a house which had no roof but the sky, and from the centre of which a great ladder stretched up to heaven. It then appeared as if all the souls that were to be saved flocked towards the house, and among them he recognised his brother. Seeing them mount heavenwards, and his brother with the rest, he wanted to bear them company, but could not stir. Starting up with tears in his eyes he cried out: "Oh, if I had only entered the Order of Preachers, I should now have been ascending up to heaven in my brother's company." As he repeated these words, sobbing bitterly, it broke upon him that God was calling him in this way to follow his brother's example; so leaving his father and everything else at once, he betook himself to the Order.

In the year 1252, a doctor of Salamanca* went one Sunday morning with a company of scholars to our church to hear the sermon. Soon it began to rain heavily, and as they were prevented from returning home, the sub-prior pressed them to stay to dinner, and afterwards lent the doctor the cloak of one of the brethren to prevent his clothes from being spoiled. As he put it on the sub-prior observed pleasantly in the chapter-house, in the hearing of everybody: "I protest before you all, and you are witnesses to the fact that Master Nicholas has to-day taken the habit of the Order." The Master with a smile admitted that it was so, and wore it all day for amusement, both in the streets and at home among his scholars. During the night he was seized with a violent fever, so much so that he and the doctors despaired of his recovery. Terrified at his approaching end he tried to pray, and as he did so he heard a voice which cried aloud: "Thinkest thou that I will have only the persons of the Friars Preachers to be respected and honoured, nay, not merely their persons, but even their religious habit? Since you have treated it with contempt, learn that you

* Founded in 1225 or 1226.

shall not wear it without being punished!" He heard these words of warning repeated three separate times while wide awake, as he solemnly avowed. In great fear he sent for the brethren, and then for God's glory and his soul's welfare, and to the edification of many, he reverently and devoutly took the habit which he had previously worn for sport, and afterwards wrote a detailed account of it to the Master of the Order.

CHAPTER XIII

(7) THEIR DEVOTION TO THE MOTHER OF GOD

BROTHER TANCRED* who was formerly prior in Rome, and of whom mention was made in St Dominic's legend, informs us how on taking thought of his perilous state as a soldier in the Emperor's court at Bologna, and having prayed the blessed Virgin to watch over his salvation, she appeared to him in sleep and beckoned him to follow her, saying: "Come away to my Order." Starting up at once he knelt down and renewed his petition, and again falling asleep he saw two men in the Friars Preachers' habit, one of whom, a man of venerable looks, said to him: "You have asked the blessed Virgin to show you the way of salvation: come with us and you shall find it." Awakening a second time, and not remembering ever to have seen that fashion of religious dress before, he concluded that the whole thing was nothing more than a dream. Wishing to hear mass next morning he asked his host to show him the way to the church, so the two set out together for St Nicholas' church, where the Friars Preachers had only recently arrived. On entering the cloister they were met by two of the brethren, one of whom was Brother Nicholas, the venerable prior, in whom he

* Quetif., i, pp. 90, 91. Joined the Order in 1218, died in 1230 (*cf.* Berthier, *Opera B. Jordani*, p. xi and p. 31).

recognised his monitor of the night before. Convinced by this of his supernatural call, he hastily put his secular affairs in order, and entered the Order in that same convent.

There was a youth in Burgundy who used often to implore the Mother of God to be his guide and get him the grace to enter whatever Order was most acceptable to her, reciting daily for this purpose the following versicle: "*Show me, O Lady, the way wherein I should walk, for I have lifted up my soul to thee.*" Now before this he had made up his mind to join another Order, when quite in an unlooked-for way the prayer he had addressed daily to the helper of Christians seemed to be drawing him to the Order of Preachers. Furthermore he was told by a holy and learned director that he might safely abandon his first resolve provided he entered this Order, which at that time seemed to be more serviceable for the Church's wants. Following Mary's guidance he gave himself to the Order, for he had always been most attached to it, and this devotion grew in fervour when he came under the influence of its special graces. As he lay awake one night thinking over the happiness of his present state, he beheld the glorious Virgin accompanied by two maidens draw near, while their garments exhaled a most agreeable perfume; and on sitting up to assure himself that it was a sober reality and not a phantom of his brain, he distinctly heard her utter these words: "Since you have begun well, son, go on manfully." He was much comforted in soul at the words, and strengthened in his resolve of abiding in the Order.

Brother Henry* of blessed memory, who was the first prior of Cologne, on being pressed to join the Order by his friend Jordan of Saxony, who had

* This is another Friar Henry (junior), joined the Order February 12, 1220, sent to Cologne as prior in 1221, died October 25, 1221 (Berthier, pp. 20, 108, 112).

vowed to do the same, sought our Lady's guidance in the church of Notre Dame in Paris. Feeling no sensible change come over him, a result which he set down to his own hardness of heart, he began thus to complain of his lot: "O ever-glorious Virgin Mary, I now understand that thou art not willing to number me among thy servants, and I am doomed to have no part in the company of Christ's poor."

This longing after the poverty of the gospel had taken hold of his heart ever since it had been revealed to him how much it avails those who embrace it when they come to stand in the presence of an inflexible Judge; for some time previously to this he had dreamt that he was standing with some others before Christ's tribunal. Feeling sure of his innocence and conscious of no crime, he believed he would escape censure; but one standing at the Judge's right hand cried out: "What have you ever parted with for Christ's sake?" He awoke up shivering from fear, and profiting by the lesson made up his mind from that hour to embrace holy poverty, but was kept back by his natural fondness of ease.

As he was on the point of leaving Notre Dame, sad and downcast after his nightly vigil and prayer, his heart was visited by him "*who regards the lowly*." With floods of tears he poured out his soul before God, his heart melted and what had heretofore seemed unbearable now became sweet and agreeable. Refreshed in spirit he got up from his knees, and hurrying off to Master Reginald, vowed himself entirely to God's service. He redeemed his vow a few days later, when he entered, bringing a companion with him. This is the same Brother Henry, who in the first days of the Order, although so young, became a winning preacher, and whom his beloved friend, Master Jordan, saw after death amid choirs of angels, and asked his blessing that he might preach God's word with profit.

A Parisian scholar was in the habit of going every day to Notre Dame, and there fervently putting himself under the patronage of the Mother of God, beseeching her with unwearying entreaty to bring him to that state of life which was most agreeable in her eyes; but unhappily he was led away by evil companions to the practices of a vicious life. One night as he was going with them into a house of evil repute, our merciful and tender-hearted Saviour, at his holy Mother's prayers, put out his hand to save him, for, as he himself told me, on arriving at the place he was held to the pavement as firmly as adamant. Terror-stricken, he entered into himself, and cried out: "I will have recourse to the blessed Virgin, since I see that my presence here is displeasing to God." On making this promise his feet were once more at liberty, and going to the church he thanked this merciful Virgin for having thus preserved his chastity of soul and body, and a few days later, under her guidance, he found an abiding refuge in the Order.

Another scholar, after finishing his course in the arts, returned home to see his friends before beginning his course of theology. Calling to mind, on the return journey, the meekness of a certain abbot to whose prayers he had commended himself, he was so overcome by the spirit of compunction, that he could not keep his saddle, but falling upon the ground, lay weeping and groaning on the road. After a while he felt moved to push on to Paris, and there enter the Order of Preachers, which had only lately come into existence: so he got up and went on to the city. But when he came to reflect on the poverty and hardships of the Order, and hearing some evil reports circulated against the brethren among his companions, his courage failed, and with tears he implored light and guidance from heaven. After much prayer the blessed Virgin appeared to him one night in sleep, and showed him the friars' dwelling,

their manner of receiving novices, the chapter-house and habit, and how and by whom it would be bestowed. Moved by this vision he went straight to the convent in the morning, and was admitted, where he found everything just as God's holy Mother had shown him in his sleep.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW THEY WERE HARASSED BY THE DEVIL

Before our brethren settled in many provinces where now, by God's grace, they are flourishing, and to the great profit of souls, the devil, in guise of a courier, came up with two of them on the road to the General Chapter in Bologna.* As they walked along together, he enquired whither they were going, and on being informed of the aim of their journey, he next asked what were to be the subjects for discussion in the chapter. In all simplicity they told how that it was contemplated sending out the friars to preach in various quarters of the globe. "Do you think," said he, "that they are likely to go to Greece or Hungary?" "By God's grace they most certainly will," was their reply, whereat the seeming courier took one bound into the air, and vanished like smoke, crying the while: "Your Order will be our confusion!" On coming to Bologna, they told this to St Dominic and the rest, who were met together in chapter, in our Lord's name.

In the year 1221, Brother Paul of Hungary, formerly a professor of Canon Law in Bologna, started out with four companions to conquer for Christ the Tartar tribes. During a few days' halt at Turin they drew to the Order three scholars, who offered themselves likewise for this difficult enterprise.

* Either 1220 or 1221. The Province of Hungary was founded after the chapter of 1221.

As they were praying one night in the church a troop of devils, frantic with rage, appeared in visible shape, crying aloud with accents of despair: "Why have you come to rob us of what justly belongs to us? Miserable indeed are we to be conquered by mere striplings." With this they appeared to rush with one accord towards the brethren, as if to tear them in pieces. This story rests on the word of Friar Sadoc, a religious of grave authority in word and work, who afterwards became prior of Sandomir.*

For a whole year after our brethren settled in Santa Maria Novella, in Florence,† the devils were heard every night wailing with awful cries, because the friars had come to a spot which for many years had been given over to them as the scene of every abomination. These cries were likewise heard all over the neighbourhood of the convent.

The devil again appeared like a horned monster to one of the brothers, as he was praying before the great crucifix in the church by night, and threatened to kill him. The brother sought safety in flight, and ran into the cloister; but still the enemy pursued him. Finally he fled into the chapter-house, upon which the foul fiend cried out: "You have taken refuge where I cannot get at you, but wait a while and I will have you yet." The devil spoke the truth this once, for the brother at his instigation left the Order, but some time after, by the mercy of God, returned again.

A fervent and learned brother, named Martin, was for three years constantly beset by Satan, who kept appearing to him in all manner of shapes in the hopes of scaring him. After he had gone to Rome in company with Master Jordan of blessed memory, as he was one day studying out of a handsome bible

* Martyred with forty-eight companions, and beatified by Pius VII.

† They arrived in 1220 and received St Maria Novella on November 8 of that year.

the devil again appeared and began to dance round him, crying out the while: "An idol, an idol!" On the brother asking him what he meant, the fiend answered: "You are making an idol of that book." "Why are you always vexing me?" said the brother. "Because you are altogether mine:" saying which he disappeared. Although the brother was not conscious of any fault, yet the devil's words alarmed him, so he went to Master Jordan and told him all, finishing by these words: "I do not know of anything he can bring against me, except it be this bible, which I now leave in your hands to dispose of as you please." Knowing by inspiration that the devil was only trying in this way to hinder the brother from studying, and to check his spiritual advancement, Master Jordan said to the brother: "I now return it to you again in God's name, and go on using it for your own benefit." From that hour the tempter ceased to vex him, being no doubt overcome by his humility and the prayers of our venerable Master.

In the days of this same Master Jordan there was a friar possessed by the devil in Bologna, who used to annoy his brethren by day and night, and frequently spread abroad false reports about them, although he had at times to own the truth. Occasionally he would expound the Scriptures most learnedly, although he had never studied them. One morning while the brothers were in the schools beyond the infirmary he turned to those who were standing by and said: "They are at this moment discussing whether Christ be the Head of the Church," going over the same with looks of pain and rage, as though they tormented him exceedingly. "Wretch," cried out Master Jordan, "why dost thou vex our brethren and urge them to commit sin, since thou art only the more severely punished in consequence?" Then the demon made this reply: "If I do so, it is not that I have any liking for sin, for it is abominable even unto

me, but it is for the sake of the gains it brings me; just as the scavenger who cleans out the sewers in Paris does so, not that the stench is pleasant to him, but he puts up with it for the sake of the money."

A holy man named Friar Peter of Aubenas had his eyes opened one day and beheld a multitude of evil spirits in visible shapes on the roof of the cloister and cells. Their foul presence was also made known to him by a sickening stench. After a little space it seemed to him that a fair company of holy angels descended to the same spot, putting the devils to hasty flight. One of the angels seemed to incense the place where the unclean spirits had been, with a thurible shedding a heavenly fragrance expelling the stench of hell.

Friar Raoul used to declare that the evil spirits were allowed so often to torture and beat him, that he thought no limb of his body had been free from their torments. Sometimes they would gather around, when he was praying, and try to affright him by horrible shapes, their eyes seeming to flash with the fire of hell. At another time when he was standing before a crucifix, a dark shadow seemed to rise before and hide it from his eyes, to prevent his holy contemplation. Seeing that they could not thus distract him in his prayer, they appeared in ludicrous guise, hoping thus to lessen his union with God.

In the time of Pope Innocent IV,* while one of our brethren was exorcising a possessed person, the devil began to howl through his victim's mouth: "Oh, what unbearable injuries you Friars Preachers and Minors inflict on us; but we shall ere long take our revenge!" At this the brother commanded him in the name of Jesus to say how this would come about, whereupon the spirit replied: "Two of our ablest leaders have taken up arms in this matter; one will stir up bishops and princes against you,

* He reigned 1243–1254.

while the other will vex and torment you by continual forced changes of dwelling, and of public opinion."

CHAPTER XV

CHASTISEMENTS INFLICTED BY THE DEVIL

In the early days of the Order one of the brethren went from Bologna to Faenza, and while there accepted a present of forty shillings and a pair of shoes. On his return to Bologna he went to bed without informing his prior of what he had received. Hardly had he lain down before some evil spirits appeared, carried him to a neighbouring vineyard recently purchased by the friars, and there they beat him without mercy. Not until their cudgels were broken did they desist, leaving him half dead. Hearing his moans his brethren went to the spot after matins, and found him all livid in body, and covered with bruises from head to foot. Great sores were even starting from his hands, nor at this time are they quite healed.

A religious of the convent of Genoa who, in passion, had said disrespectful things to the prior, instead of humbling himself and asking pardon, actually left the house in a rage to seek lodgings elsewhere. God permitted the evil spirits to surround him on the road, and they beat him so soundly that he had much ado to crawl back to his cloister. He suffered from the effects of this scourging for a long time, and bore on his body the marks of his punishment.

After all had retired to rest for the night in the convent at Bologna, a lay brother began to be horribly tormented. On hearing his cries the others got up and summoned their master, as well as St Dominic, who was staying there at the time. By their joint order he was carried to the church,

although ten of them were scarcely equal to the task. Directly he entered, all the lights were suddenly blown out. As the devil never ceased tormenting the brother, St Dominic exclaimed: "In Christ's name I bid you to declare why you punish him in this severe way, and when and how you entered into him." Being thus solemnly adjured the devil was forced to answer, and he said: "I torment him since he richly deserves it. Yesterday when he was out in the town he drank without permission or making the sign of the cross over his drink; so I entered into him while he was drinking, nay, he swallowed me in a pint of wine." As he was still speaking, the bell sounded for matins, whereat he cried out: "I can tarry no longer, for the white-hooded brethren are rising to praise God." Straightway he went out of the brother, and left him lying on the church floor like a dead man. They carried him to the infirmary, and next morning he awoke quite well and without any knowledge of what had happened.

A friar of Siena, who was addicted to the vice of covetousness, was one day hurled by an invisible hand from the top of a high rock close by the infirmary. In his fall he caught a glimpse of a dark figure descending by his side, which whispered: "It is a judgement of God, it is a judgement of God!" On the prior coming to where he lay, almost at the point of death, he declared all that he had seen and heard: and it was a whole year before he recovered, when, heaping sin upon sin, he apostatised from the Order altogether.

CHAPTER XVI

TEMPTATIONS OF NOVICES

WHEN Brother Giles of Spain first entered as a novice, after having led a delicate life in the world, the hard bed and rough habit were a very great trial to him. On mentioning this to his confessor,

the latter rejoined: "Brother, call to mind the life of ease you led in the world, bear this patiently and joyfully for the pardon of your sins, and rest assured that our Lord will send you comfort." These words sank so deeply into his mind that from that hour the temptations ceased altogether, nay, more, what had heretofore seemed hard, now became easy when he bore in mind that all this procured for him the forgiveness of his sins.

In the world he had been of a merry and lively disposition, but when, on entering religion, he tried to keep the silence, and refrain from passing remarks in jest, his whole system became, as it were, inflamed, so that it was next to impossible for him to hold in his buoyant spirits. If he managed to keep quiet for any length of time, his throat and tongue became quite parched. One day he began to suspect by the light of the Holy Spirit, that after all this might only be a delusion of the devil, so from that moment he firmly made up his mind to keep the silence and stay in his cell, even though he were to be brought to death's door in consequence. In reward for this heroic resolve God took away his lightness of disposition to such an extent that thenceforth silence became agreeable to him, and he began to prefer his cell, without feeling any of his former weariness for it, nay, more, by a rare disposition of Providence, he even surpassed the rest in this respect. The Master of the Order learnt this from his own lips when in the infirmary with him at Paris: nor was he ever again known to have uttered one idle word to the end of his days, but kept heroic silence, except when cheering the downcast, or talking of heavenly things.

As Brother John the Teutonic, the fourth Master General of the Order, was conducting a young Italian novice of noble parentage, named Thomas of Aquin, to Paris,* the youth's relatives took him

* In 1243, freeing him in 1244.

prisoner, trusting to the protection of the Emperor Frederick, in whose service they were engaged.

They carried him off to a lonely castle and shut him up for more than a year, taking every precaution that none of the brethren, nor even a letter of theirs, should reach him, and trying, meanwhile, in every possible way to make him abandon his holy resolve. By God's help, however, they could neither prevail upon him to put off the habit, nor to do anything contrary to the rules of the Order, so that in despair of ever changing his resolution, they set him at liberty. On returning to his brethren he was sent to Paris, where he became a Master in Theology, and a mighty pillar of knowledge in the Order.

A novice of Besançon* was tempted to return to the world with the intention of disposing of his paternal heritage, and then of returning at once to the Order with the proceeds. While he was turning this scheme over in his mind a fellow-novice came up to him and begged of him to listen to what he had to tell him, yet without being offended. On receiving the assurance that he would not take offence, the other narrated this story: "I dreamt last night that a stern judge came with a noisy crowd, and after putting a rope round your neck they were dragging you off to execution, while I stood by in terror, not daring to interfere on account of the judge and those around him. Look carefully to your state of soul, brother, lest any temptation lead you astray." Calling to mind his projected departure, the novice cried out in alarm: "Tell me, for God's sake, did you see them actually hang me?" "No," said the other, "I saw nothing beyond what I have mentioned to you." At this the brother understood how the devil, by tempting him to return to the world, was in reality dragging him on to an infernal gallows. He instantly vowed to serve God and the blessed Virgin for ever in the Order, renouncing

* Founded in 1224.

utterly the worldly goods which had all but deprived him of a true and heavenly inheritance.

Another of the same convent of Besançon dreamt that he saw our Lord filled with indignation against one of his brethren, and exclaim: "Begone, for one so foul is unfit to live among the clean!" whereupon the novice in question seemed to depart, and returned no more. This riddle was solved next day: for in the morning a novice with whom God was indeed displeased, put on the secular dress, provided stealthily by outsiders, and made off through a window.

Another novice, who had frequently been tried by temptations against faith, and had been advised by his master to pray more, was counselled one night in sleep to say this prayer: "*O God, who justifiest the ungodly, and willest not the death of the sinner, vouchsafe to defend with thy heavenly aid thy servant who trusts in thy mercy: shield him with thy constant protection, that he may ever rightly serve thee, and by no temptation be ever separated from thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord.*" Having never seen or heard of this prayer before, and scarcely hoping to find it set down in any book, he carefully turned it over in his mind until he had committed it to memory. Next morning on acquainting the novice-master with what had occurred, he was told that it was the prayer prescribed in the missal against temptations. By its daily recital he got relief for a time, but soon the assaults began again as before. Just about that time there came to the convent a brother who had a few linen clothes stained with the blood which had oozed from the tunic in which St Peter of Verona had been martyred for the faith of Christ. Many of the wealthier citizens on hearing of it came to the convent and begged that the crystal phial containing the relics might be filled with wine, and most of them who drank of it were cured of their complaints, but the novice could not bring himself to believe in the miracles. One morning as he was serving mass,

a woman came up and asked him to give her some of the wine. As he lowered the mouth of the phial towards a bottle which the woman held to receive it, some drops of blood oozed from it on to the altar cloth, and one clung so firmly to the phial, that although the prior tried repeatedly to wipe it off with a cloth, it could not be removed. Then the novice, believing God had wrought this wonder to strengthen his faith and that of others, gave very hearty thanks, and was entirely freed from all his previous temptations.

A novice named Baldwin in the convent of Ghent,* in Flanders, was grievously tempted to leave the Order, moved by such considerations as the following. While in the world he had enjoyed the revenues of a large parish which he faithfully administered, besides giving abundant alms, whereas he was now eating the bread of alms himself, without being able to make any return or assist the needy. Furthermore, he was debarred from preaching, or visiting the sick, or hearing confessions, whereas in the world he had been doing all this at his own good pleasure. Although his brethren sought to dissuade him, he was fully bent on returning to the secular state. One morning he fell asleep before the blessed Virgin's altar, whereupon she appeared to him carrying in her hands what looked like two goblets, and coming up to him spoke thus: "Baldwin, why weepest thou? Thou art athirst, come hither and drink." When he had tasted the proffered goblet, the blessed Mother asked: "What thinkest thou of this wine?" "It is sour, and lies on the lees," was the answer. Our Lady then gave him the second goblet, and asked again, "What thinkest thou of this cup?" "This," replied the brother, "is a sweet and pleasant wine, clear of dregs." "Even so," rejoined the blissful Virgin; "and know that even as the one wine is superior to the other, so likewise

* Founded in 1221.

does your manner of life at present in the Order surpass that which you used to lead in the world. Fear not, deal manfully: I will be your help." The vision passed away, and the brother persevered, becoming afterwards a useful and eloquent preacher in the Order.

A novice of Sens* had a like temptation, and feeling sure that he could not withstand it any longer, projected a speedy flight. But before leaving he opened his mind to a fellow novice, who after vainly trying to dissuade him, exclaimed at last: "Poor soul, will you at length barter good for evil? Put your girdle round your neck, and throw yourself before the altar of the blessed Virgin. Cry out to her from the depths of your heart: 'O Lady, behold thy client, keep me in good, and let me not be confounded in my hope'" (Ps. cxviii 116). He did so, and in the same hour his temptation ceased.

Who can recount all the crafty suggestions made by the devil to disturb the novices, and to induce them to abandon the religious state! At one time he tempted them to indiscreet fervour and extreme abstinence, as happened to Master Jordan; at another he would tempt them to laxity and neglect of duty, as was seen in the over-delicate novice who, owing to the excessive heat, did not sleep in his habit, and whom the blessed Virgin would not bless in consequence. Again he would try to upset their minds by over much fondness for parents and kinsfolk; while at other times he would endeavour to lead them to disobedience, knowing well the spiritual harm he could thus inflict on them. Sometimes he would trouble their peace of soul by suggesting evil thoughts and foul dreams, at others he strove to beguile them into faults against poverty, and undue attachment for books and trifles. I myself knew a novice who was sadly distressed at no longer seeing a dog he had reared, and, strange to say, he

* Founded in 1224.

felt this more than the great sacrifices he had made of truly valuable things. Satan, in fact, tries the courage of novices in every way: by sickness, by low spirits, by flattery, by detraction, and divers other artifices, so that we may well call him the tempter of a thousand schemes, for by his crafty deceits he slays unwary souls unceasingly. Novices should therefore always stand on their guard, and, above all, frankly disclose all their temptations in their frequent confessions, putting more trust in their director's advice than in their own opinions.

VARIOUS KINDS OF TEMPTATIONS

CHAPTER XVII

(1) GLUTTONY

A FRIAR of the Polish Province* dispensed his two companions on a journey from the abstinence of the Order without sufficient reason. That night in a dream he thought he saw the devil enter his room, and on his demanding his errand, Satan cried: "I am come to have an eye on those friars who by your leave ate flesh to-day."

A canon regular, who had joined the noviciate in the same Province of Poland, being overcome by the recollection of the more dainty food he had shared with his former brethren, went back to his old cloister again. Soon after this he fell into a trance, and it seemed to him that before the judgement seat of God he beheld all the meat he had consumed during his life. The sight appalled him. He repaired his error by hurrying back to the Order, as soon as his strength permitted, and there happily ended his course.

* The province founded in 1228.

A novice, in a moment of youthful weakness, stole a tart which met his eye, but having no opportunity to eat it, as he was summoned to the choir, hid it with a view to enjoying it afterwards. During the office he was distracted by wondering how he should be able to dispose of his stolen dainty. His novice master, a spiritual-minded man, from across the choir saw a figure enter and approach the novice, putting a tart before his mouth to distract him. The office ended, he called that novice aside, and asked whether he was disturbed by any temptation. The youth replied that he knew nothing amiss, either not adverting to the fault he had committed, or wishing to conceal it. Upon this the novice master related what he had witnessed in the choir; then that timid novice ingenuously owned his fault, and was forthwith relieved of his sin, his temptation, and his tart.

CHAPTER XVIII

(2) TEMPTATIONS OF CUPIDITY

One of the brethren appropriated ten ducats of money without permission, meaning to use upon himself what belonged to the common purse. Soon after he fell ill, and, when nearing his end, Brother John the infirmarian said to him: "Rejoice, brother, for you will soon be in God's presence; remember me when you get to heaven." "Alas, far from it," cried the other, "for in the window opposite I see the devil waiting with open jaws to seize upon my wretched soul, since up to this hour I have concealed a sum of money." When the infirmarian recovered from the shock of such an avowal, he did his utmost to get him to pluck up heart by telling him stories of God's mercies, and by other reasons, and then begged him to let him fetch the prior, that restitution might be made. This was done, and the moment absolution was given by the prior, the sick man

saw the devil take to flight: after this he was filled with heavenly comfort, and shortly afterwards expired peacefully.

A lay brother attached to the Sisters' convent at San Sisto, in Rome, was gifted with prophecy during his last illness. After he had foretold many things which eventually did come to pass, someone standing by said in mockery: "And now say, if you can, what will happen to me." "Miserable man," said the brother, "give up the money you have stolen. You sold a load of hay, the property of the Sisters, and you hid the price; hear, then, what will befall you: you will die within the year, and none of your brethren will be present at the time." His words, unhappily, came true, for when his interrogator was all alone at Tivoli, in charge of the convent stores, an ulcer quickly gathered in his throat and choked him.

CHAPTER XIX

(3) TEMPTATIONS OF SELF-WILL

One of the brothers at Perugia,* in the Roman Province, growing tired of saying midnight matins, walked out of the choir on the night of St Augustine's feast, and went to bed just before Lauds. As he lay in bed, he was positive he saw St Augustine come up to his bedside, and heard him reproach him for having followed his peevish self-will. As the saint turned to go away, the brother cried after him: "What am I to do then?" "Do penance," said the saint, and disappeared. He got up at once, hurried down to the chapter-house, and was in time for the sermon then preached to the brethren.

One who had long been an exemplary religious and a very capable professor began to introduce some rash novelties into his lectures, which were censured by the more experienced among the brethren. When

* Founded 1220 or 1233.

cautioned, he refused to put a stop to them: even the Master General and Diffinitors of the General Chapter tried to convince him of his mistake before being compelled to punish him severely, but he was as obstinate as before, and would not obey. A venerable and saintly prior, whose testimony is beyond all suspicion, testifies that he saw a devil on this man's head as he stood in the chapter-house. He confided this secret to a friend, but with the injunction for him not to divulge the name should he repeat the story.

CHAPTER XX

(4) PHILOSOPHICAL CURIOSITY

An English friar, having to preach before an assembly of students, made up his mind to introduce as many philosophical reasonings and axioms as possible into the matter of his sermon. As he slept during the night before the sermon, Christ our Lord appeared before him showing him a bible having a very foul binding. On the brother remarking its unbecoming condition, Christ opened it and showed the internal beauty and spotlessness of its pages, saying at the same time in tones of severe reproof: "My word is fair enough, but it is you who have defiled it with your philosophy."

A friar from Lombardy who was studying in England* was in doubt as to whether he should give his chief attention to theology or philosophy. As he slept he saw a figure holding in its hands a long scroll from which it read an interminable list of the damned, who are bound down in endless torments. On the brother venturing to ask for the reason of their doom, the figure replied: "They are damned solely on account of their philosophy!" This taught him which was the more profitable study.

Another, whose whole mind had been given to the

* Oxford was then the General House of higher studies.

pursuit of philosophy, declared that he was rapt in spirit once to the judgement seat of God, and was there told that he was not a religious but a philosopher, whereupon he was stripped and beaten without pity. When he awoke he felt the pains in all his limbs as if he had been scourged bodily.

CHAPTER XXI

(5) THOUGHTS OF AMBITION

A PRIOR of the English Province tells us how he once heard an illiterate peasant, who was possessed by a devil, give the most profound answers in Greek, Latin, French, and English, to all manner of questions. On asking the spirit if he had been created in heaven, he replied that he had, and that his name was *Pride of soul*, and what was more, he had seen the face of the Lord. But when the brother adjured him to tell him how God was at the same time one and three, the terrified demon cried out: "Let us creatures be silent, for it does not behove us to speak of such matters, nor indeed can they be expressed in words."

A brother of the Roman Province after praying for a long while to our Lord to give him true knowledge and show him how to attain it, had this vision. Before him was set a book with all manner of questions, at the end of which was written: "Master, this man makes no request beyond that of serving thee in all simplicity of heart."

One of the brothers who deemed himself worthy of the episcopate, began to turn over in his mind what wonderful services he might render to God in that high state. When this thought recurred to his mind, as he was praying one night after matins, he not only rejected it from his heart, but even entreated God with tears to keep him in the state of holy poverty and free from all preferments and dignities. Just then he fell asleep, and seemed to see

the Spirit of God, which spoke these weighty words: "Let these evils—carnal affection for parents, popularity, the wickedness of the times, family affairs, the loss of spiritual wealth, scandal to the Order, and uncertainty of their end be so many motives for making thee and thy brethren shun dignities, for it is written: 'A most severe judgement shall be for them that bear rule'" (Wis. vi 7). Waking suddenly he wrote the words down, and carried them in his heart ever after.

Another, while walking along the highway, began to imagine what sort of a bishop he would make. As he was turning this over in his mind he presently tumbled into a ditch, but when he got over the surprise, he gaily exclaimed: "Get up, my lord, you have certainly fallen into good quarters, for in reality the see is worthy of the occupant." He said no more than the truth, for if he had been made a bishop he would undoubtedly have fallen into the deeper mire of many sins.

CHAPTER XXII

(6) IMPATIENCE AND PHANTASMS

BROTHER NICHOLAS DI JUVENAZZO,* while asleep after matins in Naples, dreamt that he was addressing these words to the brethren in chapter: "My brothers, our fathers in founding this Order intended us never to quit it, neither from carnal temptations which are alluring, nor from the world's enticements since they are hollow, nor on account of the devil's assaults which are cruel, but we ought to vanquish them all for Christ's sake." On awakening he delivered the same in an address to the brethren.

The same brother, on being elected Provincial of the Roman Province, told this story in his address that day: "A devout brother who once got into a passion with me over some trifling matter died a few

* He built the Priory of Perugia.

days later without asking pardon, and shortly afterwards appeared to me as I was lying sick in the infirmary. Calling to mind that he was dead, on his asking forgiveness I said to him: 'Go, brother, and ask forgiveness of our Lord Jesus Christ, for you are now in his hands.' He departed and craved pardon of Christ our Lord, but got for answer: 'I will not forgive until you first get forgiveness from your superior.' He came back again that same night, and after telling me all that Christ had said, once more begged my pardon, which I readily gave him. Before going away again he turned round and said to me: 'Ah, Brother Nicholas, see what an evil it is to offend a brother, and how serious a thing it is to be at variance with him.'"

A brother in Rome was on very bad terms with the procurator of the house. To bring about peace the friar told him to say the *Our Father* every day for him, but this answer only vexed him worse than before, and made him dislike the procurator all the more. One day he was suddenly struck down, and lay for some time like a dead man. Coming to himself after some time he began to exclaim, "I am in hell," and then began to curse the Order and the brethren. The whole community gathered round him and prayed for him, and when more tranquil they heard him moan these words: "For pity's sake, O Mother of mercy, compassionate me." As he afterwards solemnly assured us, he seemed during all that time to be in the heart of a burning fire, in punishment for his anger, and it was entirely owing to the unbearable heat that he began to blaspheme; but on their making intercession for him he was delivered. In proof of his statement he showed them his body, upon which were marks of burning.

In the year 1230, which witnessed the death of Master Conrad in Germany, a heretic of that country*

* *Cf. Bullarium*, p. 51, No. 80.

came to one of our brethren whom he loved exceedingly and said: "If I show you Christ and his holy Mother, the apostles, and saints, all join company with me, will you believe in the truth of our teaching?" Fearing to be deceived by phantoms the brother answered him: "I shall not fear or hesitate to profess your faith provided you really show me this sight;" so the other joyfully fixed a night for fulfilling his pledge. But before setting out for the place the brother reverently put the body of Christ in a pyx, and brought it with him concealed carefully under his scapular, beseeching the divine clemency meanwhile not to let him be deceived by any phantom. The heretic led him to a cavern in the heart of a neighbouring mountain, in which they suddenly beheld a magnificent dazzling palace, fragrant with perfumes, with golden seats set around, on which sat a king with a fair queen by his side, while a white-robed throng stood reverently by. At this sight the heretic threw himself down upon his face in adoration, but the brother, approaching nearer, drew out the pyx and presented it to the queen, saying, "If you are the queen of heaven and earth, behold your Son, and adore him as your God." Instantly the whole pageant vanished, and the place became so horribly dark that it was all they could do to grope their way out again. The heretic was converted, and both told the whole affair to Master Conrad, who was then the Provincial of Germany, and he used to recount it frequently to the brethren, suppressing, however, the names of the witnesses and the locality.

One of the brothers of the convent in Paris gave himself up entirely to prayer to the detriment of his studies and teaching. The devil was also in the habit of coming to him, feigning to be the blessed Virgin, at one time praising his state of soul, and at another revealing future events. The brother happened to mention this fact to Brother Peter of Rheims,

who was prior at the time, and was advised to spit in the face of the phantom if it appeared again: "For if it be the blessed Virgin," said he, "she will not be vexed, being always most humble of heart, nay, she will excuse you on account of your obedience; while if it be the father of lies he will make off in confusion." The brother simply did what he was told and spat accordingly, upon which the devil roared in anger: "Curse upon you, where did you learn such gross manners!" He went off ashamed of himself, and never ventured to come again.

Another tells us how on retiring to his cell after matins to resume his studies, directly he fixed his eyes on the book he used to go to sleep. After rubbing his eyes to no purpose he thought within himself: "Well, this is something strange, for I have had more sleep than usual, and yet I feel drowsy." Straightway a voice resounded: "It comes of not shutting the gates." "How then are they to be shut?" he enquired; and again the answer came, "Shut them from the forehead to the breast, and from shoulder to shoulder." Catching at the meaning he made the sign of the cross, saying, "*Depart from me, ye spirits of evil, and I will search into the word of my Lord.*"

CHAPTER XXIII

REVELATIONS AND OTHER COMFORTS BESTOWED ON THEM

In the early days of the Order a fervent novice, while praying one night at his bedside, saw the devil under the guise of a huge ape who kept gnashing his teeth and shouting: "I will have my revenge on them, for I will burn this house down and all the friars in it, since they are all leagued against me." The timid brother on hearing this forbade him in God's name to do so: whereupon the monster gave a mighty leap into the air, exclaiming: "What! do *you* even dare

to command me, you who until a while since were one of ourselves? nay, you shall perish first!" He then seized the poor brother so tightly that he could neither cry out nor help himself. But happening to think of the blessed Trinity, from the depths of his soul he ejaculated the words: "*In the name of the Father and of the Son,*" and then feeling his tongue at liberty he shouted, "*and of the Holy Ghost.*" He then found his arms were free, and he was able to make the sign of the cross.

After this the devil rushed into the next cell and began writing down his wicked schemes on a slip of paper. Seeing him busied in this way, and not daring to summon the brethren, or even stir from the spot, the brother said devoutly one *Hail Mary*. This was too much for the foul fiend, so in a rage he tore the paper into fragments with his teeth and made off, making such an uproar, and upsetting the lamp in the corridor, that the whole house heard the disturbance.

On another occasion the devil threatened to throttle him, but on his making the sign of the cross and saying the *Hail Mary* (which he had heard was a sure preservative against all enemies) the evil one took to flight.

When this brother had spent thirty years in constant preaching, and had just finished a course of sermons in a certain city, he seemed to behold the Mother of God present her Son to him as the reward of his ministry: and such unspeakable comfort filled his soul at the sight, that for eight days he could hardly contain himself for joy. After preaching on the threefold glory of the saints on the feast of St Peter of Verona, he fell into an ecstasy after matins, when it seemed to him that as he entered the choir he beheld assembled there the choirs of martyrs, confessors, and virgins, with the blessed Virgin standing in the middle beside the holy martyr Peter of Verona, all singing together the canticle

of eternal joys with the triple *Alleluia*, and the antiphon, "*Light everlasting shall shine upon thy saints, O Lord.*" On her beckoning him to come forward the brother drew near, and joined in the psalmody. After this she took him by the hand and led him to her Son, with the words: "I likewise present this man to thee."

As he knelt on another occasion before the blessed Virgin's altar, he again fell into an ecstasy, wherein it seemed to him that as he drew nigh to kiss the feet of the child Jesus, whom the virgin Mother pressed to her bosom, he derived from them such marvellous sweetness, like to the flavour of honey, that on regaining consciousness he felt the actual taste of honey for a long time on his lips. These manifold and consoling examples are told of him by one who learnt them confidently from his own lips, and who, furthermore, assures us that still greater wonders might be told regarding him.

A doctor of theology* in Paris, a man of great fame and learning, who rendered great services to the Church besides, during the time that the Master General was doing battle for the Order in the court of Rome, at the trying period when bitter enmity prevailed against the brethren, saw in a dream a great crowd of brethren looking up to heaven, who called out to him: "Look, look!" He also gazed upwards, and saw emblazoned on the sky these words in letters of gold: "*The Lord has delivered us from our enemies, and from the hands of all them that hated us.*" At that same time the letters issued by Pope Innocent against the Mendicants were, through the favour of the most High, recalled by Pope Alexander, his successor.

While this same brother was asleep, his deceased sister appeared to him and told him that she was then

* St Thomas Aquinas. He taught in Paris 1253–1254. The letters were recalled by Alexander IV, December 22, 1254 (*cf.* Denifle, *Cart.*, i, p. 267).

suffering in purgatory, but would be liberated in a fortnight. When he enquired about his dead brother, she said he was in heaven, but when he asked whether he would himself die before long and secure his eternal salvation, she replied: "If you but persevere you will be saved, but you will attain your last end very differently from us." A fortnight later his brother appeared and told him that their sister had just then joined him in heaven. On putting again the question as to his own salvation, this answer was returned: "Brother, such a question is unbeseeming, for you are in the sure way that leads to eternal life. Hold fast to what you now have, and finish as you have begun; learn also for a certainty that none—or very few—of your Order will be lost."

The Chancellor of the University in Paris, having decreed* that this same Brother Thomas should maintain his thesis publicly next day for the doctorate, that same night this brother beheld a figure come and stand before him with an open book in which were written the words: "*Thou waterest the hills from above, the earth shall be filled with the fruit of thy works*" (Ps. ciii 13). He therefore chose them for the text of his thesis.

A pious brother of the convent of Metz, while devoutly meditating on Christ's passion, seemed to behold our Saviour's mangled Body before him, as if it were but newly taken down from the cross, so prostrating himself reverently he began to salute with compunction the wounds in the hands and feet. Then drawing closer he pressed his lips against the deep wound in our Lord's side, like the child at the mother's breast, and as he did so a drowsy feeling came over him, and he fell asleep. On awaking he found his mouth full of blood, and his throat and breast were covered with clotted drops of it.

Master Jordan, of ever blessed memory, tells of a young German religious whom Christ communicated

* February 1256.

one Maundy Thursday, and who, on the ensuing Good Friday, was permitted to feel the pains of the passion in his body. What is more wonderful still is that he was bidden to prepare himself for each torment in succession, and he underwent it without being able to see who inflicted it.

Brother Albert of Germany* relates how, during the time he was Provincial, a novice under age and of insufficient education was taken into the Order, but whose spirit of piety and other good qualities more than atoned for these shortcomings. Someone having remarked in jest that the Provincial was thinking of sending him away, which he dreaded beyond everything, the poor youth became very down-hearted, more especially after hearing the words of holy Simeon read on the night of our Lady's Purification: "Thinkest thou that I shall see him, or thinkest thou that I shall endure?" Going to his prayers after matins he began very sorrowfully to apply these words to his own case, saying: "Lord Jesus, thinkest thou that I shall ever behold thee? thinkest thou that I shall remain in this Order?" While he was repeating these words with great earnestness, a voice was heard to say distinctly: "You shall indeed behold me, and persevere in your Order."

Another who had during his noviceship so weakened his body by fasting, watching, and other austerities, that he could hardly stand, prostrated himself humbly in fervent prayer, and poured out this petition with great earnestness and many tears: "My Lord Jesus, thou knowest how I have erred in chastising my body too severely against my brethren's advice, nor can I excuse my fault; still, since I only aimed at pleasing thee by doing so, look on me now with an eye of pity, so that I may be able to fulfil the duties of the Order with the rest of my brethren." On rising from his knees he found him-

* Brother Albert Magnus, beatified by Gregory XV, Provincial 1254–1259 (Quetif., i, p. 162b).

self cured of his weakness and bodily ailments, and continued to serve God faithfully during many years after.

A brother of the convent of Limoges had for a long time been vexed with grievous temptations in addition to a dangerous and painful malady. He used often to invoke the Mother of mercy, and spent whole nights at a time in prayer in hopes of obtaining relief; and as in each cell there was an image of our crucified Lord, like an open book of life or of the art of God's love, he would continually turn the eyes of soul and body towards it in most earnest entreaty. As his devotion increased, he began first to kiss the feet, and then, taking courage, he clasped the crucifix lovingly to his bosom. While in the act of kissing his crucified Lord one night, with hot tears of compassion, he felt the taste of a heavenly dew in his mouth which was sweeter than honey, and he became aware of a fragrance surpassing all earthly perfumes, which gladdened and strengthened him in soul and body. The result of this was that he became so detached from all worldly comforts, that thenceforth study and contemplation became his only delights. One night, when he had finished paying his devout homage to the Mother of God, he fell fast asleep and had this dream. He saw the blessed Virgin accompanied by two maidens come to him, and after condoling with him in his trials and infirmities, she gave him three lovely apples, saying as he tasted them: "These will strengthen you and make you fit to undertake vast labours, and they will prove a sovereign remedy for all your ills of mind and body." On awaking he found himself hale and strong and in good spirits, and never ceased to bless God and his holy Mother.

Brother Peter* of Sézanne, in France, a prior and

* He was sent with Friars Hugh, O.P., and Peter, O.P., and Friars Aimon, O.F.M., and Ralph, O.F.M., by Pope Gregory IX, May 18, 1233 (*Bull.*, i, p. 50, No. 77).

lector of the Order, has left us this account of a Saracen's conversion:

"In the reign of the Emperor John, I and several of our brethren went by the Pope's command to Constantinople, to put an end if possible to the Greek schism. About the same time a Saracen monk arrived there clad in a poor habit, a man of rare attainments in many ways, a zealous stickler for the traditions of his ancestors, of simple and modest mien, yet utterly devoid of all spiritual gifts of the soul. As he stood one day conversing with some of our brethren in the church porch, hoping to proselytise them and gain some followers, I was sent for, and went out to see him. I own that his facility of language astonished me, for none of us possessed the like: but when in the course of our conversation he blasphemed against our Lord Jesus Christ, saying that he was a mere man and not God at all, I was filled with indignation and felt livelier sentiments of faith than ever I had experienced before. I told our brethren to be quiet, and then asked the Saracen whether it was not one of their laws that anyone daring to blaspheme against Mahomet should be beheaded without mercy if he fell into Saracen hands. He owned that such was indeed their law, so I continued: 'Therefore you must either lose your head, or Mahomet's law is unjust, as I shall show you. If any man in a Saracen's presence blasphemes against Mahomet, whom you affirm to be one of God's prophets, but who nevertheless is not God, the same shall justly incur death: likewise then whoever presumes in the hearing of Christians to blaspheme against Christ, whom we confess to be not merely a prophet, but the God and Master of the prophets, the same must by a similar just law be put to death by them. You see now how the law stands which you have quoted in favour of Mahomet.' To all this he had not a word to say. 'Fear not,' I continued, 'you shall not be put to death, for Mahomet's

law is unjust: still you shall not go unpunished for your blasphemy against God.'

"With this I sent word to the chief officer of the Emperor's household, who had the blasphemer led to prison between two guards. When confined in the cells the monk neither ate nor drank on that or the following day, but, as his fellow prisoners testified, sat immovable in prayer. I then bethought me of paying him a visit, and taking a companion with me, who was a fluent speaker in Greek and Latin, we arrived at the prison shortly after daybreak. We found him seated on a stone bench, but on our entering he came forward to meet us, and bade us listen to what he was going to tell us. 'Before you came in,' said he, 'while I was asleep on this stone bed I thought I saw our abbot, who offered me a morsel of the very coarsest bread imaginable, after which you came up and pressed me to accept of a whole loaf of singular whiteness.' As he said this I drew out a small loaf of fine white bread which, unknown to my companion, I had brought, and gave it him to eat, bidding him observe how our Lord had fulfilled his dream. He took it thankfully, and while he was eating it I explained his dream to him. 'The piece of coarse and nauseous bread you saw, which is the common food of dogs and swine, represents Mahomet's teaching, which carnal minded men who war against the truth devour greedily, yet remain empty at heart the while: and you saw it in your abbot's hand, for it was he who taught you that wretched doctrine. On the other hand, the white loaf represents our Lord Jesus Christ, who feeds and nourishes his own with true knowledge and wisdom, for he is the *Living Bread come down from heaven. This is our supersubstantial bread, the splendour of God's glory, and the figure of his substance*, who is entirely partaken of by all yet remains ever living, one, and entire. The same whom you blasphemed only the day before yesterday we

now present to you as the object of your faith and veneration.'

"After this we took our departure, and he, being freed from prison soon after at our request, went for instructions* to the Friars Minor, who however sent him back to us. He was then carefully instructed by our brethren, and after passing forty days in solitude and prayer in the old Greek church which stood in our garden, set himself to learn the Lord's prayer and the Creed. He abjured his errors, was baptised on the feast of St Paul the Apostle, whose name he took at the font, and continued to serve God for many years after with great humility and devotion. May God be blessed for evermore. Amen."

One of the brothers began one night to create a fearful disturbance in the dormitory, so that the prior and others awoke and ran to help him. When a light was brought the prior asked what ailed him, but the terror-stricken man never for a moment took his eyes away from one corner of his cell. In this way the night passed, but being again visited by the prior at daybreak after he had had a few hours' sleep, he owned that he had seen the devil, and had been frightened at his fearful looks. When asked to tell what kind of shape he had assumed, the brother said: "I really cannot describe him, but I can assure you that if I had to choose between a blazing furnace on one side and that awful face on the other I would not hesitate a moment to cast myself into the flames rather than look on it again."

When Louis the Dauphin, the son of St Louis, King of France, was lying dangerously ill in Paris,† one of our brethren in that city, who was not aware of his illness, dreamt that he saw the king standing on a high throne holding the royal crown in his hands, and having his two sons Louis and Philip on his right

* Both Franciscans and Dominicans had each a convent in Constantinople in 1332—but *cf. Analecta*, i, p. 565.

† 1259.

and left; but instead of putting the diadem on the head of Louis, who was the elder, he placed it on the brow of Philip. When the sick boy was recommended to the brethren's prayers by the prior in chapter, the brother called to mind what he had witnessed: and some time later the Dauphin died, while his younger brother inherited the kingdom.

CHAPTER XXIV

MIRACLES WROUGHT BY THE BRETHREN

THE Friars Minor of Albi, in Languedoc, having long sought for fresh water in vain, Brother Maurice of Toulouse, of our Order, a man of gentle birth, humble of heart, a true lover of poverty, and a zealous missionary, chanced to be passing that way, and feeling for their distress, prayed a short while and then showed them where it was to be found. "Dig here in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ," said he, "and you will find it in abundance." A well was sunk on the spot and an abundant supply of water found, which continues to this day.

That devout and tender-hearted man, Brother Walter, who was formerly lector and then prior at Strasbourg, came to visit the nuns of Colmar* and to appoint various officials of the convent. One of them, named Cunegunda, was then lying sick of a low fever, and on her enquiring what office she should have to fulfil, got for reply: "Sister, your fever shall be your office." From that moment she would touch no more medicine, avowing her firm determination of fulfilling her office to the letter, until he who had imposed it should release her from it, nor did she believe that medicines would be of any benefit in the meantime. On his return to the convent some six or seven weeks later, getting to hear of her de-

* Founded 1232. *Les Annales et la Chronique de Colmar*, p. 10 (1854).

votion to duty he took compassion on her and said before the whole community: "In Christ's name I now absolve you from your office." In token of accepting the obedience, the sister made her prostration and arose perfectly cured.

We are assured by eye-witnesses that often during the secret of the mass, or when saying other special prayers, he was seen uplifted high in mid-air, upheld miraculously. Having occasion during his priorship to impose an office on one of his brethren, the brother asked him to pray that his fever might depart first, and that then he would be ready to fulfil it. "Let it cease, then, this moment," said he, and making the sign of the cross over him, healed the brother at once.

On another occasion, while he was praying for a young woman who had made a vow of virginity, he felt the words become bitter as gall in his mouth. Time unfolded the mystery, for the woman before long abandoned her immortal spouse and married a mortal one. It came to pass that a sister of the convent of Strasbourg was possessed by a devil, and vexed the community very much. After long prayer and fasting this same Brother Walter set out for the convent with a companion, and on the road they met a company of angels who greeted him joyfully, saying: "See, we likewise are come to help you." He gave order that she should be brought before him, and ere he rose from his knees the spirit went out from her, leaving her half dead, but by the help of his prayers she soon got well.

Often when saying mass for the dead he was permitted to know the state of the souls for whom he was interceding; as for instance, whether they had entered into rest, or were yet suffering in purgatory, and how long they had yet to remain there.

As he was saying mass, a deceased friend appeared before him and thanked him for his deliverance after

six weeks of detention in purgatory, whereas he had been condemned to suffer during two years.

While meditating in our Lord's bitter passion, in the house of the Friars Minor of Colmar,* he felt such pains in the places of the five wounds that he could hardly keep from crying out, and this was often the case with him.

Feeling eager on another occasion to learn how great had been our blessed Lady's dolours during her Son's passion, it was revealed to him that it was as if a sword had transfixed her soul.

During one of Brother William† of Germany's sermons, one of his auditors persisted in disturbing him by brawling and shouting. Failing to silence him by gentle words, the brother said in the hearing of the congregation: "Know this for certain, that you shall not leave this church unpunished." From sheer contradiction the fellow rose to march out, and went mad on the spot, so that his friends had to bind him fast. Returning with Brother Theophilus, his former companion, to that town some ten weeks later, he was asked by the friends of the man to forgive the injury, and pray for his recovery; he did so, and the madman recovered. By his prayers he likewise restored a nun to health who was suffering from a fever, and then told her to give hearty thanks to God.

A lady brought her son, who was afflicted with a painful and mortal malady, to Brother Henry, the elder of that name, a German by birth, and asked him to pray for his recovery. Overcome by her entreaties he knelt down and prayed for the young man, and then laying his hand on him restored him to perfect health in the presence of many who were eye-witnesses to the fact.

When staying with a soldier's widow he also restored her son to perfect health when the boy was at death's door.

* Dominican Priory was only begun in Colmar in 1275.
† Quetif., i, p. 136a.

Two of our Spanish brethren, in the course of their ministry, came to the convent of the Sisters in Madrid, the same nuns to whom St Dominic had given the habit of holy religion. While one of the two was preparing a sermon to be preached to the Sisters, he was very much disturbed by the ceaseless crowing of a cock, and although repeatedly driven away from the door, the undaunted bird still returned and drove the brother wild with his defiant challenge. Catching up a stick at last, he effectually silenced him by one square blow. Reflection brought remorse for the deed; he began to repent him of his hasty temper, and the loss he had brought on the Sisters. So taking up the dead bird in his hands he prayed thus: "O Lord God, who didst create this cock, and who canst do all things, restore him to life once more, and with the help of thy grace I will keep more careful guard over my temper." The prayer was hardly ended before the cock flew out of his hands on to the ground, and flapping his wings crowed lustily, but not so tiresomely as before. Brother Giles of Spain wrote an account of the miracle to the Master of the Order, having himself heard it related by the brother to whom the incident had occurred.

A Spanish priest who was quite blind of one eye felt convinced that if Brother Laurence* from England would only put his hand upon it he would recover his sight. The brother complied with his urgent request, and the sight was restored immediately.

This same Brother Laurence meeting a young man who was loath to pardon an enemy, after many fruitless attempts at moving him to do so, told him at length that it was the devil within him who was preventing him. The youth retorted hotly that he had nothing to do with Satan, and went his way. Three days later he was possessed bodily by a fiend

* One of the earliest of St Dominic's disciples (*cf. Analecta*, i, p. 396).

who tormented him horribly, so he went to the brother, and, following his counsel, was delivered.

Some heretics went one day to the convent in Milan meaning to make sport of Brother Theobald,* who was a holy and simple soul, and to scoff at his reputed miracles. One of them, pretending to be suffering from a fever, went up to him as he knelt absorbed in prayer before the altar, and with pretended humility said: "For God's sake, holy father, make the sign of the cross over me, for I am suffering from a burning fever, and firmly believe you have the power to heal me." "I pray God to heal you," said Theobald, "provided that you really have the fever, but if you have not got it may he send it you directly." "Brother Theobald," continued the heretic, "considering you are a saint, you ought not to say the like to the unfortunate; please to make the sign of the cross over me and I shall be healed." "What I have said, I have said," was the only reply. At this the man withdrew in confusion, but before he was out of the church he was seized with a violent fever, so he hurried home instead of joining his friends to brag of his adventure. Being now in a very low state, he called his wife, who was a good Catholic, and told her to send at once for Brother Theobald of the Friars Preachers. Seeing she was in no hurry to comply with his request, he again and again implored, nay commanded, her to send for the brother, who on getting the message declined to come until the next day, that his chastisement might have a salutary effect. When he came to the house the heretic confessed his malicious purpose together with his other sins and after abjuring his heresy was signed with the cross by the brother and recovered straightway.

This Brother Theobald had a special grace of

* Called sometimes Tibalt and sometimes Robald, was a native of Albenga near Genoa. He founded convent of St Eustorgio. He had received the habit from St Dominic in 1220.

healing enmities. After making peace with several who had been enemies, as he was going home he met, approaching from opposite quarters, a man whose brother had been murdered, and the actual murderer. Taking the assassin's hand he led him up to his victim's brother, and besought him to forgive him for the love of God. Full of resentment, as if he at that moment was looking on his brother's remains, the man began both by word and gesture to give vent to the hatred which raged within him, and refused absolutely to come to terms. Brother Theobald did not lose confidence, but renewed his entreaty, saying: "In the name of God Almighty who made heaven and earth, who suffered for us, who pardoned and prayed for his murderers, I command you to make your peace with this man before you go a step further!" Strange to say the man stood as if rooted to the spot until he complied. Another brother of the murdered man hearing of what had happened was filled with hatred and fury, and started off determined to be avenged. The servant of God, however, soon calmed his wrath, and told him to take the murderer home with him, treat him kindly, lodge him, and then come back next day together to be reconciled in his presence; all of which he did.

Brother Peter Sendre* of Catalogna by God's power wrought many miracles, among which these have been attested to upon oath by impartial witnesses, viz.: thirteen blind recovered their sight by his touch; four deaf persons, seven lame, five cripples, and twenty-four who lay at the point of death, were all perfectly restored by his prayer and his invoking the holy name of Jesus. A woman who suffered from a fracture of the spine and contraction of all her limbs, had herself carried to the church where he was preaching. Not being able to get near him because of the crowd which thronged around him,

* Died in 1244.

she waited until it had dispersed; then taking up some willow twigs on which he had been sitting, and invoking the blessed Virgin and her servant Peter, she applied them to all her joints successively. These presently expanded with a crackling sound as of hard wax, and she found herself erect and well.

There was a holy and observant religious of our convent at Pavia* whose name was Brother Isnard, a very eloquent preacher, through whom God brought about many conversions and worked a number of miracles which were sworn to by the testimony of trustworthy witnesses. Among these cures may be reckoned five lame persons who recovered the use of their limbs, four deaf, two dumb, three blind, and three maimed, who were all healed by the simple touch of his hand and pronouncing the holy name of Jesus. He raised a dead child to life by the same means in the presence of a vast assembly of people.

Six young men who were in danger of being drowned were rescued on invoking this holy man Isnard. A paralytic who ate the scraps of his meal was cured: his spittle cured a withered arm, and a kiss from his lips cured one afflicted with dropsy. A man who had been paralysed for fourteen years recovered by the simple blessing with the sign of the cross. Some heretics made this promise: "If this simple brother can deliver our friend Martin from the devil's power, we will esteem him as a saint." Brother Isnard drove the devil out of him by a kiss; and this man Martin afterwards served God and the brethren devoutly for many years at Pavia.

A heretic who made light of his miraculous powers said one day in a jesting spirit: "If that big jar over there moves along of its own accord and breaks my leg, I shall then begin to believe in his sanctity, but not before!" Hardly were the words out of his mouth than the jar was upon him, impelled by no mortal hand, and broke his leg. Another whose

* Pavia founded in 1220 by Blessed Isnard of Vicenza.

peas were constantly being trodden down by man and beast put them under his protection, and from that hour they were never harmed again. A devout lay brother saw in sleep the entire populace and clergy of Pavia flock to the convent and ask that one of the brethren should be given them for their bishop. He mentioned this to the sub-prior, and when both of them broached it to Brother Isnard, who was then prior, he at once prostrated himself at the sub-prior's feet, made a general confession of his life, and so died holily and humbly in the Lord. He was a virgin in mind and body to the end, and was famous for very many miracles after death, as we shall tell hereafter.

When Master John the Teutonic* was preaching the crusade in Basle for the recovery of the Holy Land, a citizen of the town took the cross, together with his son, who was a canon. When the man's wife came to hear of it she screamed out in passion: "May as many devils seize him who gave you the cross as there are leaves on this tree." Her punishment came swiftly, for great tumours broke out at once all over her face, and her body was struck with leprosy. Repenting sincerely of her speech, she sent for the Master, who heard her confession, and healed her by the touch of the hand. Her son, the canon, was so moved at the sight that he entered the Order, exchanging in this way the temporal cross he had assumed for a more lasting one, and afterwards became a gifted preacher and a prior among his brethren.

While this holy Master General was preaching from a hillock to a vast throng of people, there came up a nobleman who had pitched on that very spot for a duel, and who began to annoy him in every possible way. After repeatedly and with much forbearance requesting him to desist, Brother John fervently besought our Lord Jesus Christ to bring

* In 1225 and 1227.

about, by his almighty power, what he himself could not do. The nobleman instantly went mad, and was led away by his distressed friends. He afterwards recovered by the sign of the cross which the Master made over him, and then he and his friends took the cross from his hands.

One of the brethren, who for many years had suffered from want of sleep and from continual headaches, was lying in the infirmary, weary in mind and body, when chancing to observe, through the open door, some brethren just returned from preaching, who were washing their faces in the lavatory, he begged to be carried thither. This done, he began with tears to pray with all the earnestness of his soul after this fashion: "O Almighty God, the gracious rewarder of good works, by the sweat of thy servants which thou dost regard with complacency, look now upon me and make me a sharer and companion in their labours." As he spoke he poured the water they had used upon his head, and instantly got well in head and body, so that he afterwards continued strong and hale, sharing in all the conventual duties, and preaching for many years to the greater honour and glory of God, and the salvation of his own soul.

THE END OF PART FOURTH

PART FIFTH

DEPARTURE OF THE BRETHREN FROM OUT THIS WORLD

CHAPTER I

OF SUCH AS SUFFERED DEATH FOR THE FAITH

THE Order of Preachers having been specially founded by St Dominic in Toulouse for the main end of combating heresy and schism, after the brethren had now for nearly forty years waged incessant war against the like, and manfully battled with tyrants who befriended the teachers of heresy, suffering untold hardships in their ministry, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, at last Pope Gregory IX* entrusted the office of the Inquisition to them for the suppression of heresy and its abettors, in consequence of which they were exposed to very many and grave dangers.

We have an instance of this in Toulouse itself, where, after continual threats from the Count and his minions, all intercourse with our brethren, as well as selling to them or bestowing gifts upon them, was rigidly forbidden by public proclamation. The next step was to put sentries at the convent doors to stop all communication and supplies; then when all the brethren made their confession and were ready to shed their blood for the faith and their allegiance to the holy Roman Church, nay, were eagerly expecting death, they were banished the city. "*They went forth from the council rejoicing that they had been counted worthy to suffer ignominy for the name of Jesus*" (Acts v. 41), and advancing two by two processionally, passed out of the city walls singing triumphantly the *Creed* and *Salve Regina*.

* April 28, 1236, *Bull.* i, p. 88.

On the same account the convent of Narbonne was sacked, and the sacred books torn to shreds by the hands of impious men. In many other places our brethren were cruelly treated and despoiled of their property, so that the Inquisitors were unable to go about without an armed escort.

The Martyrs of Avignonnet.—On the night of our Lord's Ascension* in the year 1242, Brother William Arnauld, Bernard de Rochefort, and Garcias d'Aure, of the Order of Preachers, Inquisitors in that country, with their companions Stephen and Raymund Carbonne of the Friars Minor, Raymund, the Archdeacon of Toulouse, the prior of Avignonnet, and three others, were all put to the sword for the faith of Christ and obedience to the Church of Rome, while joyfully singing the *Te Deum*.

On the night of their martyrdom a woman in a neighbouring town of the diocese cried out, when in the pangs of child-birth: "Lo, I see the heavens open and a ladder let down to earth where much blood has just now been spilt;" and while she was regarding the splendour which shone round the ladder and the men ascending thereby, she was unconsciously delivered without pain. The same vision was granted as well to a band of poor shepherds who were tending their flocks some way off.

While King James† of Arragon was lying that night encamped before the Saracens he beheld a great sheet of fire flash from heaven down to earth, and had the bugle sounded for all to stand to arms, for, as he observed, "God is accomplishing some mighty mystery to-night."

Many of our brethren in Barcelona,‡ while watching in prayer that night, saw the whole sky ablaze, while great globes of fire shot across the heavens.

A citizen of Carcassonne on learning the tidings of their death dedicated himself to their protection, and at once recovered from a long-standing disease.

* May 29. † James I, 1213–1276. ‡ Founded 1219.

In the same way the daughter of the constable of Mirepoix on commending herself to them got rid of a severe illness.

William of Muret, being laid up with a slow fever, had himself carried to their graves to pray there, and was at once restored to health, and the same thing happened to many more who flocked to the scene of their martyrdom.

A heretic called Arnald de Filière on learning of the death of Raymund, the venerable Archdeacon who used often to reprove him for his want of faith, said in the presence of his friends: "I am going over to Avignonnet to see whether that knight of the quill, that talkative fool, has actually gone to his account." He went, and stooping over the holy prelate as he lay in a pool of blood, spurned the corpse with a kick, saying derisively: "Sleep in peace now, you lying clown." God struck him instantly with an incurable sore on his leg.

When I was staying in our convent at Bordeaux,* only a few days before their martyrdom, a fellow religious came to tell me that he had witnessed in vision three of our brethren butchered as they knelt before the crucifix, and their corpses ill-treated by an armed mob.

Sister Blanche of Prouille suffered so much from the protrusion of a bone in the jaw that she could neither eat nor speak. On the eve of St Vincent the Martyr† the infirmarian, who was sitting by her side, asked her if she would care to have it bandaged with a napkin belonging to Brother William, who had lately died for the faith of Christ. She nodded assent, and it was no sooner applied than she began to exclaim: "See, I have been cured by the holy martyr's merits."

Brother Raymund of Carbonne, the Minorite already mentioned, saw in sleep, some days before his martyrdom, a golden diadem adorned with nine

* Founded 1222. † The feast is kept January 22.

brilliant pearls come down from the skies in a halo of light, and remain suspended over the house in which they were afterwards slain. Full of admiration at the sight he broke forth thus: "Alas for the people of this unhappy country, who seeing us about to be crowned for the faith which we uphold, do not hasten to embrace the Catholic faith." On awaking he mentioned his dream to the prior of Prouille and to his fellow captives, whereupon Brother William de Rochefort, the prior of our brethren, cried out in the spirit of prophecy: "Learn from this, my brethren, that we shall all speedily be put to death for the faith of Jesus Christ."

A brother of the convent of Bordeaux tells us that being once rapt in prayer he saw our Saviour hanging on the cross, while on his right hand stood the blessed Virgin, who caught his blood in a chalice, with which she presently sprinkled three of our brethren. A great longing to share their happiness came over him at the sight, but the vision suddenly ceased: and soon after this he learnt that those three friars whom he had thus seen sprinkled with Christ's blood had shed theirs in return in confessing the true faith.

On the day before their martyrdom, the vigil of the Ascension, a devout woman came to the convent at Toulouse and spoke thus to Brother Columba, the prior: "Father, happening to fall asleep in your church while mass was going on, I seemed to see one of the arms of Christ upon the rood become detached, and blood began to ooze from the entire body. As I looked on in fear, the figure beckoned me to draw near, and the dead lips opening said these words: 'Bid the prior have his brethren's remains buried yonder,' pointing to the chapel close by." Following this holy injunction their blessed remains were laid by the bishop and our brethren in St Andrew's chapel, on their removal from Avignonnet. Nor could a more fitting spot have been chosen, for

they lie inside their brethren's church, and on the right of the crucifix.

At that time the holy Roman Church* was widowed of her chief pastor, but on the tidings of their death reaching the ears of the cardinals met for the conclave, they drew up this letter addressed to the Prior Provincial and brethren of the Toulouse Province.

"You know, dearest brethren, that your Order was founded by your holy father St Dominic in the country of Toulouse for the defence of the faith, the planting of true piety, the comfort and edification of the faithful, and the uprooting of heresy and vice. You have renounced this world's riches that the lustre of your holiness may shine untarnished in the eyes of unbelievers, you have gladly taken upon you the yoke of voluntary poverty, and by untiring energy in keeping God's law you have won from on high that your tongues should shed heavenly wisdom. With mingled feelings of compassion and sorrow we have learnt how wicked men have, like maniacs at large, turned on their souls' physicians and done a deed of infamy on God's servants the Inquisitors, their companions and servants. But in smiting them thus with the sword they have only done them the best service possible, for, as we believe, when we consider the cause, the time, the manner and other circumstances of their death, they have only thereby raised them to the dignity of martyrs for Jesus Christ."

St Peter of Verona.†—On the Saturday after the octave of Easter, in the year 1252, Brother Peter of Verona, the prior of Como, in Italy, and inquisitor on behalf of the Holy See, was martyred by impious men within the territory of Milan, as is declared in full in the bull of his canonisation. He was, as

* See was vacant from August 21, 1241, till June 24, 1243.

† This account is by Brother Henry Scacabarazzi, his intimate friend. Peter was created inquisitor by Innocent IV on June 13, 1247 (*Bull. Ord.*, i, p. 192), and canonised 1253 (*Bull. Ord.*, i, p. 228).

we have said, a native of Verona, and most of his relations were Manichean heretics. Returning one day from school when he was but seven years old, his uncle asked him what lesson he had been learning, so the child in all simplicity repeated the words — "*I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth.*" "Nay, nay," rejoined the uncle, "you must not say '*Creator of heaven and earth*,' for it was not God but the devil who created this visible world." Notwithstanding his tender years, Peter steadfastly refused to alter the written form of the Creed, or to profess anything besides what he had read. His uncle then tried to prove his heretical doctrine by a number of authorities, and to convince him that he ought also to believe in the devil's creative power, but strange to tell, the child turned the texts so cunningly against him, that the man had no reply whatever to make. In this instance he gave tokens of that invincible courage and skill wherewith he was afterwards to defend the Church against the assaults of heresy. The enraged uncle went to the child's father, and telling him all that had happened tried to stop him from sending Peter to school, "for," said he, "I fear that ripening years and experience will only conduce to make him the champion of the Church of Rome, and that he will confound and destroy our creed." But, by God's providence, the father would not hear of such a thing, feeling sure that his own persuasion would get the boy to follow in his way of thinking, especially when the influence of their pastor was brought to bear upon the more mature mind. Gifted with a lofty and penetrating genius, and while yet in the spring of youth and innocence, Peter betook himself to the Order of Preachers in Bologna and, after taking the habit from St Dominic's hands, gave himself up altogether to preaching and combating heresy.

The companion of his journeys having asked him to teach him some short prayer, he made this reply:

"Listen, brother, to the dearest prayer of my heart, and the one which moves my spirit most. When I hold the uplifted body of Christ in my hands, or when I gaze upon it elevated in other hands, at the altar, I earnestly pray him to grant me that I may never die otherwise than as a martyr for the faith, and this has always been my constant request."

While disputing one day with a heretic of great ability and eloquence, who sought to baffle him with his intricate quibbles and sophisms, he asked for an adjournment of the debate, and a day was mutually agreed upon for his reply. After this he invited all the brethren of the neighbouring convents who were skilled in controversy to come prepared to the conference on the appointed day; but not one answered his appeal. When the time was come the heretic arrived with all his followers, and stepping forth haughtily, like a second Goliath, challenged the Catholic party to meet him. Brother Peter presented himself with a single companion, and the heretic, after again setting forth his errors with his best cunning and skill, bade him defiance, saying: "Answer me now, if you can, or if you know how." Brother Peter asked time for a moment's reflection, and retiring to a neighbouring oratory, threw himself before the altar, beseeching our Lord to uphold his own cause by shedding the light of faith on his adversary's intelligence and depriving him of that gift of speech which he abused by turning it against the truth. He rose, and returning to the midst of the vast assembly bade the heretic propound his arguments once more. The vain-glorious tongue faltered and grew mute, and while the heretics retired in confusion, the faithful gave hearty thanks to God. It was Brother Peter himself, who, with all humility, communicated this fact to two discreet brethren.

On another occasion, in the presence of a vast throng of bishops and people, he was disputing with an heretical bishop who had fallen into their hands.

As the day wore on and the sun's intense rays kept pouring fiercely upon them, as they stood on a raised platform erected by the Milanese, the heretic interposed an instant: "Perverse Peter, if you are really the saint this silly crowd makes you out to be, why do you let them and us be scorched with this terrific heat, and not rather ask the Lord to send at once a cloud that we may not get a sunstroke!" To this St Peter rejoined readily: "If you sincerely pledge yourself to abandon your errors and be converted to the true faith, I will beg it of our Lord, and he will this moment send us what you ask." On hearing the pledge given, the heretics who stood by shouted to their champion to make the promise, believing that the brother would not stand by his word, especially as there was no sign of a cloud visible in the sky; while on the other hand the bishops and Catholics began to fear lest this hasty promise might bring confusion on their cause. However, as the heretic declined to bind himself by any such engagement, St Peter replied: "To prove to you that God is the Creator of all things visible and invisible and for the comfort of the faithful and your confusion, I now beseech him to interpose a cloud between the people and this blazing sun." The words were scarcely uttered before a cloud gathered, which overhung the multitude like a vast tent surmounted by a cross.

On another day, feeling some doubts rise in his mind about the mysteries of our holy religion, and feeling sure that they were nothing else than the devil's deceits, he prostrated himself before the altar of the blessed Virgin and earnestly prayed her, for her dear Son's sake, to deliver him mercifully from them. As he knelt, reverently pressing his suit, a voice resounded in the air: "*I have prayed for thee, Peter, that thy faith may not fail.*" After this he got up to find that all his doubts had passed away, and he never again felt the like.

Just a year before his death, while passing by the castle of Goache with his companion, Brother Gerard of Trent, he looked at the heretical stronghold and uttered this prediction: "Yonder castle will soon be destroyed in the cause of the faith, and the heretic bishops, Nolarus and Desidarius, who lie buried within its walls, will be burned to ashes;" all of which came to pass through the influence of the Inquisitors, and thereby gave testimony to the Spirit of Truth who foretold it by his mouth.

In a sermon preached at Milan, before nearly ten thousand hearers, he cried aloud: "I know full well that the heretics are plotting to take my life, and that the reward has already been paid down; but let them do their good pleasure, for I shall do them more harm by my death than ever I have done in my lifetime." A month later he fell beneath their swords, which confirmed his prediction, and his other words are being verified daily still more.

On the day of his martyrdom a devout and trustworthy sister of the convent of Ripoli, near Florence, being absorbed in prayer, as she afterwards solemnly bore witness, saw the blessed Virgin Mary seated on a majestic throne, having two of our brethren by her side. While she was yet looking at the strange sight they began to ascend to heaven, and she heard a voice say: "This is Peter of Verona, who has mounted like fragrant incense to the throne of God." She only learnt of his martyrdom some days later, and it occurred precisely at the same hour. Conceiving in her heart great feelings of devotion towards him, she sought and obtained the cure of a severe malady under which she had long suffered. We need not be at all surprised at the presence of St Peter's companion on the occasion of this vision, for Brother Dominic, his companion, was mortally wounded by his side at the same time, and dying a little later was taken up with him to paradise.

A young Florentine, who had lapsed into heresy,

came with some friends one day to see our brethren's church in Florence. Coming across a painting which represented St Peter's martyrdom, and seeing the murderer depicted as a soldier* with a brandished sword, he said: "If I had been there in his place I would have struck home more surely still with my blade." The words were no sooner uttered than he was struck dumb. His companions were thunderstruck with surprise, and tried to get him to make some sign of explanation, but all in vain. They next seized hold of him to drag him home, but he broke from them, rushed into a neighbouring church, and threw himself on his knees before the altar. There, with deep contrition, he begged the saint's pardon, and promised to confess his sins and abjure his errors if he were only healed. In answer to his prayer his tongue was loosened again, so he returned instantly to our church, fulfilled his promise, and told the whole adventure to his confessor. Furthermore, happening to hear his confessor tell the story, by his permission, in a public sermon to a large concourse of people, the young man stood up and gave public testimony to the fact.

A brother of the Order was given over by the doctors in Lyons,† and lay in a dying state owing to cancer in his throat. On the Master General coming to see him, the brother earnestly entreated him to bring him some of the holy martyr's relics, in hopes of obtaining a cure through his merits. He had no sooner applied the relics than he was completely restored to health.

A woman in Flanders who had given birth to three still-born children in succession, and had met with much harsh treatment from her husband in conse-

* The heretic who slew St Peter Martyr became a Catholic and joined the Dominican Order as a lay-brother; he led a most exemplary life.

† Founded 1218.

quence, for he went so far as to threaten to put her away, being near her confinement a fourth time, put her whole trust in St Peter Martyr, and vowed that if the child lived she would do her best to make a Friar Preacher of him if it were a son, or if a daughter she would dedicate her to God in some monastery. When her time came she gave birth to another still-born babe, but when the nurses wanted to take it away from her sight she begged them to give it back to her, and began most piteously to implore the holy martyr's help. Her prayer was not even finished before she found the boy alive in her arms. When he was carried to the font, the sponsors agreed to have him called John, but the priest quite inadvertently christened him Peter, which name he kept ever after out of devotion to the holy martyr.

A child, who was subject to falling sickness, on being brought by the parents to the saint's altar, and put under his protection, was restored to perfect health. A boy, who for over a year and a half had been suffering from recurring fevers, was dedicated to St Peter Martyr by his parents. The little sufferer sat up at once in bed, declaring himself cured, and asked them to take him to the holy martyr's altar that he might express his hearty gratitude. Another child, who had lain so long in the last extremity that his parents wished for death to put him out of his misery, while St Peter's relics were being carried past the door in solemn procession to the convent close by, asked his parents to carry him as well in the procession, that he might do honour to the saint. He did this from an inward assurance that his cure would be granted. His parents consented, and on their recommending him to the saint's care he was thoroughly restored to health. A little girl fell into a rapid stream and remained under water about as long as it would take to say two masses. The stiff limbs, the cold and livid corpse, and the length of her submersion, all bore

witness to her untimely end. Four pious women carried her to our church at Sens,* where the brethren commended her to St Peter of Verona; they laid her down before his altar, and soon she awoke up full of life and spirits, as was sworn to by many eye-witnesses.

An infant whose breathing was impeded by an ulcer in the throat had some water given it to drink which had previously been used in washing out the urn containing some of his relics. The swelling subsided directly, and after a few days not a trace of it could be seen. A priest of the diocese of Poitiers was brought to death's door by a fever. One of our brethren, a kinsman of his, having gone to visit him, advised him to put his whole trust in God and Brother Peter of Verona, who had a short while before been put to death for the faith of Christ, but who was not yet canonised,† and that all would go well with him. The sufferer not only consented, but had a great wax candle burnt in his honour, and got up at once perfectly cured.

A woman of Chalons-sur-Marne,‡ who was subject to falling sickness, and had as many as six or eight attacks in a day, on hearing his miracles spoken of from the pulpit, went in all haste to our brethren's church. Kneeling as a suppliant before his altar, she addressed this prayer to him: "O blessed Peter, glorious martyr of Christ, since thou hast undergone so cruel a death, deign to ask our Lord mercifully on my behalf to deliver me from my present infirmity, as he shall judge to be best for the welfare of my soul." The prayer was scarcely off her lips before she felt a new vigour run through her, indicating a complete recovery, and presently she got up, and hurrying out of doors, spread the good news, crying out in transports of delight: "I am cured, I am cured, through the merits of the glorious martyr, Peter of

* Founded 1224–1328. † Canonised March 25, 1253.
‡ Founded 1219.

Verona." There could be no doubt as to her cure, for not a trace of her malady was ever seen again. She next hurried off to the prior of Chalons, who was her confessor, and he was delighted at so speedy a cure; after this many more persons in the town were healed of the same sickness in like manner.

Some timber merchants of Arras* having stacked their plants and shingles, worth nearly a thousand crowns, close by the side of our convent, the whole mass suddenly caught fire. The flames rose high and spread rapidly in the direction of the church. The wooden cross on top of the church was already burnt, and there did not seem to be the slightest chance of saving the building, when Brother Bartholomew, a lay brother, bethought him of placing St Peter Martyr's relics in one of the dormitory windows as a shield against the fiery tide. The wind suddenly changed, and with it the flames were borne in the opposite direction, so that all was saved, excepting the wooden cross, which was destroyed before the arrival of the relics. The brother told this incident to the present writer, and in proof of his statement appealed to the others who had witnessed the prodigy.

Some students of Maguelonne, while on their way to Montpellier,† were whiling away the tediousness of the journey by athletic exercises, when one of them injured himself internally in jumping. The poor lad lay head downwards on a steep bank in hopes of experiencing some relief in his great agony. Feeling somewhat eased he tried to continue his journey, but soon his sufferings recommenced with greater intensity, so that he had to lie down by the roadside. Calling to mind how, on St Peter Martyr's feast, he had heard the story told of a woman being cured of cancer by applying to her breast a few grains of earth stained with his blood, he began very earnestly, and with tears, to pray as follows: "Lord God,

* Founded 1233. † Founded 1220.

I have none of that holy earth at this moment, but do thou vouchsafe, through his merits, to bestow the same virtue on this which is at hand." Then invoking the holy martyr's help, he made the sign of the cross over a handful of earth, and on applying it to the seat of his pain, all his sufferings ceased and he was quite cured.

A lay brother in Cologne, who for two years had been disfigured by a large wen which at one time even put his life in danger, vowed to the saint to say an *Our Father* every day in his honour if he were rid of it. When he finished this petition the wen gradually subsided, and left no trace behind. All the brethren thanked God and his servant for the benefit which every effort of human skill had failed to bring about.

A priest of Trèves,* who was nearly driven mad from headaches, was cured by merely putting himself under the holy martyr's care. A woman of Bohemia fell into a trance, out of which she could not be roused. The prior of Prague, with four companions, went to see her, when one of her friends made a solemn promise in her name to St Peter Martyr, the nature of which did not transpire. Soon after the woman awoke as if recovering from a deep sleep, made her confession to the prior, and then said to the company present: "I saw a dark figure of some one who wanted to destroy me, but a saint in the habit of a Friar Preacher came and put him to flight, and as he touched me I regained consciousness."

A fellow countrywoman of the last, who was nearing her end, after a long illness, put herself under his care: in a little while she fancied she saw him sprinkle her with holy water, and got up in all her former health and vigour.

Brother John of Poland acquaints us with the fact that while he was laid up with a quartan ague in Bologna, he was bidden to preach the saint's panegyric

* Founded 1227.

on his feast. Fearing he might not be equal to the task he went to the saint's altar and prayed to him to help him in making his great merits known. The fever left him at once and never returned.

A young man called Benedict fell dangerously ill in the city of Compostella,* where the body of St James the Apostle rests. His body and limbs were so swollen as to strike the beholder more with horror than pity: his eyes protruded from his head, and he could with extreme difficulty move along with the help of a stick. In this sad plight one May Day before vespers, in the year 1259, he came to the wife of a barber and piteously begged an alms. The kind-hearted woman said: "Friend, you seem to be more in want of a coffin than of food, but take my advice, go and confess your sins at the friars' convent, recommend your hard fate to St Peter, who has been lately martyred, and if you pray earnestly you may count on a speedy cure." She had an assurance that it would come true, having herself often experienced his help, and on his part the afflicted youth promised to fulfil her instructions to the letter. He went to our church in the morning, but finding it locked leant against the door and fell fast asleep. As he slept there appeared before him a venerable friar who threw his cloak over his shoulders and brought him inside. At this he awoke to find himself no longer a pitiful object lying on the porch steps outside, but hale and well in body and merry at heart, a good way inside the building. Off he ran to his friendly adviser and joyfully greeted her in the street among her gossips: "I have taken your advice," he cried, "and see what St Peter has done for me." The astonished good-wife looked at his arms, which were yet livid in colour in testimony of the miracle, and after calling her husband, she roused the neighbourhood by her shouts. "Look here," she cried, "here is a miracle

* Founded 1219.

indeed. Yesterday this brave fellow was so swollen that he could hardly talk or crawl, and looked as if every step would be his last, and just look at him now praising God in perfect health." Many of our brethren and over five hundred people of Compostella knew him very well both before and after the miracle.

A young Portuguese named Dominic, who resided in Majorca, had an ague and dropsy combined, and could not stir out of his chamber without help. He got worse and worse, the swelling reached his throat, he was past speech, past eating or drinking, and was given up completely by the doctors. Still his wife did not lose heart: "Recommend yourself to St Peter Martyr," was her advice, "and make a vow to fast every year on the vigil of his feast." The sufferer nodded an assent, and gave her to understand that she was to offer a wax candle as long as himself at the saint's altar. This was no sooner done than he began to vomit up the evil humours, and presently magnifying God and his servant with a loud voice, declared himself cured of his ague and dropsy.

A woman of Metz* had successively given birth to seven children who were all either still-born or died soon after baptism. Just then one of our brethren, who was a relative of hers, happened to be returning from the Provincial Chapter, having with him some of St Peter's relics sent by the provincial to the convent in that city. Now while his friends were making merry at his return, the poor woman was observed to be weeping bitterly, and in answer to his enquiries she thus unfolded the cause: "Alas, childbirth is again approaching, and I cannot help grieving when I think that the same misfortune is sure to happen to this child as to the others." Then the brother comforted her, saying: "Nay, have no fears on that score, but put your whole trust in God's

* Founded 1219.

mercies and the merits of St Peter, a recent martyr of our Order. Recommend yourself and your child to him; promise that if a son be born alive you will have him called Peter in his honour, that every year you will make a suitable offering at his altar, and assist at mass and sermon on his feast, and be quite sure that he will watch over the life of your child." She very gladly made the promise, and when her time was come she was delivered of a healthy boy to whom she gave the name of Peter, and, as all allowed, no child could be more comely or in better health. The miracle was soon noised abroad, and from that day women in childbirth are in the habit of invoking St Peter of Verona, and seldom without experiencing his timely aid.

CHAPTER II

HAPPY DEATHS OF THE BRETHREN

The venerable Brother Matthew* of Paris who was the first and last Abbot in our Order, and who was prior for many years in Paris, tells us how he went to Brother Reginald of Orleans, when the latter was on his deathbed, and urged him to receive the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, as he would soon be engaged in his last struggle with death and Satan. At this blessed Reginald replied: "I have no fears for the struggle, nay, I rather look forward to it with impatience, for ever since the Mother of God anointed me with her virginal hands in Rome, I have never ceased to put my whole trust in her, and now joyfully await the hour of my deliverance that I may hasten to see her once more. However, that I may not seem to make little of the Church's anointing, I profess myself willing to receive it, and I humbly ask for it at your hands." Towards sunset he gently passed away, surrounded by the mournful brethren.

* St Dominic made him abbot of the Order in 1216 when he himself was planning to go to the East; he died in Paris about 1226 (*Anal.*, i, p. 66, No. 2).

Master Jordan, of blessed memory, vouches for the truth of the following incident in his story of the first foundations of the Order. Brother Everard,* who was formerly Archdeacon of Langres, a truly mortified religious, determined in deed and prudent in counsel, having embraced our holy Institute in Paris, became from that time a model of evangelical poverty, and this virtue shone in him with special lustre from the high position he had formerly held in the world. While travelling with Master Jordan to rejoin St Dominic in Lombardy, he fell very ill at Lausanne, the bishopric of which he had formerly declined. We have the rest of the story in Master Jordan's own words:† "Seeing the doctors consult together with grave faces, he called me to his side and addressed to me these words—'Why do you seek to hide from me the fact that my life is drawing to a close? I am not afraid to die; let them conceal it from the man to whom the thought of death is bitter. Death should have no terrors for him who sees the frail casket break asunder in the hope that the pearl within, that is the soul, may find in heaven an imperishable home, not made by mortal hand.' With these words he very peacefully ended his short but thrice happy course. As a token of his happy passage, so far from feeling downcast or desolate at his loss, as I had expected, on the contrary, I was conscious of an indescribable feeling of joy come over me, as if some inward voice was whispering to me to forbear weeping for him who had already been admitted to everlasting joys."

That fervent religious and distinguished lector, Brother Conrad, whose conversion is told in St Dominic's life,‡ used often to foretell the hour and place of his own end. When brought at last to death's door by a burning fever at Magdeburg,

* Died July, 1221.
† *Cf.* Berthier, p. 28.
‡ Quetif., i, p. 34. He entered the Order in 1220.
§ Founded 1224.

in Germany, Brother Robert, the infirmarian, said to him: "Dear brother, our Lord is going to take you from us, let us know then, by some sign, when he comes with his angels to take you." To this the other agreed. On St Catherine's eve, in the presence of the prior and brethren, he began to sing softly and sweetly the opening words of the psalm: "*Sing unto the Lord a new canticle, Alleluia :*" then closing his eyes he seemed to die. The brethren then began to recite the seven penitential psalms for the repose of his soul, which being ended, he once more opened his eyes and said this prayer: "*The Lord be with you; and with thy spirit : Let us pray : May the souls of the faithful departed : through the mercy of God, rest in peace :*" whereat all present solemnly responded "*Amen.*" The prior, bending over him, began to whisper words of comfort in his ear, but he did not appear to hear them. The brethren then intoned the Gradual Psalms, and when they came to that verse: "*This is my rest for ever and ever,*" he pointed heavenwards, then with a radiant smile he passed away. Overcome by this touching sight, the prior fell on the neck of the brother infirmarian, and cried: "O Brother Robert, see how well he has fulfilled your behest. Brothers, let us all kneel down, for I feel sure that our Lord Jesus Christ is at this moment in our midst." They all knelt down, and some were so overcome between fervour and joy that they could hardly understand their own feelings, still less describe them in words. Those who laid the body out declared that they felt a heavenly perfume which clung to their hands for days after. We are indebted for this narrative to Brother Robert of Turin, the same who attended him in his last sickness.

Brother Peter of Guerche, who was sub-prior of Dinan* in Brittany, had been in the habit for many years of staying behind in the church after matins

* He died 1245; Priory founded 1221.

to prolong his prayer. One night, feeling too tired to pray, he went to bed, but shortly afterwards he heard a voice in the stillness of the night, saying: "Get up, Peter, and spare not your body, for the time is short." He got up again, and after telling his confessor what he had heard he went to the altar to say mass devoutly. He fell dangerously ill that same day, and in a few hours died holily in the Lord. To this day he is looked on as a saint by the whole countryside on account of the marvellous purity of his life.

Brother Guerin of the convent of Tours* falling ill began to wander in his mind before anyone thought of administering the Last Sacraments. The distressed prior summoned the community and bade them pray fervently for the brother, who was then beginning his agony. As they entered the infirmary, carrying the blessed Sacrament, the dying man revived, and after making his confession received the holy Viaticum. Then feeling the hand of death upon him he intoned softly the response, "*Libera me Domine*," etc. ("*Deliver me, O Lord, from everlasting death*"), and so passed away very peacefully.

Brother Walter of Rheims, an eloquent preacher, pleasant and genial, after a long and fruitful ministry fell seriously ill at Metz. After he was anointed he addressed these words to the weeping brethren as they knelt around: "Have no fear, brethren, on my account, for I am dying in the true faith, strengthened with unfailing hope, and worn out with exceeding charity." Soon afterwards he slept in the Lord, and those present described his happy passage to their absent brethren.

Brother William, who had originally been a court official at Sens, while being anointed in the convent of Orleans,† asked the friars to say no more to him about sin and hell, nor to mention anything which could disturb his peace of soul, but only to speak

* Founded 1221. † Founded 1219.

about the joys and delights of heaven. Seeing them grieve over his departure he said to them: "Wherefore do you weep? If I am going to heaven you ought rather to rejoice with me since all is gained, but if hell is to be my lot . . . but no, certain am I that will not be." Some one who entered the infirmary just then exhorted him to bear his sufferings patiently, and asked him if he had confessed all his sins; the dying man then replied: "Had I put it off until now I should have been too late;" saying which he gently breathed his last in all confidence.

In the convent of Dijon* of the same province a young novice lay dying: it was Brother William of Chalon-sur-Saone, a youth of singular piety and simplicity. The infirmarian after feeling his feeble pulse, and knowing that the end could not be far off, leant over him and whispered in his ear: "Be of good cheer, brother, for you are now going to God." A bright smile lit up the pale features at the words, as with feeble voice he began to sing the anthem, "*Glory, praise, and honour be to thee, O Christ, our King and Saviour.*" When a relic of the true cross was held to his lips, his spirit strengthening his body, he sprang up and clasping it fondly to his heart, with voice more angelic than human he intoned: "*O Crux ave spes unica*"—"*Hail to thee, O Cross, our only hope.*" After this he spake no more, but gently sank into his true rest.

Brother Ulric, the prior of Nuremberg, being brought by a painful sickness to the verge of the grave, the glorious Queen of virgins stood visibly before him, and putting her hand on the suffering part eased his pains, and said to him: "Brother Ulric, there are yet greater pains in store for thee ere thou canst pass from earth; but take courage, for afterwards pain shall be no more." Some time before he died his poor body was racked terribly, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. His last

* Founded 1236.

hour being at length come, Brother Nicholas, who was lying in the same dormitory, saw a troop of beautiful maidens gathering round his companion's bed, and on his asking them in God's name who they were and from whence they came, one of them answered sweetly: "We are from the land of the angels."

Brother James of Lombardy, dwelling in our convent in Paris, a religious of great repute both for learning and piety, carried his love of contemplation so far that Christ crucified was at all times on his lips and in his heart. "I know of no greater evil," he would say, "than that of ingratitude in not loving so good a Master." But whereas he was pleasing in God's eyes, it was necessary that affliction should try him. Struck down helpless under a grievous malady, he came to learn by sad experience the unspeakable weakness of human nature, and he who was ready at one time to shed his blood for Christ's sake was now permitted to fall into a thousand small acts of peevishness. Everything served only to torment him, even his food and bed; the name of Jesus, which once had been so sweet, now became almost unbearable. In his anguish he bitterly complained that he had been mocked by God himself in return for his services, since he was no longer master of his own soul and body. But as the brethren continued making unceasing supplication for him, his spirit of resignation gradually returned, until at last he became utterly detached from this world. Meanwhile he had been slowly wasting away, so that all wondered to see his poor thin body bear up so long. But the *Father of lights and God of all consolation* had not forgotten his servant, and *the bones which had been humbled began to rejoice*. He sighed continually for the hour of his delivery, the very thought of which would cause his face to light up with joy. Master Jordan, of blessed memory, on being informed of his pitiful condition went to see him, and sitting

down at his bedside offered him these words of comfort: "Fear nothing, brother, for very soon you will be summoned into the presence of Jesus Christ." At this comforting speech, helped by the grace of God, in spite of his weakness, he rose upon his bed, and falling on Master Jordan's neck, cried out in tones which bespoke the soul's deep longing: "O Jesus, deliver my soul from out this prison, that I may praise and magnify thee for ever," saying which he peacefully expired. Sometimes, therefore, if we see the sick fretful and impatient, let us beware of harsh judgements or feelings of vexation, for without a doubt such is the unfathomable will of him "*who balanceth the storm*," for what may often seem to be the effect of his wrath in reality may be only a token of his boundless mercy.

A lector belonging to our convent of Langres, Nicholas by name, was calmly awaiting his death, when someone asked him whether God had given him any special consolation. In transports of gladness the brother made answer: "I have indeed had a comfort beyond all others, for our Lord Jesus Christ has promised me to be present at the moment of my death." At this he who put the question rejoined: "Then for the love of this same Jesus, let us know by some sign of the hand the moment you behold him." "That I will do most readily," replied Nicholas. Three days later the passing bell summoned the brothers to the infirmary, and while fervent entreaty was being made for him, the dying brother pointed steadily to the foot of the bed, his countenance all aflame with joy, and with his failing breath intoned the gospel words: "*You seek Jesus of Nazareth, he is gone before you into Galilee, as he foretold you, there you shall see him. Alleluia!*" and presently passed away. Those who stood by during this consoling scene acquainted me with all the foregoing particulars.

While the friars of Strasbourg were saying the last

prayers over a dying novice, the young man opened his eyes and exclaimed: "Ah, dearest brothers, I now feel like a man who has bought costly wares in the market for a mere trifle, for I am going to inherit God's kingdom without knowing how I can ever have merited it."

A brother of the Order in Metz laboured for many years in preaching to the poor in the outlying districts, and in spreading devotion to the Mother of God. He was a man of great self-denial and humility as well as a good preacher in French and German. Having gone to Toul he was there struck down with a mortal illness. The parish priest, on behalf of the bishop, wanted him in his house, but with his lowliness of spirit he preferred the hospital for the poor, declaring that as he had espoused holy poverty it was only just that he should live and die among the poor. At first he experienced many trials of soul, and tears at the thought of his past sins, and this made him weep and mourn bitterly. As death drew nigh the infirmarian in charge noticed a change come over his features: his eyes sparkled with unusual brilliancy, and he began to clap his hands in token of the great joy which reigned within, as if his soul were eager for its flight but unable to burst its mortal bands. Presently he was heard to murmur: "O most blessed Lady, thy presence is indeed a most welcome one! Remember that I am thy bedesman and poor preacher." Then he began to sing softly Mary's praises. The infirmarian of the hospital deeming that his singing at that solemn moment might give scandal, reproved him: "Do you think, brother, it is decent for you to make yourself heard in this fashion?" To which the sick man replied: "Think not that thus I am playing the hypocrite, for the hypocrite if fair without is yet foul within and abominable in God's sight: indeed I am nothing of the kind, although my tongue cannot refrain from proclaiming the praises of God's holy Mother." After

this he became unconscious, while the infirmarian resumed reading his breviary aloud: at the words "*let every spirit praise the Lord*" the brother gently bowed his head, and repeating the phrase "*let every spirit praise the Lord*," went to his reward.

Brother Conrad, who was at one time prior of Constance,* during the course of a long and painful sickness loved to repeat devoutly these words from the Canticles: "*My beloved to me and I to my beloved, until the day dawn and the shadows pass away.*" A fortnight before he died he spoke freely about his coming end: "Learn, brethren," he said, "that I shall die on the coming feast of the blessed Virgin Mary." And his words came true, for he gradually sank from that hour, and expired tranquilly while the brethren were singing the first vespers of our Lady's Nativity, and he was buried on the feast. His last mass had been the votive mass of our Lady, and his last sermon had been upon her dignity. Shortly before he expired he said to those around him: "Know this, my brethren, that I die confidently and gladly as one of God's faithful friends, for I have every reason for thinking that I have always been true to my love for him, and since I first joined the Order I have tried to do his good pleasure in all things. I die confidently, for I know that I am going to join him. I die joyfully, since I am about to pass from this place of exile to my true home, and from sorrow to everlasting joys." As he was about to receive the body of Christ, he exclaimed with outspread arms and burning face: "This is my God, him shall I glorify, this is my God and my Saviour. O my soul, receive him with transports of delight, for he has been to thee a friend beyond all friends, thy prudent counsellor, and thine all-powerful protector." He then asked Brother Rodulph, the provincial, to absolve him from all his sins and transgressions of the rule, and to impose his death as a

* Founded in 1233.

penance. His request being complied with, he returned very grateful thanks and said: "Now I can die content: '*save thy servant, O Lord, who puts his trust in thee.*'" After this he said the prayer for all departed souls, and then gave up his own to God.

Brother Bennet of Pont, a truly devout and eloquent man, whose apostolic career had extended all over Spain, France, Aquitaine, and Syria, set out one day from the convent of Clermont[1] to say mass and preach in a neighbouring church. The mass over, he called his companion and the parish priest and bade them give him the last rites as quickly as they could, as death was coming on. When he had received Extreme Unction, he asked his companion to read aloud a favourite chapter from St Bernard's meditations, entitled "*How the soul is made after the likeness of God.*" Tears flowed freely as he listened, and his soul, thus melting with devotion, passed away to the presence of God who had hastened to call it to himself since it was acceptable in his eyes.

A young religious of Montpellier, who had a charming voice, being on his deathbed, the holy and aged prior, Brother Columba, after anointing him, asked him to sing the beautiful anthem which commemorates the passing away of St John the Evangelist. The brother hastened to obey and, raising himself up, sang, as if with the voice of an angel, this melody: "Take me, O Lord, that I may rejoin my brethren, in whose company thou art come to visit me. Open thou to me the gate of life and bring me to the nuptial feast, for thou art the Son of the living God, at whose behest thou hast redeemed the world. To thee we render thanks . . ." here the voice hushed, and the pure soul went to end the strain before the throne of grace: "to thee we render thanks for ever and ever. Amen."

Brother Nicholas, the prior of Avignon, a most attractive preacher, said to his brethren on St Michael's

[1] In Auvergne, founded 1219.

eve: "To-morrow will be the fourteenth anniversary of my joining the Order of Preachers, and I confidently expect to depart to the company of the angels." True enough he died on the morrow, and his burial was honoured by the presence of a cardinal and several bishops.

Lastly, Brother Ulric of Friburg, having no special talent for preaching, gave himself up entirely to prayer and contemplation. Such burning transports of divine love filled his soul that he could find rest nowhere. Day by day his body seemed to wear away, until at last, in expectation of his death, the brethren gave him the last rites. On the day before his death, as he lay quite still in the infirmary, the sub-prior saw his countenance brighten marvellously, the closed eyes opened once more, and began to cast searching glances around. "How do you find yourself now, brother?" enquired the sub-prior, but getting no reply he once more accosted him: "Brother, in virtue of holy obedience I bid you answer me." Then sentiments of obedience prevailing over his cherished humility, Brother Ulric spoke these words: "I was taken up in spirit and brought to a most lovely country, and while I stood lost in wonder, gazing at its beauty, and trying to discover what I could be doing there, St Paul and St Dominic, who had a large crucifix in his hands, came up and asked if I were all alone, and on my declaring that I was, they told me to follow them. I did so, and soon before my eyes rose the vision of the heavenly city, with its walls of massive gold, its towers of shining priceless jasper, and its twelve gates of lustrous pearls. After that I saw the souls of many I have known pass through the gate and enter in. Unable to restrain myself any longer I asked St Paul what that beautiful sight might be, and he told me it was the heavenly Jerusalem. 'Then let me enter it as well,' I cried, but the apostle replied: 'Nay, you may not enter yet, but to-morrow,

directly the signal shall be given for Tierce, you shall enter.'" After detailing his vision the brother begged of the sub-prior not to make it known to the brethren until he should have witnessed its fulfilment. Next morning he asked the infirmarian to put the room in order, because distinguished guests were coming before long. Prime and the private masses having been said, the brothers hurried to see him. He gave them all a gracious welcome, but presently began to sing for them to stand back: "Make way, brothers," he said, "for Jesus Christ is come to be our guest." After a short interval he waved them back with the other hand, saying: "Give place, for the glorious Mother of God now comes." Once again he cried: "Nay, stand further back, for here come St John the Baptist, St Dominic our father, and the holy apostles Peter and Paul; and see, here come our sisters as well, Agnes, and Catherine, and Lucy, and Cecilia." The trembling brethren cast themselves on their knees, blessing God, and as he continued thus greeting each saint who had come to escort him thence, the bell rang for Tierce, and the happy soul was caught up by angels to the heavenly mansions.

CHAPTER III

VISIONS AT THE HOUR OF DEATH

Two of our brethren of Montpellier, Peter and Benedict, were lying very sick at the one time. The prior, coming on his daily round, asked Brother Peter how he felt; to this the brother replied by saying that he felt happy and contented, "because," said he, "I feel a conviction at heart that I am shortly going to God, and to convince you of the truth of what I am saying, learn that Brother Benedict will die on the same day." The prior then crossed over to where Brother Benedict was lying, and got the same answer. These are his very words: "While

I was thinking yesterday on the happiness of being united with Christ in death, I began to sigh for the hour of my release, and to invoke the aid of the Mother of mercy, and such unspeakable devotion at once filled my soul that I have now no other desire, nay, I cannot think of anything else but of Christ, who is my last end." Brother Peter died after a couple of days, and while the brethren were carrying the body to the church, as prescribed by the ritual, Brother Benedict caught the sound of distant psalmody and asked the infirmarian to tell him who was dead. Learning that it was Brother Peter, he cried aloud: "Let them come and fetch me as well, for it is appointed that we should die on the same day." On the return of the brethren he suddenly expired, and was buried with the companion whom God gave him for his last journey. He who acquainted me with these facts was present at the time, and often heard the prior recount the story.

In the same convent there were two of our brethren who were twin brothers. They had begun their studies together, entered the schools of philosophy in Paris together, joined the Order the same day, and after leading holy lives went to God in the same hour. The first of the two, Brother Peter, after making his confession and being anointed with great sentiments of fervour, said to Brother Pontius the prior: "Father, whither are you sending me?" "To our Lord Jesus Christ, brother," was his answer. "And whom have you named as my companion?" "None other than Christ, whom you have just received. At this the brother asked for the kiss of peace, as is usual with all our brethren before death, and very soon after he went to eternal joys. His brother Arnald being then also at the point of death, all hastened to that quarter of the infirmary, and while the litanies for the dying were being recited, Brother Vincent, who was lying close by, saw an imposing

procession of saints gather round his companion's bed, among whom he recognised our holy father St Dominic, in resplendent majesty. As Brother Arnald breathed his last the procession filed out, headed by St Dominic, and as the holy brothers Peter and Arnald passed him they said to him: "Get ready, for you must also bear us company this day." He acquainted the prior with the fact, and a little after slept in the Lord.

Two of our religious of the convent of Arles,* William and John, were lying seriously ill, and on the prior going to visit them Brother William addressed these words to him and the other brethren present: "I know that I shall die of this sickness, but I shall not go alone: I shall die on the vigil of the Assumption, and Brother John will follow me next day." Now when they wanted to find out how he came by his knowledge of these facts, he thus ended his story: "It seemed to me as if I were being drawn over a vast expanse of water in a boat by white-robed brethren, when Brother John arrived, all out of breath, on the shore and called after me: 'Wait for me, brother, for I must bear you company.'" His words were verified to the letter before the week was ended.

Two more of the same convent who had worked together in their ministry mutually foretold the day of each other's death, and after disclosing it to the Friars Minor, in whose convent they were lodging, begged that they might share one common grave. They were in the prime of life at the time and full of vigour, yet in a few days both fell ill at Gap, and were buried on the feast of St Laurence the Martyr, as our Lord had revealed to them.

The holy Brother Giles of Spain, a man of unquestionable authority and veracity, sent the eight stories which are now to follow in a letter to Brother Humbert, who was then Master General of the

* Founded 1225.

Order, and had been his dear fellow companion in the noviceship at Paris.*

Brother Peter of Santarem,† in Spain, who in the world had been a medical doctor, was beloved, not merely for his gentle ways, but also for his kindness in treating without fee the poor who flocked to him from all quarters, besides which he was the infirmarian of the convent. One day a lay brother named Martin saw him lifted up in the air so that his head touched the ceiling, and after remaining thus in contemplation for a long space he slowly descended again. After None this Brother Peter came and told me some of the secrets imparted then to him: but I contented myself at the time with cautioning him to say nothing about them to anyone else, for in this way vain-glory often finds its way into contemplative souls, more especially when their visions come to be passed on from mouth to mouth. He had hardly left me before Brother Martin sent for me, and on my hastening to him, enquired whether Brother Peter had informed me of his rapture. "How do you come to know of it?" I asked. "Because I saw him with my own eyes raised as high as the ceiling," was his reply: so I cautioned him also to keep a prudent silence in the matter. Some time later, when Brother Peter was praying before the altar, the devil—under the form of a friar—threw him on the pavement and kicked him so cruelly that it was all we could do to carry him to the infirmary. He died soon after in sentiments of the most profound piety, and after enjoying a foretaste of heavenly comforts in this life, went to drink for evermore at the fountain-head of unspeakable joys. Those who stood by his deathbed saw his countenance send forth rays of light which lit up the whole infirmary, and the book from which the prior was reading the last absolutions: and very soon after this Brother Martin, who had witnessed his ecstasy, went to join

* Novices together in 1225 in Paris. † Founded in 1221.

him beyond the grave. Seeing him about to enter on his agony, I gave orders for him to be turned towards the east, that his soul might fly straight to the Lord: whereat he said to me: "Brother Giles, I am not going to die just now, but after eight days I hope to depart to Christ." True enough, just eight days later, that is to say, on Christmas night, while we were singing the Invitatory in choir: "*Christ is born unto us: come, let us adore,*" we heard the death signal given, and on hurrying to his side, found him on the point of expiring.

The sub-prior of the same convent being suddenly seized for death, the prior, who had died some time before, appeared at the bedside of one of the brethren and awoke him by crying aloud: "Get up, brother, this is no time for sleep; make haste, for the sub-prior is dying." The brother started up at once, but before he could rouse the sleeping brethren the death signal was heard ringing mysteriously in the corridors. We hurried to the infirmary, saying the Creed as we went, and found the alarm to be only too true: from which we may gather that the sainted dead have a care of their living imitators.

A lay brother of the same convent, named Dominic, who was not far from death through dropsy, asked me to have him removed to a quieter part of the dormitory: his wish was complied with, and we went off to the conference which is usually given twice in the week among us. In the meantime a damsel of great beauty and modesty entered, clad in white and wearing a veil over her brow, and seating herself a little way off began to discourse sweetly with him about divine things, and then mysteriously withdrew. The infirmarian on his return found the poor brother fairly stupefied with amazement, but he soon found breath to cry out in angry tones: "What negligence is this that women can slip into our cloisters, and what is worse, with not so much as one seeing them!" The alarmed brother ran to make enquiries, nay,

searched the whole house, but all to no purpose, so he brought me with him to the sick man, and I heard the wonderful story told a second time. On the following evening, the vigil of St Agatha, he called aloud that his hour was come, and died while the brethren were saying the parting commendations for him: from which circumstance we were led to conclude that perchance his gentle visitor was none other than St Agatha. Doubtless she came to present to Jesus Christ one who had been a virgin and martyr like herself; a martyr from his long protracted sufferings, and a virgin as he confessed to me with his dying lips.

Another lay brother, named Gonsalvo, being nigh to death, beckoned for the infirmarian to approach, and then said: "O brother, if you had only come in one moment sooner you might have seen my dead mother and sister." During their life-time they had been generous benefactresses of the Order, besides giving an example of rare piety. "They stood here before me," said he, "only a few minutes ago, and when I asked them how it was that the dead could appear thus visibly in human shape, they said to me: 'We have obtained this favour through the intercession of the Mother of God; hold yourself prepared, for you shall die to-morrow. The devils will do their utmost to terrify you, but do not be afraid, for we shall come and help you with a whole host of your departed brethren. When you shall behold Jesus Christ our Lord think of nothing else but of committing yourself entirely to him.'" Such was his account of the apparition, and what served to confirm the prediction was his sudden death next morning, having only time to express his delight at entering into the joys of his Lord.

The venerable Brother Ferdinand, who in his younger days had been one of the singers in Lisbon Cathedral, and was looked up to by all as a person

of great authority, after a short but holy sojourn of four years in the convent of Santarem laid him down to die. But before yielding up his spirit he sent for me, for I was his kinsman, and on my enquiring if all were going well with him, he peacefully replied: "The gates of hell are shut for ever against me, and I shall never enter therein." These were his last words, and when he was dead the prior burst into tears, but for my own part I could not refrain from giving vent to my joy, nay more, while the brethren were crying in supplication, "*Lord, condemn me not in thy wrath*," I felt myself as it were compelled to intone the Psalm, "*Praise the Lord from the heavens*." What wonder that I should so rejoice then, for I saw before me one who had said farewell to all the world's riches and pleasures, and mounted to such high perfection in a short life as to be able to give a forecast of his everlasting state, since peace of mind on a deathbed after a holy life is the surest token of a blessed eternity.

There was another brother of Santarem, named Martin, who had taken the habit at the same time as the Bishop of Lisbon, whose chaplain he had been: but as God wanted to take him to himself he sent him a slow consuming fever. As I was going round the infirmary on the vigil of the Ascension he beckoned for me, and said: "Brother Giles, I am going to die to-morrow;" after which, with his eyes turned heavenwards, he murmured: "I thank thee, Lord Jesus, for deigning to call me from earth on the feast of thine Ascension, a day which has always brought greater comforts to my poor soul than any other." Hearing him say this I could not help remarking to him that I did not see how this could be since he seemed to be so strong, and would probably last a week longer. However, he still maintained the contrary; and sure enough he was anointed next morning and departed to the Lord as he had foretold to me.

Brother Peter Ferrandi,* the author of a life of our holy father St Dominic, who had joined the Order in boyhood and became a Doctor of Theology in one of the most famous Spanish universities, eventually came to die at Zamora.† One of the brethren in the convent there dreamt that he saw him seated on a lofty eminence, his face shining like the sun, and having a student on either side of him. On mentioning his dream to me next day I judged its meaning to be that Brother Peter was shortly going to leave us: so hastening to his side I said: "Brother, since you are going to heaven soon, please salute the blessed Virgin and St Dominic for me when you get there." Trembling from emotion and joy he gazed on me and cried: "O Brother Giles, speak on, and tell me something more about heaven, for it is so delightful to think that we are all going to meet again there." Just before he departed I bent over him and whispered: "Dearest brother, I beg you to remember me after death." Then with up'lfted hands, as if going to receive his crown, he murmured feebly: "I shall never forget you, and know that only this moment I saw the glorious queen of heaven and St John the Evangelist by my side, both of them holding a crown over my head. Tell me then in all charity, what can its meaning be?" Having been his confessor I quickly made answer: "One of them is the reward of virginity, and the other of learning and preaching, and since you are both a virgin and a doctor it is only fitting that you should receive your double crown from the hands of the Queen of virgins and of the eagle of the Apocalypse." He then turned his dim eyes towards the brethren and bade them this farewell: "Be constant, brothers, in love for your Order, for there is none other so beloved of God," saying which he sank back dead in my arms.

Brother Raymund of Lausanne tells us of a

* *Cf.* Quetif., i, p. 127. † Founded 1219.

Brother William in the convent of Le Puy en Velay,* who, after being anointed and laid on a bed of ashes at his own request, fell into a state of stupor; coming to himself, after a short spell, he began to rub his eyes as if lost in wonder, and spoke thus to his brethren: "Let us be glad, my brethren, since unspeakable joy reigns in heaven, and we shall all of us soon share in it; and see, the whole choir is full of angels who are waiting for me." Then turning to the prior who had shown himself harsh and unkind to him during his illness, he continued: "Did you not see the angel who, even a moment ago, stooped over me and gave me the kiss of peace?" At this the prior, who would not give anybody the kiss of peace, interrupted him by asking if he had nothing special to say about his conscience; to him the brother gently replied: "From this hour I shall never again be under your jurisdiction, but God will repay you on my behalf," saying which he calmly slept in Christ. Brother Raymund was an eye-witness, and wrote it down at once. From this example superiors, as well as subjects, must learn to be very gentle with the sick, and take care not to trouble them, since their angels deign to visit them, and wait on them, and comfort them.

Brother Vigoreux of Provence, after serving God for many years in the Order of the Holy Crown,† obtained permission to pass to the Order of Preachers. Beloved of his brethren, and ever humble of heart before God, he spent over fifteen years ever climbing the steep paths of perfection, preaching and hearing confessions with unflagging zeal. Eventually he fell ill at Bordeaux, and made a general confession to the Provincial, but as the doctor found his pulse steadier the next morning, the prior said encouragingly: "There is no fear, brother, for the doctor

* Founded 1221.

† Canons Regular of St Augustine in the Abbey of the Crown near Angoulême.

thinks you may recover." "So far as I am concerned," replied the brother, "I do not for one moment believe it, nor do I care to get well." When the others had gone out of the room, the Provincial asked him to say in God's name what reason he had for speaking thus: whereupon, being loath to refuse, the brother continued in this wise: "Directly you left me yesterday, after hearing my confession, I continued to implore God's pardon, and, happening to look up, I saw our Lord standing close by me, who said, 'Your Provincial has heard your confession, but it was I who absolved you. Do not fret over any want of attention, for before long I shall send my angels to wait upon you.'" He died a few days later, and the Provincial with his own hand wrote all these details to the Master of the Order.

When Louis, the most Christian King of France, was about to sail for the Holy Land,* a number of our brethren, who were charged to accompany the expedition, met in the convent of Montpellier, one of whom, called Peter of Normandy, fell dangerously ill there, and after confessing his sins, received the holy Viaticum and last rites. Being laid on sackcloth and ashes, according to the custom of the dying, he begged the sub-prior to draw near, and on being assured that no one else was present (for his sight was already gone), he opened his mind to him in these words: "My dear father, for our mutual comfort I am now going to recount all that God has been pleased to reveal to me, and you can acquaint the brothers with it when I am gone. Only a little while ago, during the time you were saying None in the church, I saw the heavens open, and I was permitted to behold the unveiled mystery of the blessed Trinity, receiving at the same time an assurance of my soul's salvation." He died with

* He left Paris June 12, 1247, for Aigues Mortes. Peter therefore died at the end of June.

these words on his lips, and without a doubt was admitted speedily into everlasting joys.

Brother Julian, of happy memory, the prior of Bordeaux, when about to start for the General Chapter to be held in London,* foretold his coming end to several devout persons, and embraced his brethren as if they were to meet no more on earth. He fell sick on arriving at Beauvais,† and when at the point of death appeared to a holy woman in Bordeaux, at least twelve days' journey distant. Just at that moment she chanced to be praying in the friars' church, and saw the prior mount heavenwards, surrounded by a halo of glory. On her enquiring whether he was going all alone, he made answer: "I am going to our Lord, but not quite alone, for I shall soon bring my entire community after me." The good woman told the occurrence to the sub-prior, stoutly maintaining the prior's death, and the day and hour being noted it was afterwards proved that he had really passed away at that very moment. Time verified the prior's forewarning, for during that summer a lector and eleven brethren died.

About the same time the convent of Marseilles‡ was blessed with the presence of Brother Peter of Digne, a youth of matchless purity and winning simplicity, respecting whom a devout woman kept telling everybody that she had seen him walking, torch in hand, at the head of a white-robed procession. On this coming to his ears he repeated it to a fellow religious with the remark: "I take it to be a token of my approaching end, and do not you forget to pray for me when I am gone." He soon finished his course in the flower of his age, because his soul found favour with God.

A brother of the English Province, when at the point of death, thought he saw a crowd of devils before him who were put to flight on the approach

* 1250. He is mentioned in the *Acta, Reichert*, i, p. 54.
† Founded 1225. ‡ Founded 1225.

of a white-robed procession of saints. On recovering his senses he mentioned his vision to the brethren, and told them of a crown he had seen prepared for each preacher and his companion: for he had been very downcast at the thought that possibly he would not get the crown of the apostolate as he had little eloquence, but had often accompanied the brethren on their missions. Again he was caught up in spirit, and returning to himself, told the brethren that he had been granted a glimpse of heaven, and had seen an angel bearing a shining copy of St John's gospel; and with the words: "I must away to hear it," he expired.

A young religious of very winning ways and appearance, and a rarely gifted preacher, named Brother Walter of Norwich,* in England, being brought to the last extremity through sickness, while the brethren were busied in singing the psalms and litanies for the dying, after he had been anointed, addressed these words to them: "Ah, my brethren, since you began to pray for me our Lord Jesus Christ has deigned to come and cheer me by opening before my eyes the vision of the holy mount, on the summit of which I heard his sacred voice, and his holy Mother's, and the choirs of angels singing." After a short pause he spoke again: "Nothing can evermore trouble me, for I lean upon the true faith, and I have given myself up entirely into the blessed Virgin's hands." Then bidding them farewell, he calmly passed away as if sinking into a gentle slumber with the holy name of Mary on his lips.

The speedy end of Brother Walter of Cork† in Ireland, a man of great simplicity and fervour, was revealed to a brother of the same house. On the following day he fell ill, and in reply to the enquiries as to how he felt, he joyfully made answer: "I feel much easier, for all my fears of death have ceased ever since our Lord Jesus Christ appeared to me and

* Founded 1229. † Founded 1229.

promised that he will come again to fetch me on Tuesday next." It was then Sunday, so when Monday was past he began after midnight to recite the words of the mass for the dead as he lay on his deathbed. After singing the Preface very solemnly, he relapsed into silence for a time as if saying the Canon, after which he intoned the *Pater Noster*, and died on Tuesday at dawn as Christ had forewarned him. We give this account, word for word, as we received it in writing under the prior's own hand.

Shortly before Brother Henry* of Poland died in the convent of Breslau, after the last rites and absolutions were over, he began to sing this anthem, having his eyes fixed on the crucifix: "O holy cross, to thee I now hasten with confidence and joy, and do thou in like manner be glad now that thou art about to receive the disciple of him who once hung upon thee." The brother who afterwards told me of the fact then asked him what vision he had before his eyes at the moment, so he answered: "I see our Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles." "And will you be admitted into their blessed company?" "Most certainly, and all our brethren as well who remain true to their Order until death." He repeated these words several times with a happy smile, clapping his hands in testimony of the joy which then flooded his soul. A moment later he was heard to exclaim: "Lo, here come the apostate devils to rob me of my faith, but I firmly believe in one God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," with which words he yielded up the ghost.

Brother Raymund of Lausanne, already mentioned, tells us of an event which came to pass while he was infirmarian in Bologna. A sick brother asked him overnight to get him the last Sacraments, but as he did not consider him to be in any danger he thought it better to defer them until the following day, so

* Probably Henry, the follower and friend of St Hyacinth, apostle of Poland.

he went to bed. After matins he went to the sick man, who began at once to upbraid him quite pitifully: "O brother, what have you done? if I had only partaken of our Lord's body yesterday as I desired, I should now have been rejoicing for ever in the heavenly mansions, which I have been privileged to behold in the company of Master Reginald and Brother Robert, and the rest of our brethren. They came out joyfully to meet me, and made me sit down in their midst, and then while we were all conversing together Christ our Lord entered, and addressing me, said: 'You must leave this place at once, for you have not yet received me.' From this I am led to suppose that if I had only had the holy Viaticum last night I should have been suffered to remain in that beautiful palace, and in the company of our sainted brethren."

CHAPTER IV

REVELATIONS OF THEIR DEPARTURE

Brother Guy of Lyons, after bringing about the reformation of a monastery of which he was superior, came over to the Order of Preachers and took the holy habit. After a fruitful career of good works he came to his last hour, and at that same time a fellow religious had a vision in which he saw one of our brethren laid out in the choir surrounded by white-robed brethren, while around him was a stately cloister. As he was wondering what the vision meant he heard a voice cry out: "This is the founder of the cloister." Calling to mind that Brother Guy was then very ill (the same who had temporally and spiritually restored his former cloister) he took this to be a sign of his approaching end. Presently the voice was heard again, saying: "Thy dream is true, *for he shall dwell in Sion, and rest in Jerusalem.*" Soon after this it happened the other was called away to Christ.

The same brother seemed to be standing on another occasion by the side of a deep and rapid river, while two of our brethren were being tossed about in a frail barque in mid-stream, owing to the violence of the current. Filled with alarm at the sight he called out: "Help, help, make haste or they will be drowned!" But this answer was returned: "Have no fear for their safety, for they bear their flowers in their hands." Looking again at them more attentively he saw that each bore in his hand a garland of no earthly gathering, and the tempest subsiding soon after, they were both saved. Not long after that, two young religious of the same convent died, and before their departure were visited with terrible temptations: but having given the flower and vigour of their youth to God's service they were deservedly rescued from those tossing waves.

Brother Paul of Venice, a distinguished and zealous preacher, being brought by severe sickness to his last hour, the lector of the convent dreamt, after matins, that during the celebration of the conventual mass two angels descended at the *Alleluia* and hastened to the infirmary. He told some of the older brethren of his dream, expressing his conviction that Brother Paul would die before long; and, in fact, while the *Alleluia* was being sung in the mass that very morning, Brother Paul breathed his last.

Master Jordan of Saxony tells the story of two young and fervent novices who were very much attached to one another. One of them happening to die, appeared to his companion, shining brighter than the sun, and said: "Brother, I have seen in the city of God those heavenly wonders of which we heard tell, and about which we used often to talk on earth together." With this he vanished, and the other acquainted Master Jordan with the fact.

The abbess of a Cistercian monastery in Saxony prayed fervently herself and had prayers said for the

soul of a Friar Preacher who used occasionally to give the sisters their retreat. Falling asleep one morning she fancied she beheld him seated in mid-air before the altar, as if about to commence his sermon. In her alarm at the sight she began to cry out: "Alas, Brother Albert will certainly fall, for there is nothing to support him." Just then a venerable figure by her side rejoined: "This brother can no longer fall since he is now confirmed in grace." Being thus assured, she listened to what he was about to say. Then Brother Albert read the opening chapter of St John's gospel: "*In the beginning was the word*," etc., down to "*and we saw his glory, the glory as it were of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.*" As he concluded these words he looked steadily at the abbess and said: "I have seen all these things with my own eyes."

Brother Hermann of Saxony dreamt one night that he was being pursued by a huge dragon as far as the Abbey of Aldenberg[*] whose abbess was St Elizabeth's daughter. Some days later, on being bidden to go there and preach the retreat, he told the brethren that although they then saw him hale and well he would yet die there. On his arrival he said mass, was taken ill directly after, and died towards evening. A throng of pilgrims passing at the time saw an immense cross over the church gable, emitting dazzling rays of light, but on their coming nearer it disappeared at once. They acquainted the abbess with the fact.

While another religious of our Order was preaching in the convent of St Agnes at Madranich, in Germany, one of the sisters whispered to the abbess to ask him which of his brethren had died only a short time before. The brother replied that no one had died of late. But the nun continued: "Nay, but sure am I that one of your brethren has just

[*] *i.e.*, Gertrude, the Prioress of Aldenberg near Wetzlau (*cf.* Montalembert, *Vie de Ste Elizabeth*, ii. p. 265).

passed away, for only a few minutes ago I distinctly saw a person of most dignified aspect, like the master of some household, who gave a penny to each one of a crowd of Friars Preachers. Amongst them I particularly observed a novice, to whom, on his coming forward, the other said, 'Brother, you have entered somewhat late, but still you shall have the same reward as the rest, only you must be content to wait a while.'" The preacher, who knew nothing of what had happened in his absence, found on returning home the body of a novice laid out in the choir. He had formerly been a gentleman of rank, and feeling himself suddenly taken ill had taken the habit, dying soon after he reached the convent.

The prior of Todi, in Tuscany, went to the Father Provincial and begged to be released from his charge. His request not being granted, he threw himself on his knees and said: "Since you refuse to relieve me of my office, I will go to our Lord, and in his mercy he will hear me." Scarcely had he reached his cell before he fell ill, and the brethren hurried after the Provincial, who had just left, begging him to come back at once as their prior was evidently going to die. During the night the Provincial dreamt that he had to preach at the funeral of one of the brethren, and took for his text the words: "*It came to pass that the poor man died, and was carried by angels to Abraham's bosom.*" Struck with the coincidence of his dream and the prior's sickness, he hurried back to find it had come true, for "*the poor man in Christ had died*:" so on the day of the funeral he preached a touching sermon to the brethren and people from the words: "*And he was carried by angels to Abraham's bosom*"—the text of the previous Sunday's gospel.

Brother William of Montpelier, feeling his end coming on, made his general confession to the prior, and asked him to fortify him with the Sacraments against the last struggle, and assist him in his agony.

This the prior did with becoming piety and goodwill, but having afterwards retired to his cell and gone to rest, a voice cried aloud to him: "Get up quickly, for Brother William is dying!" The community was summoned, and while the litanies were being said the brother gave up his soul into his Creator's hands. It was commonly thought to have been his guardian angel who so opportunely awoke the prior.

Brother William, a lector in Cambridge University, came after death to Brother Bennet, the sub-prior of the convent in that town, wearing a golden crown and accompanied by a man of most majestic presence. On the sub-prior questioning him as to his state, the companion replied: "He has already been crowned with one halo, and is certain of receiving the rest."

As Brother Ivo the Breton, a former Provincial of the Holy Land, and a very gentle and loving soul, stayed behind in the church after matins one night to pray, he happened to look towards the lamp which hung in the choir and saw a friar clad in a dark and filthy habit. "Who are you?" he asked. Then the friar answered: "I am the religious who died lately in this place, and in life I was your bosom friend." "How does it fare with you now?" "Alas, my lot is a painful one, for I am given over to the torturer for fifteen years to come." "And wherefore is this the case," enquired Ivo, "after so long and such a fervent career?" "Ask no more, for it is a just judgement of God, only I entreat you to help me by your prayers." On this Brother Ivo promised to do so to the best of his power. Next morning as he offered up the sacred Victim of the most High for the departed soul, taking the consecrated host into his hands he made the following prayer: "Lord Jesus Christ, if it chanced that the Sultan of Aleppo or of Babylon held in bondage a captive or a slave, and that his chamberlain, after serving him day and night for twenty years, should beg the captive's

deliverance as the sole recompense of all his labours, would the Sultan be able to refuse such a request? Thou art not so hard-hearted, Lord, as the Sultan of the Saracens, and I, thy humble servant, have served thee these many long years. Since then thou dost hold in bondage a cherished friend of mine, I beg of thee to let me see him free as the only reward I crave for all my labours." He kept repeating this prayer over and over again at mass with fervent entreaty and many tears. While rapt in prayer the next night he saw the same brother resplendent in a stainless habit, who said: "I am come to thank you, for I am the same brother who appeared to you only yesterday." "How, then, do you fare now?" "Excellently, by God's favour; you begged me from our Lord, and he has set me at liberty at your request, for I am now delivered out of purgatory, and am hastening to join the company of the blessed." After this the brother saw him no more.

A Friar Minor, named William of Melition,* who was a Master in Theology, told our brethren at Paris that he once saw a crystal goblet full of the best wine set before him in steep, but while he was admiring it, it broke and the wine was lost. On mentioning this to Master Alexander and Master John de la Rochelle,† they understood it to mean the speedy death of some illustrious doctor in divinity. In fact, only a few hours later a distinguished doctor of the Order of Preachers, Brother Guerric de St Quentin, was called away. Truly may we apply to him the words of Brother William, for he sparkled like a crystal goblet in the excellence of his knowledge, the clearness of his exposition, and the singular purity of his whole life. The good friar being much grieved over the loss of his friend, on the next night the Mother of God appeared before him in the chapter-house accompanied by Brother Guerric, who with

* Teaching in Paris 1248 (Denifle, *Cart.*, i, p. 244).
† A disciple of the famous Alexander of Hales (*Cart.*, i, p. 15*).

his usual humility had his eyes covered with his capuce, and at her word came forward to write down the names of the elect. This vision thoroughly comforted him for the loss of such a friend, and he very gladly hastened to acquaint the brethren with the fact in all its details.

Brother Nicholas Juvenazzo, the Provincial of the Roman Province, saw visibly before him the figure of Brother Raoul of Rome (the devout religious of whom we have already had occasion to speak), who had been dead some time, and who thus accosted him: "Brother Nicholas, the blessed Virgin sends me to bid you hold yourself ready, for a glorious crown awaits you." The Provincial mentioned the vision to his trustiest friends, and sure enough he died only a few days later in sentiments of the profoundest piety.

During the last illness of Brother Roland of Cremona, who before joining the Order had been a Doctor of Theology in Paris, the lector of the convent seemed one evening to behold St Dominic inscribing in a large volume the names of three of our brethren, viz.: Roland, Ralph, and Lambert.* After this he saw Brother Roland seated in the centre of a large hall hung with fine pictures. Only a few days after this the same three slept peacefully in the Lord, first Brother Roland, then Brother Ralph the former chaplain of St Nicholas, and lastly Brother Lambert the prior, a man of consummate wisdom and piety. About the same time it seemed to Brother John of Vicenza as if a discussion were being held in the schools on the subject of divine love, and that Brother Ralph, on being asked to state his opinion, replied that he would shortly give them a perfect solution in heaven. The brother infirmarian thought he saw the three beds as it were tied together with a red silken cord, and in this way they were presently drawn up to heaven. In fact, they

* They died 1258 or 1259 (*cf.* Quetif., i, p. 125).

all died within the same hour, and were taken up together to Christ: and we learnt these facts from the lips of eye-witnesses.

CHAPTER V

PUNISHMENT FOR UNDUE AFFECTIONS

Two of our brethren, a novice and a preacher, died on the same day in the convent at Cologne. Three days later the novice showed himself, all radiant in glory, to the infirmarian, from whom we have the account, and told him he owed his speedy deliverance from purgatory to his first fervour. A month later the preacher also appeared in majesty and glory, having a magnificent chain about his neck, his habit gleaming with precious stones, and a golden crown upon his head. Now when the infirmarian asked him why the novice had been so speedily released from purgatory while he had tarried so long, the preacher replied: "I was detained longer in purgatory owing to over much familiarity with persons in the world, which occasioned countless distractions; nevertheless I have merited a far higher degree of glory. This collar which you see is the emblem of purity of intention; the jewels represent the souls I drew to God; while the crown denotes the unspeakable glory I have merited from God."

A young and fervent missioner of the convent of Derby,* in England, named Gerard, having been sent to preach in a neighbouring town, fell suddenly ill. When carried to the convent of the Friars Minor he covered his eyes with his hands and began to laugh heartily before two of their brethren and three of ours who were present. The sub-prior asked him to explain the motive for this untimely mirth; then the sick man replied: "St Edmund, our king and martyr, has just arrived, and the whole house is full of angels." Again he laughed more heartily than before. "See,"

* Founded 1234.

he cried, "Christ's most blessed Mother has deigned to visit me: come, let us greet her affectionately." On hearing this the brothers all knelt down and sang the *Salve Regina*. "Oh, how pleased the blessed Virgin appears to be with your greeting," he continued, "she is smiling upon you at this moment." Then turning his gaze towards the door of his cell, he grew deadly pale. "O brothers, brothers, here is Jesus Christ approaching to be my judge." At this moment he fell into his agony, and began to tremble violently, like one standing at the judgement seat, while the sweat of agony poured down his face more quickly than the sub-prior could wipe it off his brow. From the traces on his features the bystanders gathered that he was being judged: at one moment he was protesting his innocence, at another humbly avowing his guilt, and beseeching the blessed Virgin not to quit his side. "Merciful Jesus," he cried, "pardon me these little faults." Then the sub-prior thus spoke to him: "Brother, does God take account of our smaller faults as well as of greater?" "Alas, he does," was the answer. "Then do not lose heart," continued the sub-prior, "for our Saviour is likewise merciful, even though an angel from heaven were to preach the contrary." The troubled face grew calm, and soon the pale lips regained their colour, as he answered with a smile: "Yea, indeed, the Lord is merciful," saying which he expired. This happened on Pentecost Day of the year 1257.

An English lector named Richard, being at the point of death, called out: "Pray earnestly for me, brethren, for soon I shall have to encounter some terrible apparitions." His eyes then began to roll uneasily, and by the pallor of his features and wild gestures he gave signs of the terrible agony he was passing through. After a while he exclaimed on regaining consciousness: "Oh, blessed be God, I am saved, thanks to the prayers of my own brethren and of the Friars Minor, whom I have always especi-

ally loved." And so, giving glory to God in this fashion, he gave up his spirit.

Brother Alan, the prior of York,* being brought to the last extremity, became palsied with fear at the approach of death, and began to cry out: "Cursed be the hour in which I became a religious." After lying quiet a while he then resumed: "Oh, no! but rather, blessed be the hour in which I entered the Order, and praised for evermore be the glorious Mother of Christ, whom I have always loved tenderly." Once more he relapsed into silence while the weeping brethren, who knelt by, implored God's pity on his behalf. Two hours later he asked the infirmarian to summon them all together again, for in the meantime some had been called away, and on their return he addressed them in these words: "Brethren, I have no doubt but that my first words occasioned you much grief, but listen and I will tell you what led me to say them. I fancied I saw a troop of devils standing before me with menacing looks, and eagerly waiting for my soul, so in despair at the sight I cursed the very hour in which I was born. Believe me, brethren, were the choice given me of having to pass through a world-wide furnace or of again being forced to look upon those fiendish countenances, I would unhesitatingly rush through the flames. Happily at that moment the Queen of Heaven graciously appeared, whereat the devils took their flight, and, regaining confidence, I began joyfully to bless heaven for my deliverance, and to praise the hour in which I gave myself to the Order." He then died very peacefully with these words on his lips, and we give the incident just as it was communicated by eye-witnesses.

The parish priest of a church in England, who was avaricious and guilty of other sinful habits, being terrified at the thought of his approaching end, took the habit of the Friars Preachers, only to throw it

* Founded 1227.

off directly he got better. From that hour he kept falling into deeper excesses than ever, when happily he was led to change his life from this vision: As he was asleep one morning he seemed to see Jesus Christ seated on his throne, while on his own brow he felt the hot brand of innumerable sins, and under his feet he saw hell's mouth gaping wide to swallow him up. In abject terror he fixed his eyes on our Lord's face, but the wrathful expression seemed to him to be even more terrible than the sight of hell. Then someone clad in the habit of the Friars Preachers came to his side, who said: "Lord, what will become of this man?" To which the angry Judge made answer: "Either let him atone for his crimes or go down into hell." Starting up in paroxysms of terror, and being unable to drive that awful scene from his memory, he confessed his sins to Brother Martin, the lector of our convent in Northampton,* and took the habit once more in transports of devotion. He fell ill again only a month later, and Brother Martin, seeing him sorely troubled at the approach of death, comforted him in this way: "Do not be afraid, brother," he said, "but put unbounded confidence in God's mercy, for I make over to you all the good works which I have ever done in the Order, provided only you persevere in unwavering hope." The dying man was quite overcome by such tender charity, thanked him from his heart, and passed away soon after in sentiments of true repentance, being fortified with the holy Sacraments. Not long after this, in a dream, Brother Martin saw him change his vile and tattered garments for resplendent robes, and on his entreating the dead man to obtain the same for himself he got this answer: "Dear brother, these will serve for both of us." He said this evidently because the other had made over his merits to him, and all his good works, which instead of being lessened are only doubled by such charity.

* Founded 1233.

Brother Dominic, the prior of Santarem in Spain, asked the brethren, who were starting for the Provincial Chapter, to petition that he might be released from office. When all tried to dissuade him he said: "Certain am I that if the fathers of the chapter refuse to grant my request I shall be delivered from office before your return by our highest Superior, who is none other than God himself." And so it proved, for he died before their return. A few moments before his end he asked the infirmarian: "Who was that stately Lady who was here only a few minutes ago?" To whom the astonished brother replied: "Father, full well do you know that women are not suffered to enter our cloisters." "True enough," continued the dying man, "but I am speaking of the Lady who stood by me holding the infant Jesus in her arms. Is it possible that you failed to see her? She was here only this moment before your very eyes." Then fortifying himself with the sign of the cross, his hands joined devoutly, and with upturned eyes towards heaven, he gave up his soul into the hands of the holy Mother of God who had deigned to come and fetch him away. Shortly after his death he appeared visibly to one of the brethren who was praying devoutly; and who cried out in wonder: "Are you not dead then, Brother Dominic?" "I am indeed dead to this world, but I live henceforth in God. I furthermore exhort you to warn our brethren not to allow outsiders to visit the dying, for I have had to suffer a great deal from having permitted my relatives to visit me before my death, and from being too much moved at the sight of their grief."

Brother Ferdinand, of the same convent, was scarcely dead before his face became all resplendent, as witnesses afterwards solemnly averred. Before long he appeared in a dream to one of the brethren, who asked him in astonishment if he were not really dead. "So far as the body is concerned I am dead,"

he said, "but my soul lives." "And how does it fare with Brother Diego?" This was a brother who had been called away only a short time before: "He will enter heaven on next Pentecost Sunday, and has drawn this punishment on himself from vanity in singing." "How then do the rest of our brethren fare?" "They are all happy, and none who die in the Order are suffered to perish, for the blessed Virgin is herself their helpmate in their hour of departure." "But what sign do you give to show that all you are telling me is true?" "This shall be the token: no bells will ring on Palm Sunday next, and you will not make the usual procession." True enough, the town was put under an interdict, and the prophecy was literally fulfilled. Let us then store up these facts as solemn truths and not as idle or empty fiction. The two foregoing narratives are from the pen of Brother Giles of Spain.

A brother, who was too much taken up with architecture, having died, another member of the same community who was preaching a long way off said to his companion: "Our friend of the measure and compass has died to-day at Bologna." "How do you come to know it?" enquired the other. "I dreamt that I saw him on his knees in the cloister, rule in hand, measuring the walls and pavement, while on either side of him was a devil who beat him soundly with cudgels, telling him that he was no religious, but an architect." On their returning home they found that he had died that very morning, and after much prayer it was revealed to one of them that he had been freed from purgatory through the intercession of St Dominic and St Nicholas, to whom he had been very devout in his lifetime.

One of our brethren, the present venerable and holy bishop of Lisbon, tells us of a brother, who during life had been passionately fond of books, appearing after death to a friend enveloped in flames. The cause of this terrible chastisement being de-

manded, the departed soul returned this answer: "Alas, it is those very books which are now burning me so unmercifully." When the man who had put the question enquired still further how he ought to act with regard to his own conscience, for he was very scrupulous, the brother replied: "Consult a prudent director, and follow his advice without fail."

Brother Gillard, the sub-prior of Ourtès,* came to the Provincial Chapter at Toulouse, and was suddenly struck dumb and paralysed. Then the Provincial said to him: "This judgement has fallen upon you because you harshly upbraided your prior during the chapter, so you are now punished in your speech for sinning by the tongue." The sick man on hearing this bowed his head in humble assent, and with suppliant countenance and tearful eyes began to press the prior's hand continually to his heart and lips. Moved to pity at the sight, the prior in chapter told the brethren to pray for him, when, strange to tell, although the fever remained, the sick man recovered his speech in the course of the day, and after humbly confessing his fault and receiving the holy Viaticum he departed to the Lord three days later. On the day of his death he appeared to one of his friends at Ourtès, a three days' journey from Toulouse. He looked just as if he were going to preach, he had on the deacon's dalmatic, his face shone with dazzling light, while his neck looked like a pillar of gold. "Are you not Brother Gillard?" asked his astonished friend. "I am indeed," was the reply, "and learn that I have died within the hour at Toulouse." "Wherefore this splendour upon your countenance?" "It is owing to the good confession I made." "And why is your neck like gold?" "It is a token of my burning zeal in preaching to win souls." Upon this he drew him

* Gerard de Frachet presided over the Provincial Chapters of 1254 and 1258; Ourtès Priory was founded in 1253; probably, therefore, this took place in 1258.

aside and showed him his breast and side through an opening in the dalmatic: they were frightfully scarred and burnt. When the other asked what could be the meaning of this, the brother gave this reply: "The preoccupation and distractions caused in looking after our new buildings have burnt me so." "How then can we help you?" "If my brethren will only pray for me I shall very soon be released." His friend told all this upon oath to the Provincial, and he at once wrote to each convent in which the brother had had such employment and distractions, bidding them to double their suffrages for him, so as not to keep the suffering soul in expectation.

Brother John Archer of Limoges,* an eloquent and able preacher, appeared in great glory eight days after his death to a witness worthy of all credit and of high attainments, who acquainted us with the fact, and then proceeded to tell him how he had passed seven days in purgatory for not having always been sufficiently grateful for benefits received, for being over fond of amusement, and for having pampered his body. On being requested to say what his sufferings were like, he declared that no earthly pains could be compared with them. When his interrogator ventured to ask him concerning his own conscience the brother replied: "It has not been manifested to me, but if you persevere you will be saved. Learn besides that venial sins, of which men make so little in life, have to be afterwards bitterly expiated." Lastly, when asked to explain the way in which he had been freed from purgatory, he answered: "The Lord sent his angels to bring me out, and they bore me up to him with sweet music and heavenly melodies, and the higher I mounted the more enchanting my delight became."

Brother Peter of Toulouse, who was industrious in spreading the Order, during his last sickness promised

* He founded the Priory of Petrogoram in 1241.

a brother to whom he was warmly attached to appear to him if God so willed, so that he might share in his joy, or comfort his soul if he were still in torment. Some months later he came one night and informed his friend of his deliverance on Ascension Day. The other, pushing his enquiries further, asked whether any brethren whom he knew were yet in purgatory. "There is one," said the brother, "it is Brother William, the sub-prior of Toulouse, who died within the Octave of Easter."

An excellent religious and fervent preacher appeared shortly after death to one who had previously been his fast friend in the Order. When this man asked him how he fared, the deceased brother declared that he was then living in heavenly delights. When asked to say why he had shown such signs of fear in his dying moments, the brother hid his face in his hands, shook his head, and replied: "Have you never read how it has been written that '*they who quail shall be purified*'?" saying which he went away.

A highly contemplative brother relates that he thought one day he saw in the cloister the corpse of a friar laid out, the head of which appeared to roll off and rest on the brink of a neighbouring well. When he asked the dead man to explain this mystery, the latter replied: "I am Brother ——, and am now undergoing torments such as cannot be imagined, for having drunk wine neat to help me to sleep, while all my fellow religious diluted their's with water. Pray for me, for it is on this account that I have been permitted to appear to you."

These foregoing examples clearly serve to show how affection for relatives, conceit about singing, too much care about building, over much attachment to books, avarice, want of mortification in drinking, tardiness in confessing, want of respect for superiors, needless anxiety about work and the distractions arising therefrom, ingratitude for past benefits,

love of ease, desire of consolations, and frivolity in conversation—in a word, excess of any kind, no matter how useful or harmless it may seem—will meet with rigorous chastisement after death. We must then be on our guard against the like, and whenever the opportunity offers itself let us "*burn and cut here below, that we may be spared in eternity.*"

CHAPTER VI

DECEITS PRACTISED BY THE DEVIL

In a letter to the Master of the Order, Brother Raymund of Lausanne tells of a brother belonging to the convent of Lyons, whose name was Peter, calling out in his agony: "What seek you here, foul beast of prey?" "What troubles you, brother?" asked the prior, who was standing close by with this Brother Raymund. "Look there," cried the sick man: "there stands a grinning devil under the shape of an old wrinkled crone, but he shall not deceive me, for the true faith will save me." Very soon after saying these words he fell asleep securely in the Lord.

The devil appeared to a sick novice at Naples in the form of an angel of light, and persuaded him that he was never to utter another word: and although he remembered presently a mortal sin he had neglected to confess, he kept fast to his purpose. Now the brethren observing that he persistently declined answering any questions put to him, sent for Brother Nicholas di Juvenazzo, who was a holy and prudent man, and well versed in sacred lore, who by dint of arguments and examples convinced him that his silence was only a delusion of the devil, who hoped thereby to entrap his soul and drag him into hell. At last from their entreaties and warnings he consented to speak, and discovered to his horror the treacherous snare which had been set to entrap him, made a good confession, and died shortly after.

In the convent of Avignon, in Provence, there was a devout preacher, who was also the cantor, Bertrand was his name, who, as he lay awake one winter's night, began to sing softly to himself the antiphon: "*He that has been crucified has risen from the dead.*" As he repeated the refrain there came a voice calling to him through the darkness: "Watch earnestly, brother, for you shall live to see the time when that antiphon shall be sung in the choir." He communicated this incident very privately to one of the brethren, who afterwards related it to me. Soon after this, being sent to Orange, which was his native place, he fell ill and was carried to the convent of the Friars Minor. When nearing his end he turned to his confessor and said: "For God's sake, father, relieve me of those cheeses which are pressing so heavily upon me," for be it known, he had only that same morning procured a goodly supply of cheese for our brethren's use. Now as he kept repeating these same words and the attendants could see no signs of any cheese, his confessor, catching the drift of his speech, said: "Have no fear, brother, for by the authority of God and of the Order, I absolve you if you have transgressed in procuring those provisions." Quieted by this assurance he lay still for a while, then began to wave his hand before his face as if chasing away troublesome flies. "What is it that vexes you now?" enquired the confessor. "I am trying to ward off the devils who are now standing straight before me." The confessor handed him the crucifix and said: "Take this weapon and defend yourself with it." The dying man grasped it eagerly, and after making the sign of the cross with it began to kiss it, weeping the while, and cried out: "*Thou art a rod of justice and a sceptre of royalty.*" Then placing it by his side, he exclaimed: "I see St Augustine before me;" this was a saint to whom he had been especially devout, and of whom he had made a daily memento. "He is indeed a glorious

saint and a kind father," replied the confessor; "invoke him lovingly, for he is a right able protector in the hour of danger." Then gathering up what strength was left he broke forth joyfully into the *Salve Regina*, and while yet singing Mary's anthem, his soul took flight to the bosom of its Lord. He was buried with every mark of devout reverence by the Friars Minor and three of our brethren, who furnished the foregoing details.

A young religious of Marseilles, named Stephen, while lying in his agony, surrounded by the brethren, on the night before the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, unexpectedly called out: "I see Christ's Cross in the sky, the same which you are honouring to-day." The prior, in wonder at his speech, held to his lips the small crucifix kept for the dying, and said at the same time: "See here, my child, here is the sign of the holy rood." "I can no longer see the cross of which you speak," rejoined the novice, "but I distinctly see the true Cross of Christ shining in the heavens above: do you not see it as well?" After a while he continued with a deep sigh: "Oh, what a terrible assault the devil made on me but now. He came with a crowd of fiends to carry me off as his slave, but I resisted stoutly, and on professing myself Christ's servant and a son of St Dominic, he answered me: 'Not so, but you are my slave, for yesterday, while alone, you drank some wine against the doctor's orders.'" Then Brother Peter of Cazes, the prior—of whom I had the story—said to him: "Confess your fault, my son, with true sorrow, and you will put the tempter to shame." He did so, and wept bitterly for his fault, and then passed away while praising God and recounting the blessed Virgin's joys.

Another member of the same convent, named Brother William, who was now advanced in years and had laboured in the Order from its first beginning, on the night of his departure began to cast

terrified looks at the wall of his cell, as the brother who attended him informed me. Possibly he may then have seen the same cruel beast which appeared to St Martin of old, as if waiting for him, perched on the arm of his crucifix. His attendant asked him if he saw any evil spirit, whereat he bowed his head in mute assent. At this the brother began to sprinkle the wall and the patient with holy water, praying fervently at the same time, at which the sick brother smiled in grateful acknowledgement. Seeing him labouring under the same signs of fear, the infirmarian exhorted him to take courage by reminding him of God's mercies and Christ's merits and Mary's patronage. Tears flowed from the dying man's eyes at these words, and soon after he died very peacefully and holily with the text of the previous Sunday's sermon on his lips: "*I am rejoiced at what has been said to me; we will go into the house of the Lord*" (Ps. cxxi 1).

CHAPTER VII

SUFFRAGES FOR THE DEPARTED

Brother Bertrand, who was a man of most holy life and was for a long while St Dominic's companion, and the first Provincial of Provence, used nearly every day to say mass for the conversion of sinners. A discreet and holy religious, named Benedict, of the convent of Montpellier, observing this, asked him why he prayed so often for sinners and so seldom for the dead. "I do this," said Brother Bertrand, "because the dead for whom the Church prays unceasingly are already sure of their salvation, whilst poor sinners have not got this assurance, and are hedged round besides with continual perils." "Dear Father Prior," continued Brother Benedict, "answer me this: supposing there were two beggars in equal distress, one of whom was sound in all his limbs, while the other was a cripple, tell me honestly,

which of the two would you help first?" "I would undoubtedly help him who could no longer help himself." "Well, then," pursued the other, "such precisely is the state of the dead, for they have no mouths with which to make a confession, no ears with which to hear, no eyes to shed scalding tears, nor feet with which to walk: they can but cry to us to relieve them, and this is all they expect of us; while sinners on the other hand—to say nothing of our prayers—can always help themselves in the ways I have named." But as he was not yet convinced, that night there appeared before him one from the dead, bearing a bundle of faggots which nearly crushed him: six times, and more, he awoke the prior, frightening and troubling him. In the morning he sent for Brother Benedict and told him all that had happened, then he went to the altar and said mass with all devotion for the dead. He who writes this account gathered it from Brother Benedict's mouth:

As one of our missionary brethren was going up to his room in a strange town one evening he observed a gathering of young people playing and merry-making at a wake in a house opposite, and being moved to tears at the sight began bitterly to bewail their unseemly and heartless behaviour. Hardly had he retired to rest before he saw a shadowy figure standing at his bedside, which addressed these words to him: "I am come on behalf of the suffering souls in purgatory, and this is the message of which I am the bearer to those who have inherited their temporal possessions: '*Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me.*' To-morrow you must address these same words to them in order to put down those execrable amusements which it pained you to witness, and stir up the hearts of thoughtless people to come to the assistance of their departed friends." Next day the brother took the opportunity of deliver-

ing this message from the dead to the relatives met at the funeral, and with such success that all, from the youngest to the oldest, shed tears of contrition, and set themselves at once to help their needy friends, putting an end to all such unseemly merry-making.

Brother Raoul of Rome, who was a man of singularly holy life, told the brethren in one of his chapter addresses that he feared much being cut off before he had fully satisfied all his obligations for the dead. "It happened once," he related, "that one of our brethren died without having finished all his suffrages for the dead, and appeared some years later to a friend, in sleep, looking very sad and with marks as of fire. When the amazed friend asked what might be the reason for this long detention in purgatory, the following reason was assigned: 'It is owing to this that no one has thought of coming to my aid; for although other souls have had their rightful suffrages long since, I am doomed for my negligence to wait for God's mercy and your remembrance.'"

While the prior of Clermont* was saying the psalter in the cloister one Sunday evening, a lay brother, who died shortly before, seized him by the hand and said: "Father Prior, tell our brethren that they are behaving unjustly and cruelly towards me in not saying the prescribed suffrages." Now although the prior both felt the hand and recognised the voice, still he could see no one; however, he called the brethren together in chapter, and found that several had failed in fulfilling their obligations, and these he solemnly begged and warned to tarry no longer in helping their afflicted brother.

A distinguished preacher in Lombardy who was very zealous in labouring for the Order, feeling in low spirits, went to bathe in a neighbouring stream without permission, while his companion waited for him close by. He got drowned, although he was an

* Clermont in Auvergne.

excellent swimmer and the place was shallow. His companion, who loved him dearly, gave himself up to continual prayer and penance for his soul, whereupon the other came to him in a dream, clad in a vile and tattered habit. Enquiry being made as to his condition, the departed brother returned this answer: "I am not damned, it is true, yet I am none the less horribly tormented by fire," saying which he stretched out his arms, which seemed to be burnt and charred to the very bones and sockets. "Can I, then, not come to your assistance?" asked the brother. "Yes, indeed you can, by prayer and the holy sacrifice, by getting others to pay me the suffrages I have a right to, and still more by way of alms." On this being told the brethren, they all set themselves earnestly to pray for the repose of his soul; soon afterwards he appeared again, decked out in a spotless habit, and his countenance beaming with joy. Being again questioned as to his state, he declared that he was in a far happier condition than before, but hourly awaited a still better.

Brother Matthew of Spain, a right skilful professor and preacher, who had excelled in all regular observance, while teaching in the schools at Paris and afterwards in his own province, appeared nine days after death to a former companion. In answer to his enquiries he spoke as follows: "I am now in good estate, for I am on my way to the presence of Jesus Christ after my term of purgatory." "But whence comes it that you have tarried so long?" asked the affrighted brother. "It is all owing to the negligence of my brethren," said he, "for if they had only finished their suffrages for me I should have been liberated on the third day instead."

CHAPTER VIII

MIRACLES AFTER DEATH

To the honour and glory of God we shall now proceed to set down the following acts recorded of Brother Pelagius of Spain, who, after a humble but fruitful ministry, slept in the Lord, surrounded by the praying brethren in the convent of Coimbra,* in Portugal.

Some time after his decease, while another grave was being got ready near the spot where he was laid, the grave-digger and brethren who stood by were sensible of a fragrance beyond the power of words to describe, which exhaled from his tomb. The grave-digger, on returning home, commended his bed-ridden daughter to his care, and she got up at once in perfect health, and seizing a pitcher, ran and filled it at a neighbouring brook.

Soon after this occurrence the brethren were bent on having a bell cast, but owing to the tin-smith's negligence they found themselves short of the needful copper. One of them seeing how matters stood offered up a short prayer, and then running to Brother Pelagius' grave took up a handful of earth and threw it into the furnace, and presently it was turned into copper: and although a third of what was required was wanting on the occasion, they had now not only enough, but one hundred and twenty-six pounds weight over and above.

A woman, who suffered acutely from pains in her side and stomach, was healed by merely applying a hair-shirt of his to the afflicted parts: and the same miracle is reported as having also happened to her husband.

A senator of Coimbra, who was far spent from fever, recovered by hanging round his neck some dust from Brother Pelagius' grave; in like manner

* Founded in 1227.

one of our brethren of the same city was cured by simply prostrating himself on the grave, and the fever never returned.

A hardened sinner, whose soul was defiled with many grievous sins, yet from his hardness of heart could never bring himself to confess them, although he had a mind to do so, went to the spot where Brother Pelagius was laid, and there earnestly prayed him to obtain for him the grace of sorrow and to make a good confession. Not long after this he went to confession feeling deeply contrite, so much so that his confessor says he could hardly tell his sins, his speech being choked with sobs and moans.

A former penitent of Brother Pelagius, having become blind, on hearing the miracles wrought by him after his decease, commended himself earnestly to his protection and recovered his sight.

Five possessed persons who were delivered by his intercession came at different times to give thanks at his grave.

Lastly, two Moorish women, far spent with fever, at Coimbra, recovered on applying to themselves a few grains of earth gathered from his grave.

Many are the miracles recorded of Brother Peter Gonzalez of Spain,* who was buried with every mark of respect in the cathedral of Tuy, in consequence of which the venerable bishop of that city sent under his seal to the General Chapter in Toulouse an account of over one hundred and eighty miracles, sworn to by unimpeachable witnesses, and duly investigated by competent authority. Among these may be reckoned five lepers made clean, ten possessed persons restored to their wits, very many blind, deaf, and dumb, throat diseases, ulcers, contracted limbs, and fevers, all of which were healed by invoking him.

One person in particular who had been struck in

* Died Easter Day, 1240, in Tuy; had been a canon before becoming a friar.

the face by a wild briar, and had lost his sight from two thorns imbedding themselves so deeply in the pupil of the eye that they could neither be extracted nor seen, after commending himself fervently to Brother Peter's protection found the thorns lying in the palm of his hand and his sight restored.

A woman who could no longer suckle her child, only a few weeks from its birth, and being too poor to hire a nurse, humbly made her want known to him in prayer and was heard.

A company of distressed mariners seeing no hope of ever reaching land, commended their desperate state to his care, whereupon he stood visibly before them saying: "Here I am!" and calming their fears he brought them safely into port.

A woman, who was crossing a ferry, fell into the water from sheer fright. Five times she rose and sank, but when she and her husband, who was on the bank, invoked Brother Peter's good aid, she was preserved together with her babe from this imminent death.

One witness deposed that after he had kept his room for six months from fever, and could hardly move even with the help of a crutch, Brother Peter appeared before him and said: "Visit my grave and you will be healed." He went to the grave and got well directly.

Brother Dominic of Seville, who had been Provincial in Lombardy and afterwards in Spain, was a man of rare prudence and piety, and most zealous for the welfare of the Order and of souls. As he was being carried to his grave in the presence of the Bishop of Seville and of the whole clergy and people, a man who had a withered arm touched the bier and was instantly healed. This coming to the ears of a paralysed woman, she sent her gown to be laid upon his grave: after heartily commending herself to his merits she put the garment on again, and got up strong and well, praising God. Many others were

cured as well of all manner of diseases by a few grains of dust from his grave.

Brother Columba, sometime prior of Montpellier, who joined the simplicity of the dove to the wisdom of the serpent, died and was buried in the convent of St Mary at Freius. Two paralytics and countless sufferers of every description recovered on visiting his grave, which became an object of veneration to both clergy and people.

Brother Maurice of Toulouse happening to die among the Friars Minor of Albi, was buried there with every mark of respectful homage. Before very long more than fifty persons, sick of all kinds of diseases and complaints, recovered by prostrating on the spot where he was laid, as Brother Pontius, the guardian of the friary, testified on oath to our brethren.

Brother William of Syssac, the Provincial of Provence,* a holy and tender-hearted man, having died at Bordeaux, some devout women, who were grieving over his departure, saw a shower of brilliant lights fall upon his grave; Master Peter, the rector of the schools at Bordeaux, who had always entertained a very high opinion of his sanctity, went to visit his grave shortly after hearing of his death, and by simply applying a few grains of dust to his jaw was relieved of a painful toothache, as he afterwards declared before all his scholars.

Brother Dominic of Ourtès, having been sent to preach at Bazas, in Gascony, fell asleep in Christ there, in a hospital for the homeless poor, after a fruitful and laborious apostolate, and to this day continual miracles are reported as wrought at his tomb. For instance: a hospital nun having inadvertently given his socks away to a poor fellow on the road, the brother appeared to her during the night in a dream and asked for them: and the same

* The third Provincial of Provence; died May 23, 1238, in Bordeaux.

thing happened to the beggar, who was required to return them at once, since thenceforth they belonged to the hospital. This done, the brethren of the hospital cut them up into small bits, which they distributed among the sick, very many of whom recovered through his merit. One who had regained his health after a tedious sickness fell sick a second time, and asked the director of the hospital to admit him again for God's sake. "You had better go to Brother Dominic's grave outside," returned the director, "and if you have only got faith you will recover without delay." He went to the spot and was forthwith restored to health. In like manner a priest, attached to the hospital, who was in great pain from a tumour on the cheek, was cured by kneeling down and kissing the grave.

Brother Bernard de Campo* (near Agen), whose holy life, fervent preaching, and many miracles had earned for him the name of *the hammer of heretics and champion of the faithful*, after drawing souls innumerable to the true faith, devoutly entered into his rest at Agen. That same night he showed himself in heavenly glory to a brother who was praying fervently in the church, and said to him: "Come, brother, let us cross over to the church of our Lady." As the brother followed him up to the church doors, he heard him recite those verses of the psalmist: "*The poor shall eat and be filled, and they that call upon the Lord shall bless him, and their hearts shall live for ever and ever*" (Ps. xxi 27). No sooner had they crossed the porch than he saw his companion mount slowly heavenwards, clad in his priestly robes and feeling great peace of soul at the sight; he learnt three days later that Brother Bernard had been called out of this world on that very day and hour. Many testimonies are forthcoming of miracles wrought at his grave.

* Died November 25, 1252.

Brother Walter of Germany* having died in the convent of Basle, one of our brethren, a lector at Strasbourg, during his sleep heard the angelic choirs singing in harmony this response: "*In wondrous fragrance*," etc. Gathering from this that they were escorting some soul from earth to paradise, he asked the name of the happy one, and was told it was Brother Walter. While he was relating his dream to the brethren in the morning, tidings reached them from Basle that Brother Walter was indeed no more.

A lady of Strasbourg, who was suffering acutely in the pains of childbirth, prayed God to help her through the merits of Brother Walter, who was lately deceased; after this she fell into a gentle sleep and was unconsciously delivered, as she told our brethren.

When it was found necessary to take up the remains of Brother Willionard,† who had been his predecessor in the priorship at Basle, his thumb was found to be intact, and his breastbone miraculously changed into the form of a cross so well formed that without a doubt it must have been fashioned by no mere human hand. This Brother Willionard had in life been in the habit of making the sign of the cross very frequently upon his breast.

A young friar named Conrad of Germany, who had dedicated himself to God by a vow of virginity from his tenderest years, told his uncle, shortly after his ordination to the priesthood, that the blessed Virgin herself had come to warn him of his speedy end. Dying soon after, he was buried in the sisters' cemetery, for our brethren had then been ruthlessly expelled from their cloister. One of the sisters, who had been incurably ill for over five years, knelt by the spot where he was laid and asked our Lord mercifully to restore her to health out of considera-

* Sixth Prior of Basle (Sutter, *Die Dominikaner-klöster der Schweiz*, 2, p. 330).

† Seventh Prior of Basle.

tion for his merits: she recovered upon the instant.

The prior of Constance, the same Brother Conrad of whom we have already had occasion to speak, a man of gentle and unassuming ways, died, and was buried in our brethren's church at Freiburg in Breisgau. Necessity requiring that his bones should be taken up and laid elsewhere, all who stood by became aware of a perfume, which was not of this world, exhaling from the grave; it stirred all their hearts to transports of devotion, and clung for days to the hands of those who lifted his precious remains. One of the brothers, whose hand was paralysed for over half a year, recovered its use by simply touching the body. Many offerings are still to be seen, recording his miracles.

Brother Bernard of Gascony, a truly obedient man and a zealous missionary, dying at Urgel was buried in the cloister, where oft-recurring miracles still testify to his singular holiness of life. A girl possessed of an evil spirit was delivered, twelve blind people recovered their sight: three deaf, seven lame, four deformed, and over thirty more afflicted in various ways were completely restored to health by simply invoking him. The venerable canons of that church have given their joint testimony to these facts, and those who have experienced his beneficial aid have borne witness likewise.

A young girl died and was laid out by her relatives whereupon her father cried out in tones of frantic grief: "O blessed Bernard, give me back my child and I will dedicate her to thee without fail." The promise was no sooner uttered than the girl re-opened her eyes and sat up. A priest who suffered from a quartan ague got well by simply putting his case into Friar Bernard's hands, as did also another sufferer of two years' standing.

Two youths, who had been cast into prison, found themselves unaccountably at liberty after heartily

commending themselves to Brother Isnard of blessed memory, who was formerly prior at Pavia. Seeing that they were not even being followed, they carried their fetters to his grave and hung them up in devout memory of the benefit received at his hands.

A man whose son was quite paralysed on one side, and who had lost his speech, invoked the blessed Isnard, touching the boy's members at the same time. He was healed and his tongue loosened.

A devout sister of the convent of Josaphat, in Padua, in an unguarded moment dealt a sore blow with a stick upon an obstinate pig, whereat the animal lay wondrous still: in short, it was dead. Then grieving for her hasty act, and dreading the punishment which would surely follow, she called upon the blessed Father Isnard, with many tears, to come to her assistance, and by his merits obtained the animal's return to life from him "*Who saveth both man and beast.*"

A sister of the Order of the Umiliati vowed to say three psalters in his honour if only she were cured of a general weakness in all her limbs, which had confined her to bed for over a year; and she recovered without delay.

A native of Pavia, who was suffering from an incurable hernia which caused him intense pain, and a possessed woman, were liberated at the one time at his grave; many more besides were at various times healed of their complaints and ills through God's mercies and the merits of his servant Isnard.

A brother of the convent of Valenciennes,* in France, named John de Serlin, a man of deep contemplation and humble spirit, delicate of frame yet patient in all his sufferings, told a companion how he dreamt he was dwelling in a grand palace and in the company of a goodly throng of exalted personages, and had heard this melody sung by voices of ravishing sweetness: "'*This is the man who, having*

* Founded in 1233.

trodden under foot all earthly life and gains, has attained unto heavenly kingdoms: he has been clothed with the stole of glory by the right hand of the most High, and his place is numbered among the saints." A few hours after this he happily passed away. Now there was in the same convent a lay brother who had been tried by a painful malady, and who, finding no relief at the doctor's hands, put his whole trust in the departed brother's merits and, going to his grave, put himself under his brotherly care. Nor was his confidence misplaced, for he was at once relieved of all pain, and sent an account of it to the writer of this book.

Brother Chabert of Lyons, after an untiring apostolate of over twenty years among the heights and fastnesses of Savoy and the neighbouring districts, feeling his end at hand, retired to the town of Aiguebelle, in which he had said his first mass, and where he now wanted to lie. "Get the altar ready," he said, "for where I said my first mass, there it is decreed I shall say my last." Then after devoutly celebrating the holy mysteries, he had himself anointed, and calmly breathed his last in edifying sentiments of faith and piety. The news of his death being noised abroad, a great crowd of the faithful gathered round his bier as he lay in the church of the Canons Regular, very many of whom were healed of divers diseases by merely putting themselves under his protection.

Dearest brethren, ponder over these things and keep them ever in your minds and hearts, for they have been written for our instruction, that we also may learn to do the same deeds that our fathers accomplished.

May God be glorified ever in his servants. Amen.

INDEX TO NAMES OF PLACES

A

Acre, 114, 115
Africa, 59
Agen, 280
Aignebelle, 284
Aigues Mortes, 249 *n.*
Albenga, 206 *n.*
Albi, 202, 279
Aldenberg, 255
Alps, 58, 93, 95, 114
Amiens, 165
Angers, 163
Anguillaria, 18
Aquitaine, vi, 238
Ariège, 55
Arles, 8, 48, 242
Armagh, 66
Arragon, 214
Arras, 225
Aubenas, 166, 177
Auxerre, 18, 21
Avignon, 46, 238, 270
Aywers, 115

B

Barcelona, 214
Basle, 95 *n.*, 99, 209, 281
Bazas, 279
Beauvais, 250
Besançon, 108, 181, 182
Bohemia, 118, 226
Bologna, 10-12, 16, 17, 44, 67-71, 90, 91, 96, 101, 109, 110, 122, 134, 137, 138, 140, 150-153, 161, 170, 174, 176, 178, 218, 220, 252, 265
Bonnevaux, 5
Bordeaux, 215, 216, 248, 250, 279.
Breslau, 252
Brindisi, 146
Brittany, 231

C

Cahors, 54, 72
Cambridge, 49, 257
Carcassonne, 214
Chalons-sur-Marne, vi, 224, 225
Chartres, 60
Chatillon, 62
Citeaux, 30
Clermont, 238, 274
Coblentz, 22
Coimbra, 276, 277
Colmar, 202-204
Cologne, 23, 96, 171, 226, 260
Colonna, 25
Compostella, 9, 55, 227, 228
Constance, 237, 282

Constantinople, 199-201
Cork, 251
Crapalica, 18
Cuma, 13

D

Derby, 260
Dijon, 233
Dinan, 231

E

England, 11, 148, 188, 189, 250, 251, 260, 262

F

Faenza, 91, 178
Flanders, 33, 183, 222
Florence, 9, 33, 146, 160, 167, 175, 221, 222
France, 18, 21, 161, 198, 201, 238, 283
Frankfort, 92
Freiburg, 282
Frejus, 279

G

Galganus, St, 21, 36
Gap, 242
Gascony, 279, 282
Genoa, 73, 74, 178, 206 *n.*
Germany, 22, 26, 41, 60, 82, 93, 101, 161, 165, 166, 197, 204, 231, 255, 281
Ghent, 183
Greece, 18, 174
Guerche, 231

H

Holy Land, 74 *n.*, 109 *n.*, 113, 136, 209, 249, 257
Hungary, 174

I

Ireland, 251
Italy, 21, 58, 161, 217

J

Jerusalem, 166

L

Langele-Ampalunsone, 22
Langres, 149, 235
Lausanne, 30, 98, 99, 151, 230, 247, 252, 269
Leipzig, 35
Liège, 8, 81
Limoges, vi, vii, 15, 36, 72, 114, 198, 267
Lisbon, vi, 14, 245, 246, 265
Lombardy, 28, 31, 33, 93, 100, 122, 150, 153, 188, 230, 234, 274, 278
Lucca, 9
Lyons, 8, 166, 222, 253, 269, 284

M

Macon, 20
Madrid, 205
Magdeburg, 22, 230
Maguelonne, 225
Majorca, 228
Maria Novella, Santa, 175
Marsberg, 20
Marseilles, vi, 45, 250, 271
Maxence, St, 147
Melition, 258
Messina, 19
Metz, 81, 196, 228, 232, 236

Milan, 161, 206, 217, 221
Mirepoix, 215
Montpellier, vi, 14, 40, 46, 47, 225, 238, 240-242, 249, 256, 272, 279
Morocco, 59
Muret, 215

N

Naples, 23, 42, 109, 190, 269
Narbonne, v, 46, 151, 214
Northampton, 263
Norwich, 251
Novara, 161

O

Oignies, 8
Orange, 8, 270
Orleans, 60, 88, 153, 229 232
Orvieto, 18, 38-40
Ostia, 10 *n.*, 15
Ourtes, 266, 279

P

Padua, 33, 99, 283
Paris, vi, xvi, 16, 18, 30, 31, 33, 41, 44, 60, 61, 87, 88, 96-98, 101, 106, 110, 111, 113, 128, 135, 139, 147, 148, 154-160, 166, 172, 173, 177, 180, 181, 192, 195, 196, 201, 229, 230, 234, 241-243, 249 *n.*, 258, 259
Pavia, 208, 209, 283
Perugia, 187, 190 *n.*
Piedmont, 78
Pisa, 9, 36, 38
Placia, 78-80
Poitiers, 147, 148, 224
Poland, 185, 226, 252
Portugal, 148, 276
Prague, 118, 226
Prouille, 48, 215, 216
Provence, 40, 60, 248, 270, 272, 279
Puy en Velay, Le, v, 40, 46, 248

R

Rheims, 136, 192, 232
Rhône, 46
Ripoli, 221
Rocamadour, 60
Romans, v-vii, 28, 33, 154
Rome, 18, 21, 24, 25, 32, 33, 161, 170, 175, 191 195, 229, 259, 274
Rouen, 98

S

Sabina, Santa, vi, 24, 33, 46, 63 *n.*
Salamanca, 169
Santarem, 243-246, 264
Savoy, 71, 284
Saxony, vi, ix, 51, 127, 254, 255
Segovia, 56, 57, 59
Sens, 184, 224, 232
Sézanne, 198
Sicily, 73
Siena, 15, 21, 31 *n.*, 179
Sisto, San, 187
Spain, 53, 59, 138, 140, 143, 148, 151 *n.*, 179,

205, 238, 242, 243, 264, 265, 275-278
Strasbourg, v, 12, 202, 203, 235, 281
Sutrium, 18
Syria, 73, 74, 238

T

Tarasconne, 46, 48
Tivoli, 187
Todi, 256
Toulouse, 9, 54-56, 60, 166, 202, 213, 216, 217, 266-268, 277, 279
Tours, 232
Trapani, 73
Trèves, 226
Tripoli, 74
Tuscany, 9, 37, 39, 167, 168, 256
Tuy, 277 *n.*

U

Urgel, 282
Uri, 95
Ursern, 93

V

Valenciennes, vi, 283
Venice, 254
Vercelli, 157
Verona, 182, 194, 217, 218, 221, 224, 225, 229
Vienne, vi, 5
Viterbo, 11, 18, 38, 46 *n.*

W

Wurzburg, 26

Y

York, 262

Z

Zamora, 247
Zugir, 94
Zurich, 94

INDEX TO NAMES OF PERSONS

A

Abraham, 256
Achilles, 99
Agatha, St, 245
Agnes, St, 240, 255
Aimon, O.F.M., 198 *n.*
Albert the Great, 35, 197
  of Bologna, 146
  of Germany, 255
  Prior of St Catherine's, Bologna, 70
Albigenses, 5, 167
Alexander IV, Pope, 33, 195
  of Hales, 258
  of Stavensby, 11
Alfred, 70
Alphonsus VIII of Castille, 143
  nephew of Pope Clement IV, 46
Andrew, St, 114, 157, 216
Aristotle, 125
Arnald de Filière, 215
  friar, 241
Augustine, St, 187, 270

B

Balaam, xv
Baldwin of Ghent, 183
Bartholomew of Leipzig, 35
  of Masticon, 73
  of Trent, 31 *n.*
Bede, xv
Bene, 31
Benedict, St, 137
  of Cambridge, 257
  of Compostella, 227
  of Montpellier, 240, 272
  of Pont, 238
Bernard, St, 238
  of Auxerre, 21
  of Campo, 280
  of Rochefort, 214
Berthold, 104
Bertrand of Avignon, 270
  of Garrigua, 60, 61, 66, 272
Blanche, 215
Bona, 9
Boniface, Bishop of Lausanne, 98
Burgundy, youth of, 171

C

Carmelite Order, 116
Carthusians, 154
Cassian, xv
Catherine, St, 41, 71, 231, 240
Cecilia, St, 246
Chabert, 71, 284
Chaldeans, 66
Cistercian Abbot, Everard, 23
  abbess, 254
  Order, 5, 16, 30, 125
  monk, 4, 30, 31
  lay brother, 62
  nun, 115

Ciaro, 12, 16
Clement IV, 6, 46
Cleric of Trèves, 226
Cluniacs, 30
Columba, 216, 238, 279
Conrad, 230
of Constance, 237, 282
first Provincial of Germany, 191, 192
of St Gallen, 95
son of Frederick II, 42
Conscius, 118
Constable of Mirepoix, 215
Crown, Order of, 248
Cunegunda, 202

D

Damascene, St John, xv
Dauphin, 201, 202
Desidarius, 221
Diego, 265
Dille, Rector of, 36
Dominic, St, vi, 7, 10 *n.*, 16 *n.*, 17, 28, 51-83, 106, 133, 135, 137, 138, 143, 145, 146, 150, 151, 174, 178, 179, 205 *n.*, 206, 213, 217, 218, 229 *n.*, 230, 239, 240, 242, 247, 265, 271, 272
Dominic of Spain, or the Little, 143
companion of St Peter Martyr, 221
of Santarem, 264
lay brother, of Santarem, 244
of Viterbo, 18
a young man, 228

E

Elias, St, 19
Elizabeth, St, 118, 255
Engelbert of Frankfort, 92
Eusebius, xv
Everard of Langres, 230
Abbot of Salemannes, 23

F

Ferdinand of Lisbon, 245, 264
Ferrandi, 247
Flanders, student of, 33
Florence Monastery, 9
Florus, xv
France, Provincial of, 18, 112, 136
Francis, St, vii, 6-8
Frederick II, 42, 120, 163, 181
Fulk, v, 9, 46

G

Galen, 139
Gandolf, 124
Garcias d'Aure, 214
Gerard de Frachet, v-vii, xvi, 10 *n.*, 14, 36 *n.*, 42, 51 *n.*, 266
Gerard of Derby, 260
of Florence, 33
of Limoges, xvi. *See* de Frachet
of Trent, 221
German youth, 97
Gertrude, Prioress of Aldenburg, 255 *n.*

Giles of Spain, 138-140, 179, 180, 205, 242-247, 265
Gillard, 266
Godfrey, 113
Gonzalvo, 245
Grammont, Order of, 30
Gregory IX, 15, 27 *n.*, 72 *n.*, 118 *n.*, 124, 161, 163, 198 *n.*, 199, 213
Gregory the Great, xv, 137, 158
of Tours, xv
of Hungary, 77
Guala, 16
Guerric de St Quentin, 159, 258
Guy, 253
Guy Fulk, later Clement IV, v, 9, 36

H

Henry of Cologne, 23, 95, 131, 132
of Germany, 41, 101, 165, 204
of Marsberg, 20
of Mure, 95
of Poland, 252
Hermann of Paridilburne, 95
the Teutonic, 255
Honorius III, 59
Hugh of St Cher, 21, 156, 157
Bishop of Ostia, 10 *n.*, 15
legate of Gregory IX, 198 *n.*
Humbert, v-vii, xv, 5, 28 *n.*, 33, 34, 120, 136, 138, 140, 154-157, 180, 195, 242

I

Innocent III, 5
Isaias, 162
Isnard, 208, 209, 283
Ivo, 74 *n.*, 257

J

James, St, 9, 55, 88, 152, 156, 158, 227
Abbot of St Galganus, 21, 22, 36, 37
of Beneventum, 32, 106
King of Arragon, 214
of Paris, 234
Prior of Bologna, 163
Prior of Metz, 82, 83
of Vitry, Cardinal, 9
Jerome, xv
Jews, 121, 168
Joachim, Abbot, 9 111-11, 124
John, Evangelist, St, 238, 247, 251, 255
Archer, 267
of Arles, 242
Baptist, St, 13, 240
of Bologna, 11, 65, 66
di Columna, 19, 160
companion of St Dominic, 58, 59
Emperor of Constantinople, 199, 200
of England, 27

John, friar, 283
of Leipzig, 35
of Penna, 32
of Poland, 226
the Teutonic, 23, 180, 209, 210
of Vicenza, 122
Jordan, vi, ix, 7, 45, 51 *n.*, 85-130, 133, 136, 142, 143, 155, 157, 158, 160, 171, 172, 175, 176, 184, 196, 230, 234, 235, 254
Julian, Prior of Bordeaux, 250

L

Lambert, Prior of Bologna, 259
of Lausanne, 99
of Liège, 81
Lantrin, 40
Lawrence of England, 205
Leipzig, Prior of, 35
Leo of Montpellier, 40
Lombard, 45
Louis of France, 21, 74 *n.*, 201, 249
the Dauphin, 201, 202
Luke, St, 88, 141
Lutgarde, 115, 116

M

Mannes, 53
Martha, St, 46
Martin, demoniac of Pavia, 208
friar, 175
lay brother of Santarem, 243
of Northampton, 263
Martin, of Padua, 33
of Santarem, 246
Mary, B.V., 3-7, 11, 16, 17, 24, 27-49, 70, 103-106, 112, 113, 134, 144, 146, 148, 149, 151, 152, 158, 159, 170-174, 181, 183, 184, 191-195, 197, 198, 204, 208, 216, 220, 221, 229, 233, 236, 237, 240, 241, 245, 247, 251, 261, 262, 264, 265, 271, 272, 279-281
Mary Magdalen, St, 74, 81
de Beaumont, 74
d'Oignies, 8, 9
Matthew, St, 135, 168
Abbot and Prior of Paris, vi, 229
of Spain, 275
Maurice of Toulouse, 202, 279
Minor, Friars, 30, 39, 121, 177, 201, 202, 204, 214, 242, 260, 261, 270, 271, 279
Moneta, 153, 154
Montfort, Earl of, 54

N

Napoleon, 10 *n.*
Narbonne, v, 46
Nicholas, St, 10, 11, 17, 41, 71, 90, 150, 170, 265
Nicholas of Avignon, 238
of Campano, 15
of Juvenazzo, 190, 191, 269
of Langres, 235

Nicholas of Lausanne, 30
of Salamanca, 169

O

Octavian, 160

P

Paris, Subprior of, 30, 31
Paul, St, 106, 201, 239, 240
a convert Mahommedan, 201
of Hungary, 174
of Venice, 254
Pelagius of Spain, 276, 277
Peter, St, 121, 157, 240
of Aubenas, 166, 177
of Bordeaux, 279
of Cazes, Prior of Marseilles, 271
of Cluny, xv
of Digne, 250
Ferrandi, 247
Gonzalez, 277, 278
of Guereche, Subprior of Dinan, 231
Legate of Gregory IX, 198 *n.*
of Lucrin, 159
of Lyons, 269
Martyr, St, 182, 194, 217-229
of Montpellier, 240-242
of Normandy, 249
of Puy, 40
of Rheims, 136, 192
of Salvagnac, 54
of Santarem, 243
Semdre, 207, 208
Seneschal of Lausanne, 99
of Sézanne, 198
of Toulouse, 267
Philip, son of St Louis, 201, 202
Pontius, O.F.M., 279
Prior of Montpellier, 241
Prémontré, 30
Proclus, St, 12, 154
Puy, Bishop of, v, 46

R

Ralph of Bologna, 11, 15, 17
O.F.M., 196 *n.*
Raoul of Rome, 32, 177, 274
Raymund, Archdeacon of Toulouse, 214, 215
Carbonne, 214-217
of Lausanne, 247, 248, 252, 269
of Orvieto, 18
of Pennafort, 30
Recald, 162
Reginald of Orleans, 11 *n.*, 12 *n.*, 16, 88, 137, 138, 150, 153, 154, 172, 229, 253
of Armagh, 66
Papal Penitentiary, 113
Reyner, 38
Richard of England, 148, 261
Robald, 206 *n.*
Robert of Bologna, 253
of Magdeburg, 231

Roland of Cremona, 16, 26, 152

S

Seyer, 49
Siegfrid, 26
Simeon, St, 197
Simon, a Carmelite, 116
de Montfort, 54
of Prague, 118
Stephen of Besançon, 108
O.F.M., 214
Prior of Carthusians, 8
of Salhanac, 114
of Spain, Prior of Lombardy, 151 *n.*

T

Tancred, 170
Tartars, 27, 136, 174
Templars, 127
Theobald of Siena, 15
friar, 206, 207
Theophilus, 204
Thierry of Auxerre, 18
Thomas of Aquin, 180, 181, 195, 196
Thomas de Smicella, 61
Tibalt, 206 *n.*
Timon of Poland, 118

U

Umiliati, Order of, 283
Usuardus, xv

V

Val des Choux, 30
Ventura, Prior of Bologna, 17
Verudadas, 12
Vigoreux of Bordeaux, 248
Vincent, St, 215
of Montpellier, 241

W

Waldenses, 166, 168
Walter, Prior of Strasbourg, 202-204
of Cork, 251
of Norwich, 251
Prior of Basle, 281
of Rheims, 232
of Vercelli, 157
William of Puy, 248
of Arles, 242
Arnauld, 214
Bishop of Orange, 8
of Cambridge, 257
of Chalons-sur-Saone, 233
of Germany, 204
Inquisitor of Avignonnet, 214-217
Melition, O.F.M., 258
of Montpellier, 256.
of Muret, 215
of Pelisso, 56
of St Amour, 20
of Sens, 232
of Syssac, 279
of Toulouse, 268
of Valencia, 74
Willionard, Prior of Basle, 281

294
16 JUL
72 965

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

DATE DUE

BX
Do
Li
C

United Theological Seminary Library
MAIN BX3555.A3 1924
Dominicans. Lives of the brethren of t
3 0645 0006 4771 5